

A man with dark, curly hair is shown in profile, looking down and slightly to the right. He is wearing a dark jacket. The background is a scenic view of a body of water, likely a lake or river, with a distant shoreline featuring trees and buildings under a blue sky with scattered clouds.

MY MOM THINKS I'M FUNNY

THE COLLECTED BLOGS
OF
SEX MAHONEY

NOV. 23, 2006

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NOV. 23, 2007

November

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
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2006

December

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2006

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2007

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2007

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2007

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2007

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2007

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2007

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2007

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2007

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2007

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2007

November

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2007

Someone get a doctor, I have a hole in my head

These last nine months have been some of the healthiest living I've done since I was 16 years old (that's when I started drinking, smoking, and fisting anything that would sit still long enough). I only eat fried food twice a week, at most, I eat lots of veggies and rice; I drink plenty of water; I get a full nights sleep every night; I only drink once every two to three months; and I haven't smoked any pot since I left America. I've been living so healthy that it makes me a little sick.

Actually...

I should qualify that. I've been living so healthy that, apparently, it makes me very sick; sicker than I've been since I was 16. In Korea, I've already had two colds (one with fever, one without), strept throat, and food poisoning; now I'm willing to take food poisoning off the list since that happened to me in America as well (just not so severe).

[One night, after a party, I snuck over to my girlfriend's house after going to town on someone's tray of catered meatballs and proceeded to puke so violently that I didn't stop for near half an hour. My parents were convinced I had been drinking and it looked like I was expunging aborted fetuses. All I could taste was Ragu, bile, and snot dripping down my throat. Happy Thanksgiving.]

Still that leaves me with three illnesses in Korea inside of one year. I'm not saying that I don't usually get sick, but usually it's once a year, and that's when I was getting high three times a day (everyday), eating fat sandwiches and pizza for dinner every night, and living in a house so filthy that even Hazmat wasn't authorized to enter (they quarantined the place, and if it ever needed to be destroyed they had a small, tactical nuclear weapon with which to obliterate the structure and bags of salt to cure the earth so nothing would ever grow). What gives?

My illnesses keep getting worse as time goes by. At first I wanted to chalk that up to aging, but I was thinking yesterday, as I was lying in bed and coughing up gobs Jolly Green Giant-esque semen, about the times when I was sick as a child. While I'm sure there must have been painful illnesses (I can't remember so well, something has ruined my memory), I know that every time my parents left me at home, sick and unattended, I was running around the house, eating candy and playing video games, but the moment they came home I was back in bed pretending like someone was pouring Tabasco sauce into my colon. I'm fairly certain that the severity of my illnesses has not changed over the years, but

that the newfound pain that accompanies sickness IS due to my adulthood and nothing else.

When I was a kid, I would do anything I could to extend my absence from school, even to the point of making myself seem sicker than usual; you know, Ferris Bueller-esque tricks like putting your face on a heater for a few minutes right before your mother comes to check your temperature, breathing through your mouth so your nose seems stuffier than it is, and swallowing ipecac to keep yourself puking long after your body has ejected all solid, liquid, and sanguine material. I just wanted to stay out of school.

As an adult, I realize that it's not so much that my illness is more severe (recovery time is about the same as when I was a kid), but that, without school as a catalyst, I could care less about being sick. It makes me wonder how bad grade school really was if a swollen throat, high fever, and projectile vomiting were better than algebra and reading.

I've been teaching for a little while now (almost three full years) and I've read all kinds of books about methodology and criticisms and theory of teaching, but all of the books I've read are so abysmally bad that the paper on which they're printed would serve better as food for the children than it does as knowledge for their teachers. Even most of the teachers I meet fail in the most fundamental aspect of teaching, and show business, (excluding the college level teachers, although some of the ones under whom I'VE studied are included), which is, know your audience.

One of the best pieces of advice I've ever read was in a book on writing that talked about the expectation people have based on the title, advertising, and other forms of hype a movie receives before people see it. The author used, as his example, the Shakespearean motif of naming such as "The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet" or "All's Well That Ends Well" (which Tolstoy also considered, along with "War, What is it Good For?" while working on "War and Peace"). The idea is simple, people have preconceived notions of how to behave in particular situations so if you set them up for something and then provide something radically different, they won't know how to react. It seems simple enough, so simple that it doesn't actually work, but I'll be snookered if I haven't been the only person laughing in a movie theater while the rest of the audience sits around bewildered or crying (as many people were at the end of "The Return of the King").

I don't think there is a problem with American education that can't be fixed, and I have yet to hear one person offer a valid solution to the problem; however, if a child is smart enough to fake the severity of their illness to avoid going to school, then there's something fundamentally wrong with education the way it exists.

Children are stupid, even the smartest of them, but it's not really their fault, they just haven't been around long enough to learn all the societal restrictions that adults want to force on them; however, children are smart enough to start practicing all the tricks they'll need later in life like faking an illness to get out of something unpleasant, making friends by ostracizing the weird kid, and blaming any mishaps for which they're caught on an imaginary third party. The kids know how to learn, and, given enough time, they could turn out to be smarter than any of us, but the motivation isn't there.

The biggest problem facing education is simply motivation; education is rarely rewarded, especially in America, where the more education a person has, the greater a liability it becomes against them as they are called egghead, dweeb, and C.H.U.D. (although the later is only used against the those unsightly, ugly-smart combinations) by their contemporaries, both as children and as adults. When you're a kid, the grown-ups tell you not to mind the dumb jock who gives you a hard time because they're the ones who will pump your gas and serve you fries, but that's a myth, and it's more likely that the dumb jock will grow up to be your boss who, coincidentally, married the boss's equally vapid daughter during a wild weekend in Cancun.

Combine the lack of motivation with the increasing push for Confucian-esque standardized test masturbation in which public schools currently engage, and the whole system become what it's worst critics hyperbolized in the 20th

By the time a kid gets to high school, there has to be more options for them to pursue than the same indoctrination everyone else undergoes, whether that's vocational training, artistic growth, or the germination of a fledgling interest in electrical engineering; unfortunately, to have those kinds of programs in a school requires a shit-load of money that most schools don't have (available for non-sports programs). As schools, and governments, place more importance on standardized test performance, other subjects, not covered by an appropriate standardized test, suffer.

Apart from a radical, societal change that would influence the way kids perceive intelligence and intellectuals, a much easier solution is just to make school more interesting for children. When I said that people forget their audience in schools it's because they forget what it's like to be a kid; when your hormones are racing to the point of exhaustion and you'd much rather watch naked members of the opposite sex slap each other with pies than learn about covalent bonds. I'm not saying we should have classes in schools where students get to watch naked people slap each other with pies; I'm saying we should strip down school children and throw pies at them.

Children are (mostly) stupid; most of them don't know what the word reverse psychology means let alone how it works in real life. If we subjected them to mental and physical torture on a daily basis, then they would be so happy to get away they might even want to learn about covalent bonds... maybe even ionic and polar covalent bonds as well.

On the other hand, educators have spent the last hundred years subjecting children to physical (dodge ball) and mental (have you ever been in a vice principal's office?) torture and that hasn't worked at all; so, maybe my plan is ill conceived. What the hell do I know? I'm just a sick, stoned, health food eating, adult mother fucker; I don't have any children and I derive a sick sense of pleasure from watching your kids suffer... they're called essays, get your minds out of the gutter... some of use are trying to get some sleep.

Sex Mahoney for President

Give me your half of the rent and get out

I've got nothing today. I feel drained and uninspired; those of you looking for entertainment or interesting debate are shit out of luck; so, I include this warning so you can skip this and move on to anything more important like the copy of "War and Peace" whose uncracked spine sits on your shelf waiting for someone to dog-ear it, the daily jumble in your local newspaper, or the ingredients, directions and warnings on the back of your preferred brand of shampoo.

Many people (and by that I mean none) want to know why I want to be president, of what I want to be president, and what I would do if I became president.

I have no real desire to lead, but sometimes you have to sacrifice yourself to the greater good, no matter how much harm it causes in the meantime (just like poor Leto the Worm).

I want to be president because many people in my life have told me that I can never be president... that my past is too checkered; however, the right kind of publicity and mafia style media suppression can hide any crime, and mine aren't even all that great; besides, the police were never able to prove that I killed that prostitute; if my lawyers say that I was trying to pull the knife out of her when the 4th graders on a field trip entered the room, then that's what really happened.

Who wouldn't want to be president? It's just like being a movie star, only you do a lot less work; sure you get paid less to compensate, but movie stars don't have huge corporations offering them pretty "consulting" jobs after their time in office expires. The best part about being president is having the power to put the country on nuclear alert and then immediately call it off. If George Bush can change laws passed by a separate government body through signing statements and that's not abuse of power, then I don't think anyone will mind if, during my term of office, I prank call NORAD at 3 in the morning to fuck with them about our nuclear preparedness.

Of course, if you've read this far (and didn't listen to my warning, so it's your own fault), then you realize that I want to be president of the US. I thought about becoming the president of several other countries, but no matter how much I experimented in college I have no interest in being a queen (sorry UK) and there's no appeal in being a prime minister, that sounds like something you order off the early bird menu at a Floridian restaurant.

The United States is a fine country of which to be president, because, despite its corpulence, it still represents a new world for humanity, where there's still plenty of room to advance and improve. You don't really get a sense of how special America is until you travel to countries that are crowded as all get out; America, Australia, Russia, these are all excellent places where people still possess that frontier spirit that makes humanity great (and bloodthirsty at the same time), but only one of them has a president; so, I want to be president of the US.

Unlike many presidents in the past, I would radically change the course of the country.

My first order of business would be to disband the secret service and tear down the gates outside the white house; you can't be the democratically elected leader of a country and serve that country as an elected representative if ordinary citizens can't access you without tremendous effort. The president is the leader of the people, he needs to get out among the people; the more removed the president becomes, the less they can serve the best interests of the people who matter, the citizens.

Who cares if the president gets assassinated? Does it really matter what warm body sits in a round room while millions of people act out their daily lives and desires? Absolutely not. The fear of death might even get presidents to start acting ethically instead of torturing people because they know they're safe from the same fate. The whole concept of body guards, and security guards, and armies is a little too reminiscent of posses, and if there's one thing I can't stand, it's people who, upon being challenged, say: "Oh yeah, well I got, like, ten guys who got my back." If the President wants to start some shit with a foreign country, like Bush (either one) did with Saddam, then you get in the thunderdome and you don't come out until one of you is dead.

That also means that, as president, I would be available to reporters to do more than read prepared remarks. One of the things I can't stand about Bush is his inability to work off the cuff; whenever the man makes remarks that he has not prepared ahead of time, he sounds like an idiot at best... a smug idiot at worst. Clinton had a much better demeanor while improvising, but he seemed so slick that he could go swimming without getting wet. We've got to change all that, and elect someone who can speak like an intelligent human being without being evasive or moronic.

The next step is to begin dismantling the government from the bottom up, to strip it of all its power, deface its idols and wipe the slate clean so people can start again.

As cynical as I can sometimes be, I am filled with hope for the future. I know that humanity will go on to make me proud in ways I couldn't possibly imagine, and to disappoint me in the same way it has for millennia. If I were president for just a little while, then maybe I could shake things up and make life interesting for a few folks before I'm assassinated.

Sex Mahoney for President

Birds fall from the window ledge above mine

One of my blog readers asked me for my opinion about marriage the other day, and I gave them a sober, objective answer with which I am currently displeased.

Sure, it carefully weighed the benefits and detriments of marriage, but there was no love, and not a single laugh to be had in all the response; what's the world coming to when I don't take someone's serious quest for help and treat it with the disdain and hilarity it deserves.

That's not to say that I disdain this particular reader (or any of you nice people who take time out of your busy day to read my blog), but my disdain for marriage in general.

This might make me sound like a hypocrite, and many of you are possibly cleaning your high powered rifles to teach me a lesson in hypocrisy right now, but let me explain my situation and make it clearer to you vengeance-minded religious zealots, mental defectives, and closet queens who think I'm funny.

The other day I was beating up a store clerk who tried to steal a penny from me (claiming it was for orphans! The nerve on that guy) while preaching the good word about our lord and savior Jesus Cristos to some schoolgirls in very short skirts (it turns out that the skirts weren't short at all, but they rolled them up to appear salacious) in order to hide my latent homosexuality from some men who were trying to hit on me, when I realized that I love my wife more than I can possibly describe.

Marriage has been a wonderful experience for me, and I wouldn't do it again for all the world; should I ever split up with my wife, I'll engage in a series of meaningless relationships with young girls who don't mind having their tongues removed for my pleasure; however, in the meantime, I'm perfectly happy with my wife.

Romance has really given marriage a bad name in the last four hundred years. Up until the 17th century, it was perfectly normal, and very common, for a man to marry a woman who would increase his social standing or provide enough dowry to make the first few years of their lives together comfortable while he worked and she squeezed out a few children. Back then, there were no big screen TVs or personal mp3 victrolas or IKEA, so men showed off their wealth by marrying women appropriate to their social standing. If you were wealthy, you could afford to marry a pretty girl who came from a disgraced family, and ream the shit out of her until her looks were gone because her relatives were too poor to pursue legal action against you;

but, if you were a poor, or middle class, man, then you had to settle for a less than attractive girl who came from a wealthy family (or at least a well connected one) to assure your future so as to prevent you from becoming a beet farmer in the wilds of Siberia.

Come to think of it, the same thing happens now; rich men have trophy wives, the upper middle class marries unsightly looking women whose fathers are managers at cardboard box factories, and your average Joe Budweiser marries the first fat hog he impregnates (or that his wealthy counterpart impregnates while slumming). These are the business sensible folks and they tie themselves to loveless marriages full of alcoholism and affairs and the occasional closeted homosexuality during annual sales seminars in Atlantic City.

I suppose I don't have much of a problem with marriage; sure, it doesn't make a lot of sense, but if you want to go ahead and do it, there's no reason anyone should stop you.

The problem is that people look at marriage as a way to express the love they feel for another human being when nothing could be further from the truth. Marriage is a business relationship pure and simple. I can easily express my love for another human being by rubbing against them on a crowded elevator, or sitting outside their window with a bag of funions and a pair of binoculars; I don't need to have a religious or civil ceremony for that. Let's say I get lucky enough to spend time with and even fuck a living human being, there's no reason we can't eat popcorn, throw each other's feces, and have children without getting married, expressing our love as voraciously as our constitutions and public decency laws allow. Marriage has nothing to do with love, and when you enter into it with love on your mind, you're heading toward disaster.

I'm a writer and a filmmaker, but I'm not particularly good, and I have little desire to make things that other people want to read or see, but that doesn't stop me from making movies and writing; hell, I'm writing right now ("If that's what you want to call it.") ("Shut up, subconscious."). My point is that you don't need ceremonies, labels, or public support to do something; especially in a relationship, all you need is yourself and someone to love who won't call the police.

The best way to think about marriage is starting a business; you have to take on a partner, so who do you want, John Henry, Arnold Rothstein, or Walter Younger? When you date someone, they can do some pretty serious damage to you, your home, and your finances, but when you get married they can take out a credit card in your name, they can also commit crimes in your name, and order bestiality porno from the hottest website in Guatemala in your name. The potential to

do a lot of damage is far greater when you're married to another human being than when you're married to a sheep or some other type of livestock, which makes me wonder why it is still illegal to marry animals (but that's a topic for another day).

There are people out there who will tell me that I'm being obtuse and that marriage is a union between a man and a woman when they bind their souls together... blaa, blaa, blaa. There are lots of ceremonies that "bind souls" together and I can remember a few I made up with my childhood friends such as crossing streams when we pissed at the same time, spit brothers, and blood brothers; if marriage is a union of two souls because... well someone with a bigger hat than I said it, then so is crossing the streams when you pee; if you don't believe me, just wait a minute until I can find a big hat.

The marriage ceremony is a distraction and its essential otherwise people would stop and think about the practical applications of marriage and run screaming for the nearest prostitute they could lure into a dark alley. Would you sign a binding contract with a restaurateur to eat only their waffles for eternity? Would you enter a business relationship for life? It doesn't make sense in the real world, and it doesn't make sense for marriage either. People like to say that it's for families, to encourage family togetherness (whatever the hell that means), but I think families are pretty close together when they have a Saturday Night Big Family Gangbang Spectacular as soon as the children are old enough to hold a dildo, but you don't see people advocating that. Families with children split up all the time, and people are sure as shit getting pregnant without getting married, so the whole thing stinks of a scam.

I'm not sure how long I'll stay married to my wife; she's a great woman and I enjoy her company, but will a time come when I can't stand her or to be around her? It's possible, and to say that it's impossible does a disservice to how big an asshole I can be; however, for the time being, it's very pleasurable to be with my wife and stay married (when I try to imagine the horrors of dating, or I hear people's dating stories, I'm filled with terror as if Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi are arguing over which one of them gets to have their way with me first). Sure, I'd like to have sex with a lot of different women, but I'd also like to have a tail, the power of telekinesis, and a dick bigger than the average human pinky, but two of those will never happen.

Some of you might still be out there, cleaning your guns and getting ready to teach me a lesson because I haven't told you why I got married, so let me break it down for you before you come and aerate my body. Economics, we needed

money for school and getting married was the easiest way to get it; I'm glad we did, because if we weren't married, my wife wouldn't have been able to come with me to Korea (although she might wish she hadn't). Those are the two benefits that marriage has brought us, and, while I still love her (she doesn't really care for me), I'm free to do that whether we're married or not.

So, if you're thinking about getting married; do yourself a favor and ask what it is you want to get out of the deal; treat it like a contract negotiation. If the only answers with which you come up are love, affection, and companionship get yourself some Crisco and a friendly dog instead. I hope this helped all of you, and if you still want to shoot me, I'll tell you the same thing I told my counselor at Camp Winnemuka and Father Peter... "Please, not in my mouth."

Sex Mahoney for President

After car, after bus, after car, after truck; after this
my lungs will be so fucked up

When I was a child, my father used to beat the crap out of me; it's not that I was particularly ill behaved, but I never exhibited any signs of remorse for my various crimes against humanity. Cut off your sister's hair while she slept, spend a night in the box; substitute your grandfather's heart medicine with Viagra, spend a night in the box; replace the decaf coffee at the Paranoid Schizophrenic's Home for Wayward Pyromaniacs and Rapists then make a short film about their reactions, spend a night in the box. It wasn't the best way to deal with a troublemaker like me, because I still haven't learned anything, but I am scared to death of authority figures.

As a teacher of young children, you have to be creative with punishments, because no two kids will react to a punishment in the same way. One of my kids cries when I take away her cell phone, while another one shanks me and takes the phone back, yet another assumes the fetal position and repeatedly beats themselves in the head. You need to find the right punishment for the right crime.

When my old man used to hit me, it didn't make me want to transgress any less, it just prompted me to analyze my mistakes so I could be more careful in the future; eventually he caught on (who would have guessed that he could outthink a ten year old) and he started hiding his methods of detection, forcing me to over analyze each of my crimes and look for weak points vulnerable to attack.

I don't put much faith in prisons.

When I was a child, it was much harder for me to figure out where my schemes went wrong because I had no one to confide in and discuss my crimes; however, in prison, a criminal has access to other people who can help expand any person's knowledge of crime.

It hardly makes sense to put a bunch of people together in a place where they have little to do but plan future crimes, but it makes absolutely no sense to throw non-violent drug offenders in there with them.

In a world where pedophiles get their own rehabilitative prison, why in the world are non-violent drug offenders thrown in jail with the general population? Sure, the punishments are no longer as severe as they once were (more often, people are penalized for drug offences with "shame" punishments), but it seems odd that people who enjoy themselves are rewarded with prison.

Despite the last seventy years of prohibition, people in government are still firmly convinced that marijuana, heroin, cocaine, LSD, mushroom, and various other narcotic substances are dangerous irregardless of how fun they are to use or benign when compared to things like driving, voting, war, Lindsey Lohan, and the "whoops" technique often employed by men whose wives and girlfriends deny them anal sex.

I am at a loss to explain the continued prohibition of drugs specifically in light of the humorous way they are often portrayed in the media. I am further confused by the belief some people have that heroin and cocaine are "bad" drugs compared to soft drugs like marijuana and PCP.

I've even heard it espoused that there's no reason to have drugs legalized, because there's no problem finding them, but I disagree completely.

Drugs are permitted in our society, and many times, people will look the other way while you engage in illegal behavior, even if you do it right in front of them. There are no other crimes on the planet about which you could say the same thing (except possibly murder, embezzlement, price gouging, war profiteering, invasion of privacy, and torture). There are even legal drugs that people don't mind so much like alcohol, caffeine, sleeping with fat women two towns over and giving them a fake name.

The problem with prosecuting drug crimes is the punishment; people take drugs to relax and feel good, so the exacerbation of those symptoms will hardly make them want to take fewer drugs. If it was so harrowing to face a petty boss and screaming children that you needed to snort a little blow on the weekends, what kind of substances will you need to escape constant beatings and anal rape? The obvious solution would be to take drug offenders and put them in situations where their lives dramatically improve upon successful conviction.

Of course, some people don't take drugs to escape the outside conditions of their world, but to quell the voices within; in which case, drug criminals are punished for being themselves.

I have yet to hear a compelling argument that someone on drugs is more of a detriment to a society than the never-ending stack of pancakes at IHOP or wholesale lard vendors, but you won't see lard vendors criminalized in our lifetime because people like things fried in pig fat.

The closest I can come to a rationalization is that there are a lot of people out there who just want to ruin a good time no matter what people are doing, especially black

folks, and I guarantee you that if black people in the 1930s played twister to unwind... well, it probably wouldn't be illegal today because twister is a fun game, but if they played it with white women, you can bet your ass that it would have a negative stigma attached to it. The race issue is not as prevalent anymore, so that doesn't fly as an explanation, and it's hard to find a compelling reason for prohibition when all these other drugs are sanctioned by society. The best I can figure is that alcohol clouds a person's judgment, making them believe that the woman with whom their sleeping is attractive, the job at which they're working is fulfilling, and the government which they're defending is acting in their best interest.

Thankfully, due to the use of illegal drugs, I can see through every ounce of that bullshit... to the seventeen year old daughter of a politician, who made his career denouncing the evils of drugs, who is tired of her repressed home life and wants to party.

Sex Mahoney for President

But you still don't like to leave before the end of the movie

I have never been able to understand people's fascination with bars and clubs; if you want to listen to crappy music, get drunk, and rhythmically move around with strangers, then why not grab your iPod and a thermos full of vodka and go stand in line at the DMV.

I suppose it makes a little more sense when you throw sex in the mix, because alcohol and poor self-esteem run slightly higher at a bar or club than they do at the DMV (among the patrons, but not the employees), but if that's the primary reason people go to grog shops and discotheques, then why not hang out at funerals and pick up mourning widows?

I can honestly say that I've never had a good time at a bar or a club that I couldn't have otherwise had at my (or someone else's home) because all the good times in bars and clubs revolve around the friends with whom I've attended such places, and, since we already know each other, there's no reason why we couldn't have bought the same alcohol we would drink at a bar for a fraction of the cost and listen to music that actual human beings enjoy instead of the hard pounding bass and siren-like tweeting that abound in music popular amongst androgynous German body builders and pill popping maniacs.

That is partly why I imbibe intoxicating substances, which is, to get intoxicated (perhaps this is where I differ from many other people, but that hardly seems likely), rather than meet strangers and make outrageous claims such as "I'm interested in you for more than just sex." "That's not a cold sore, it's a pimple." And my personal favorite "No, I was coming over here to talk to you and not your friend, the swimsuit model." Maybe it's a side effect of being married for so long, but I don't really care about having sex with strangers for personal enjoyment anymore (although I still maintain a strict, stranger fucking policy to promote world piece and latex sales) when porn is more than enough to satisfy my basest desires. It's very liberating to no longer desire to inflict the punishment of sexual intercourse with me upon other people now that I only pose a contained risk to one person and myself. If you could masturbate in bars and clubs (out in the open, of course you can masturbate in the bathroom without causing a scene - unless it's one of those places that doesn't have doors on the bathroom stalls, in which case, it quickly makes the men's room a very awkward place to be), I would see the point in going, because, while it's not cheaper than porn, there's a lot more variety and just as much double penetration.

So many human behaviors are practiced only in carefully controlled atmospheres; one of my favorite things about Korea is that you can buy hard liquor 24 hours a day and drink it just about anywhere you please; still, it's looked down upon to crap in public garbage cans and piss in water fountains (not the drinking kind, the wishing kind - after which I sit back and watch children catch splash back from the pennies, nickels, and dimes that represent their hopes and dreams). For some reason, women in bars and clubs get very offended when you offer them money in exchange for sex, but have very little qualms about accepting drinks, meals, and other costly items included in a typical date; I suppose that the time invested in the later creates a more personal relationship between partners than simply offering money, but I favor the direct approach in soliciting sex.

I'm often troubled by people who tell me they met their partner through the internet (mostly because I have bad experiences with that sort of thing) only because I've been conditioned to expect people to meet in person, but I was thinking about it the other day, and I have no idea what I would do to meet women if my wife decided to hitch her wagon to some other loser. I don't like going to bars and clubs, so it probably wouldn't be there, I try to stay uncommunicative at work because talking to people sometimes traps you into staying longer than is necessary, and I don't venture out into public places except to retrieve whatever item I'm missing from my home and then return as quickly as possible. As a teacher I come into contact with lots of new women, but most of them are in their teens and, as nice as that sounds, in practice, I can't deal with younger women. When I was 18 or 19, I would occasionally meet 16 or 17 year olds who were interested in me, but I couldn't talk to them for long without losing interest in whatever banality they wanted to discuss or offending them by bad mouthing some aspect of their personality (I'm a real people person).

I suppose that if my wife left me, loneliness would eventually goad me into some kind of action, but most likely I would waste away the rest of my days quietly masturbating in an increasingly dilapidated apartment (or maybe a house in the suburbs - a guy's got to have ambitions). I can't imagine breaking in a new person to the nice rut I've developed for myself, not so much because I'm reluctant to change, just that it's so much more pleasurable to be able to fart than have to spend a few months waiting for someone to get used to you before you can safely break wind in your own home again.

Sex Mahoney for President

I am intrinsically no good

Sometimes people accuse me of being socially irresponsible, but I refuse to argue with them because it's an argument without any merit.

All people are socially irresponsible; however, I am actually less irresponsible than most of you out there.

I'm not an optimist or pessimist, I fluctuate between the two attitudes depending on my mood and the time of day, but I am firmly convinced that human beings are a disease, and will one day disappear from existence, leaving behind nothing but a radioactive planet or something even more ghastly. I have taken a firm step in ending the destructive cycle of human infection by removing myself from the gene pool and I will not knowingly produce another human being. Some of you might think this is rather harsh, but I am firmly committed to this doctrine, and I promise to drown in a bathtub any child born of my seed who is lucky enough to dodge my coat hanger of divine justice. Some of you out there have children, and I don't begrudge your desire to procreate, it's perfectly natural, but you're slowly contributing to a very painful future for your descendants. I'm just going to enjoy my time here and then disappear like I never existed.

Some people see that as hypocritical, that I won't give the same gift someone once gave me, but I don't particularly care to share the experience I call life, and I'm perfectly happy hoarding as much of it as I can before I expire, secure in the knowledge that no future generations of me will be around to continue my destructive cycle.

Part of me regrets that decision, but not for any noble reason. I was thinking about it on my way into work today, and it would be really great to have a kid for one reason.

Practical jokes.

I love to play practical jokes on people, but I'm only so clever and people have only so much patience, but if I had a child, I would be able to torment them mercilessly for 18 whole years and there isn't a damn thing they could do about it.

The idea came to me as I was thinking about Christmas, because people always talk about Santa Claus putting coal in a bad child's stocking, and yet it rarely happens. I would really like to see the look on a kid's face as they open up their presents on Christmas morning, only to find lump after lump of anthracite.

It wouldn't stop there, that's just the beginning. I'd fill the kid's head with the worst kind of nonsense.

I'd make up all kinds of awful monsters that are waiting to devour the child inside benign places like public toilets and convenience stores.

I don't like children, but it's not through any fault of their own. Like the Grateful Dead, I just can't stand the fan base, even though the music is all right. There's no reason why anyone should be proud of their children's accomplishments except in two very particular cases: a) if the child is mentally retarded in some way (more than a normal child) and accomplishes pedestrian tasks; or b) if the child grows up to be a worthwhile individual. I can remember all those parents, fawning over their children as I watched them eat glue and clear out a space in their school desks for boogers, ear wax, and other interesting semi-solids coming off their bodies. It's even funnier when I think about those kids who grew up to be alcoholics or dead.

Even better than the Santa Claus gag would be telling your child that you're abandoning them and leaving them with a stranger the first time you hire a babysitter.

I am curious about some of the things I would do if I were a parent; for instance if I caught my son or daughter having sex or smoking pot. While I would like to be philosophical about the whole thing, part of me thinks that I would react in the same way people have done for centuries and yell at the kid.

I don't like to punish people, and I think it's wrong for any one human being to punish another. Sometimes I have to do it in class, but only as a last recourse, when one child becomes a serious distraction to the other students, most of the time, not even then. It's punishment enough that the kid will get their poor grade at the end of the term, or even better, will look back and realized that they squandered an excellent opportunity.

I can understand why people want to punish their children: they're little, they can't fight back, and it's funny to watch children cry. If it came down to it, I don't know that I'd have the balls to hit a kid, even if it was my own. My old man used to smack me around when I fucked up, but it was never anything too severe. I don't even know if it's such a bad thing for parents to hit their kids, I just don't think I'd be able to do it.

The biggest reason I would never have children has nothing to do with my distaste for the human race, or my disgust with children, but the number of children in the world. There are six billion people on the face of the planet,

we're not hurting for numbers, and there are plenty of orphans who could use a hot meal and a warm bed. Like most of the other types of human hubris, it seems like the worst kind of pride to shit your own offspring out into a world when you could adopt (or foster parent) a child that needs your love and attention. I won't have kids of my own, but hopefully someday, I can live in a country where the government allows me to smoke pot AND help raise an orphaned child.

The latter concern is the biggest impediment to becoming a foster parent now. I can't understand how it's acceptable for bible-thumping parents to fill their kid's heads with images of hell fire and damnation, but society considers me unacceptable to take care of a kid because I like to get high.

Instead, I do the next best thing; I teach your children. Pleasant dreams.

Sex Mahoney for President

Lies that life is black and white spoke from my skull

It's amazing.

After fourteen plus years of using the internet, I recently discovered that there is more to the net than just pornography. For awhile, I've been aware of a subtle change in the net, when I look up some of my favorite search strings (like boobs and double penetration) I get strange results (like pictures of George Bush and a head set/ball gag combo), but I was shocked to learn that the internet is also used as a research tool.

It's funny, whenever I study a subject, I realize how little I previously knew about said subject; for instance, the other day I was reading about the lost continent of Atlantis, and it turns out that it didn't really sink into the ocean, but collapsed into a whole in the earth at the north pole; however, the Nazi-supermen citizens of Atlantis are still alive in the center of the Earth and are simply waiting for a fascist regime to take over the world before revealing themselves as the true source of human technology and civilization; which made me feel stupid, because all along I thought the center of the Earth was full of heavy metals that sank in the liquid magma. Talk about having to eat crow.

It turns out the internet is a great tool for researching information, and it has helped me debate several learned people about learned topics about which I have learned nothing (for the first three "learned" don't forget to pronounce that accented final E, not for the last learned though, that's just plain old lernd). What's even better is that internet resources rarely include footnotes or relevant links to their sources, so it's even easier to debate against someone since I can simply create a website promoting whatever idea I want to promulgate and pass it off as a legitimate source of information. I don't see what the big deal is, professors and doctors and experts of all kinds have been doing this sort of thing for thousands of years, and sure they'll tell you that they've done actual "research" into their field of study, but just because someone gives lectures and has their PhD in a particular area is no reason they're any smarter than me, or I for that matter.

Besides, I've worked with professors; research consists of delegating work to enthusiastic undergrads trying to get into the best position to lick your scrotum and/or horrifically distended labia while you bang cute co-eds in the 2 by 4 closet the university assures you is an actual office. Everyone knows that the research done at

universities is just a cover so they can execute their real purpose: farming talent for professional sports franchises.

The worst is when I argue against religious people, whose attempts to dictate my morality with their outdated rules gets in the way of my pleasure. It never fails to stupefy me when I meet someone who trusts in the infallibility of the bible, especially in a world where people argue over pieces of evidence in the September 11th investigation but don't doubt the scribblings of two thousand year old Jews, who lived at a time when most people believed a god in a chariot drove the sun across the sky, during the day, and rested in his palace on the moon, at night.

When I said that I learn a lot from researching on the internet, that was only partially true; sure I learn a lot more trivia, but mostly I learn about people, reading their biographies. It turns out that there are no truly good people in the world; instead, there is a collection of pigs, rooting for sustenance in filth, and calling themselves kings. Gandhi liked to give out enemas, Bill Cosby passed out roofies in the jello pudding, and Bill Gates invented the Windows operating system by taking the brain of a super-intelligent zombie fetus and merging it with the remains of a cyborg recovered from a Los Angeles area manufacturing plant in 1984.

There is very little in which I believe; I believe I'm a good writer (I have to, it's the only thing that stops the tears), I believe in penicillin, I believe that the key to a healthy life is to masturbate constantly. Other than those three things, I'm not sure of anything else and it constantly surprises me when people are so sure about things no one could ever possibly know. You may think you know something, but when you take a step back, it seems less and less plausible. I can tell you this, the best source of vital information on the internet is [right here](#). You're welcome.

Sex Mahoney for President

We'll Listen to old Men at Work and have a real good time

There's nothing like showing up to work and being told to go home; it's my favorite thing in the world; unfortunately, that didn't happen to me today, it happened to my wife. She got to go home to watch porn and masturbate and play with our cat all day, while I'm stuck in an office thinking about how much better life would be if some people had abortions instead of children.

Sure, if there were no children, then I wouldn't have a job, and I'd probably be outside a bus station begging for change, but I'm not really mad at the kids. I have a great time while teaching, no matter how boring the subject, and there are very few instances where I would rather do something else than teach (have you ever had to keep a room full of ten year olds occupied while Korean midgets pound soju hammers inside your brain?). I'm really mad at the people in the office, but they're all very friendly (and every once in a while, they take me out to dinner); I suppose I can't be too mad that they're all fucking clueless.

I've worked at a lot of jobs over the years, and I have had very few bosses who knew what they were doing and got shit done. There used to be a guy in my office that got shit done; he was bat-shit crazy, but he got shit done. The one time we hung out, outside of work, he kept telling me how everything was for women (pocket ball, cream based pasta sauces, beer, etc); this is a guy who poured Tabasco sauce on a bowlful of raw jalapeños because to eat them without the garnish was "for women." Like all the competent people I have ever met in office environments, he was fired last week. Today was a fucking nightmare.

I like the idea of Business College; my favorite episode of South Park is the one with the underpants gnomes. Step One, collect underpants; step two... step three, profit. I imagine that's how most businesses approach their respective markets. The more prosperous the company for which I work, the more disorganized the place seems.

When I was a kid, my father used to tell me that if I didn't study hard, I'd end up asking people if they wanted fries with various other food items, considering the success of fast food companies, I wonder if he was just jealous of their success.

Maybe some of you work for respectable people, maybe you can prove wrong my years of chronic bad jobs and ineffectual management, but the best boss I ever had was a guy named Phil who never bothered me with work problems, he would call

me every few days and we would talk about pornography and professional clam digging. The boss I had before Phil was a complete idiot, she would ask for progress reports and various forms (filled out in triplicate), changing rules as she saw fit and accomplishing just as much as Phil (I would have been more productive under Phil, except we spent as much time talking as I did filling out pointless busywork for the other boss.

The key to management is not knowledge or skill, and it's certainly nothing that you can learn in school; it's keeping your mouth shut. Not all the time, there are certain times, when you have to speak up or risk some terrible consequences, like when Robyn Anderson made a small purchase of a few firearms for her teenage friends. Keeping your mouth shut is only applicable when someone is doing a good job; so, as long as everything is working correctly and your employee knows not to shed their pants, then keep your mouth shut.

Unfortunately, silence is not the only necessary trait for a good manager; they must also look knowledgeable. Most of the time, looking knowledgeable means keeping your mouth shut, but it also means that when employees bring you ideas, you should treat them as if you see the absolute necessity in that course of action. People want to look up to their boss, and nothing facilitates that process like a boss who not only agrees with your ideas, but treats them as if they were "the right thing to do." Gives, people get a good feeling inside.

Managerial traits are all instinctive, which is why I believe you can't learn them in business school, but only through years of training in your chosen profession. Certainly, I'm more inclined to listen to a master plumber than someone who is fresh out of business school. Without a detailed knowledge of every aspect of your business, how are you supposed to make informed decisions while delegating to your employees?

All those things are immaterial; I have neglected to mention the manager's most important duty: tell your employees when to arrive, what they have to do, and why they have to do it. When I show up to a job that has weak management, not only is it immediately apparent, but I take advantage of the situation to do as little work as possible while staying out of the boss's way.

I've never understood those people who have to work, no matter what they're doing, just so long as they're doing something. More and more, I think about becoming a plumber, and if nothing else shows you how little respect I have for office workers and academia than the fact that I would rather work up to my elbows in human feces than put on a

suit and tie and smile like an idiot, then I'd like you to keep perfectly still while I search for my surgical two by four. Feel free to entertain yourself with some busywork.

Right now, it's ten o'clock, when I would ordinarily leave work, but, due to some more last minute confusion, I was recently informed that I'll be staying until 11. My only consolation is that some day I will die, but hopefully my spite will keep me alive longer than the people I scorn. It's nice to have goals.

Sex Mahoney for President

If that's your reward for suffering, keep the stuff
you're offering

When I first came to Korea, I had to come in at 3 o'clock, my classes started at 4 o'clock, and I could leave whenever I finished classes, which was as early as 6 o'clock on some days and as late as midnight on others. The school also gave the teachers and students a thirty minute dinner break from 8 o'clock to 8:30.

For the first three months, I worked seven days a week then they gave me a day off, on Thursdays for a month. Finally, starting in my 5th month, I had a whole weekend all to myself... unless you count my wife.

At about the six month mark, the school shortened the dinner break to 10 minutes, from 8:05 to 8:15, but I didn't mind so much because my classes didn't start until 5:40; unfortunately, I was no longer free to leave when my classes were over, I had to stay until 10 o'clock, no matter what.

I still had the weekends.

Now, the dinner break is gone altogether, my classes start at 4:30 and go non-stop until 11 o'clock and I'm back to working six days a week (I had Wednesday's off last month, now I have Thursdays off, maybe, my boss is on vacation so I might not have any days off); I compensate by coming in an hour later. As an employee, I feel it is my duty to cheat the system as best I can. When you're forced to work six (possibly seven) days a week, you take your revenge where you can get it.

Yesterday, I wrote about managers, today I write about the employee.

I've been an employee most of my life, a manager only once or twice; there are benefits to being a manager (I got an extra dollar an hour), but they are vastly outweighed by an employee's benefits. As an employee, particularly at a faceless corporation, your power to get away with crap is limitless; especially if you're not at all attached to your job.

Shortly after my last American teaching gig, I spent a lot of time kicking around low paying corporate jobs, swallowing my pride and cleaning toilets; while I didn't make any money (I didn't last long in most of the places), I particularly enjoyed all the nothing I got to do.

Unless you own your own business, there is nothing rewarding about doing a good job. At best, your efforts will line someone else's pockets; at worst, you'll be punished for

your immediate superior's incompetence when you are laid off without notice.

Managers, and the higher-ups, tend to forget that no matter how smelly, unkempt, moronic, and poorly trained their employees; those stinky idiots are the lifeblood of a business, and as such, have all the real power in a company.

The lowest level of employees should receive the highest share of salaries, and a promotion should come with a pay cut; not only will it keep people honest, but it will remove the swine-like rooting for praise and advancement. The CEO, the most useless and ineffectual person in a company, should receive a salary in keeping with their abilities. If you are unlucky enough to get promoted to the head of a company, you should receive nothing.

Some of you may argue that my system will lead to rampant corruption, ineffectual leadership, and indentured servitude, and I agree, but two of those three arguments are already a problem under the current system, and I would much rather the workers indenture the bosses than the other way around.

As it currently stands, an employee, once hired, will get better, worse, or stay at the same skill level in their current position. An employee who, over time, gets worse at an assigned task is better suited to another line of work, and usually leaves the company. A worker who gets better at their job is usually promoted to a better position. A worker who stays the same has either found the perfect position, and should stay right where they are for as long as they can, or, has found a job at which they are smart enough not to get any worse, but not intelligent enough to improve their performance.

While this might seem logical, it makes no sense.

Not only will a person continue to get promoted until they occupy a position for which they are unsuited, but in many cases, they will be fired for performing too well.

I very rarely see people demoted; usually, when a person enters a position to which they are ill suited, they are fired for their incompetence. It's not their fault, most people can't turn down the extra salary when it's offered; add that to the pride that goes along with a promotion, and you've got a perfect trap, designed to catch the best and brightest.

At best, your hard work at someone else's company will put you in a place where you don't belong; at worst, your employer will reward your hard work by giving you so much of

it that you can no longer perform satisfactorily and fire you.

That is why, as an employee, it is up to you to do as little as possible and exhibit no desire for upward mobility; to settle into a rut and do your best to stay there, no matter how hard someone else tries to dislodge you.

Support your local unions.

Sex Mahoney for President

So cliché when a boy falls under the spell of a woman
from hell

Readers and writers, they need each other to survive. One cannot exist without the other, but they each believe that they are the important element in the relationship.

If you're a writer, and you feel like your work is not fully appreciated, turn on the television or go to a movie theater, watch whatever crap fills the screen for the next thirty minutes to half an hour, and then think about those poor people who went to Harvard, graduated at the top of their class, and now write episodes of "Grey's Anatomy" for their daily bread.

It's a sobering thought.

Everybody wants to be a writer, I've met thousands of them in my life; very few of the people who express interest in writing are writers.

Writers write; that's what they do.

If you don't write, you're not a writer.

Many people assume that you need lots of experience, education, or a salary to be considered a writer, but that's simply not true; all you have to do is write.

As long as you write, you're a writer.

If you don't write, you're not a writer; you're... whatever it is you are.

There is a world of difference between being a writer and being a professional writer. A lot of people split hairs about this kind of terminology, but I like to think about things in simple terms. If you've ever been paid for your writing, you're a professional writer; anything else and you're just an amateur.

Just like sex. I've had lots of sex, with many different men and women, but I've never been paid for it; I can still compete in amateur competitions like the world fucking Olympics and local distance ejaculation contests, but if I ever accept any money, then I'll be a pro, and I'll have to give up the amateur circuit.

So here's some hope, for all those of you who want to be writers, just start writing, even if what you write is so bad that my work looks good in comparison.

Just like professional writing, being a good writer is also another story. Just like anything else, writing requires practice, and not the sporadic way that you practice tennis or golf, but genuine, hard effort. On a typical day, I write about a thousand to two thousand words (whether it's in a myspace blog, new book, screenplay, whatever). I can get through that kind of writing pretty quick, like in an hour or two - at most - and then I have the rest of the day to pursue honest vocations, like plumbing.

Of all the jobs I can think, plumbing seems like the most worthwhile. I have no respect for police officers, fire fighters, soldiers, teachers, all those so-called "noble professions" but you show me a plumber and I'll not only take his advice as sound wisdom, but I'll generally do anything a plumber tells me. You don't meet a lot of people who don't cut pipes, clean drains, and install toilets calling themselves plumbers, but you sure meet a lot of people who don't write, spell, or think clearly calling themselves writers. It's an odd profession.

Part of it stems from most people's ability to read. When you read a book, writing seems like an easy thing to do, just like when you watch Jeopardy, it seems like the questions are not that hard; however, when it's time to do it for real, suddenly both are much harder than they appear. The amount of would-be writers is nowhere near as bad as the amount of would-be screen writers. I can't imagine how much it must suck to be a reader for a Hollywood studio; think about it, most major studios only release a dozen movies during the course of a year, so when you go to the movies and waste ten dollars to see Peter Jackson's remake of King Kong, that's one of the best ideas they had for the whole year. If you've ever been in a peer review writing session, then you know what I'm talking about, because you've also read the script about an intelligent toaster than travels through time to save Abraham Lincoln from subterranean Jewish assassins bent on preserving their international banking conspiracy.

The only way to succeed as a writer is to put your head down, read as much as you can, and ignore everyone who says your work sucks no matter how much flaming garbage they throw at you.

Don't worry about getting published, only the most needy and stuck up people need all that recognition and reward anyway; at least until you get published, then you can look down on all those pedestrian hacks.

Sex Mahoney for President

I would like to live forever, with you and me as all the people

Category: [Writing and Poetry](#)

For today's blog I have included a short story, another allegory, and I've deliberately omitted the ending, because I'd like to see both how other people would end the story and which of my readers knows the literary antecedent to this work. So if you're game, write your own ending and attach it as a comment. I promise I will reveal the real ending tomorrow and reward the best response with some kind of prize. So tell all your friends who fancy themselves writers and we'll have ourselves a bit of a contest.

There was once a thief who lived and operated in a relatively small town. Generally, the thief did not rob his neighbors, but the caravans that brought goods to and through the town by the post road, upon which, the town lay. While he was not a wealthy man, the thief never wanted for money, but he was so stingy that he would sooner steal from his best friend than spend a farthing of his own. Frequently, the thief broke into other people's gardens and fields to fix himself dinner, but only when he couldn't impose himself on someone else's generosity. Because he was always present where someone gave away free food, many of the people in town knew this thief and appreciated his company and, by carefully selecting his victims so as not to abuse anyone's kindness for too long, everyone genuinely liked him.

For instance, there was once a wealthy doctor, who moved into the town after the old physician passed away, from whom the thief extracted a great deal of free meals and other gifts. Over time, the thief's ability to survive without any visible employment puzzled the doctor, and he resolved to learn whatever secret the thief possessed. For months, the doctor invited the thief to many sumptuous banquets at his house, and, after a short while, convinced the thief to share the source of his sustenance. The thief told the physician that he belonged to a secret society, whose membership was very exclusive, and once a month, the society met to share untold riches and report on the success of various projects. The tale so intrigued the doctor that he spent the better part of two years entertaining the thief, at his own expense, in order to gain entry into the secret society.

Through this, and many other duplicitous means, the thief lived a comfortable life for many years, squirreling away money from his crimes to provide for the ease every man deserves in old age.

One day, the thief was in the garden of a very wealthy judge, who kept a summer estate in town, but who rarely occupied the house except for one month of every year in the hottest part of summer. In the judge's absence, servants tended to the garden, which produced some of the finest fruits in town. Because the judge rarely appeared in town, during the latter half of spring, and the early part of the summer, the thief frequently elected to dine on the judge's delicious fruits.

The garden covered two or three acres of the judge's property. On the west side, there was an orchard which contained apple, pear, and rambutan trees that produced fruit as large as a man's hand. The south side of the garden bore flowers of exquisite beauty; there were rose bushes, rare orchids, hibiscus, even a titan arum that stood three meters tall. The east side of the garden, there grew vegetables and other cultivated crops: corn, potatoes, and pumpkins. On the north side of the garden, there was a large gazebo and patio, where the judge

entertained guests in the lushness of his Eden. In the center of the garden, there was a large, man-made pond, in which prodigious fish, the size of a man's arm, swam in abundance.

While the thief cut an apple from one of the trees, there came into the garden two beautiful young girls, of no more than fourteen years. The taller of the two girls carried fishing nets over one arm and a long pole in the other; the shorter girls carried a frying pan and a flask of oil; they both wore long, white robes of the finest cloth, which clung to their bodies, above the waist, and flowed out, like meadow grass, around their legs. The girls set down the frying pan and oil and waded into the water, up to their breasts. In no time at all, they emerged carrying several large fish in their nets. The taller girl started a fire on the shore of the pond and, while the fish were still alive, tossed them into the frying pan.

Not only did the smell of cooking fish rouse the thief's appetite, but the sight of the two girls, emerging from the water, stirred something buried deeper. At the first sound of the girls, the thief, fearing that the servants had come to the garden, and he would have to abandon his meal, ceased cutting fruit from the tree. When he saw that it was only two young girls, the thief would have resumed cutting, but they transfixed him with their comeliness. When they emerged from the water, with their white robes clinging to their nubility's every soft curve; the thief played the surveyor and studied every mountain and valley of their natural landscape. The thief watched them cook and eat their dinner, and their subsequent departure, without making a sound.

The thief resolved that, no matter what, he would sport with those girls.

When he ate his fill in the garden, the thief asked after the girls from some of his friends in town. They told him that the girls were the twin daughters of a local merchant, whose family was not poor, but just on the cusp of poverty so that they rarely had extra money to spend. The girls sewed clothes at home and the father drove caravans up and down the post road; recently his fortunes had vastly improved when he struck a deal with the thief. In return for a generous amount of money, the thief gave his word that he would not harm any goods delivered by, or intended for, this merchant. Anxious to possess the two girls, but keenly aware that his social standing would suffer if he violated the promise, the thief weighed his options.

(your text here)

Sex Mahoney for President

I was made for dancing all all all all night long

Category: [Writing and Poetry](#)

Here is the ending that I promised you. Thanks to those of you who played along, and the rest of you who enjoyed the story. The old text, which I posted last week, is in italics.

There was once a thief who lived and operated in a relatively small town. Generally, the thief did not rob his neighbors, but the caravans that brought goods to and through the town by the post road, upon which, the town lay. While he was not a wealthy man, the thief never wanted for money, but he was so stingy that he would sooner steal from his best friend than spend a farthing of his own. Frequently, the thief broke into other people's gardens and fields to fix himself dinner, but only when he couldn't impose himself on someone else's generosity. Because he was always present where someone gave away free food, many of the people in town knew this thief and appreciated his company and, by carefully selecting his victims so as not to abuse anyone's kindness for too long, everyone genuinely liked him.

For instance, there was once a wealthy doctor, who moved into the town after the old physician passed away, from whom the thief extracted a great deal of free meals and other gifts. Over time, the thief's ability to survive without any visible employment puzzled the doctor, and he resolved to learn whatever secret the thief possessed. For months, the doctor invited the thief to many sumptuous banquets at his house, and, after a short while, convinced the thief to share the source of his sustenance. The thief told the physician that he belonged to a secret society, whose membership was very exclusive, and once a month, the society met to share untold riches and report on the success of various projects. The tale so intrigued the doctor that he spent the better part of two years entertaining the thief, at his own expense, in order to gain entry into the secret society.

Through this, and many other duplicitous means, the thief lived a comfortable life for many years, squirreling away money from his crimes to provide for the ease every man deserves in old age.

One day, the thief was in the garden of a very wealthy judge, who kept a summer estate in town, but who rarely occupied the house except for one month of every year in the hottest part of summer. In the judge's absence, servants tended to the garden, which produced some of the finest fruits in town. Because the judge rarely appeared in town, during the latter half of spring, and the early part of the summer, the thief frequently elected to dine on the judge's delicious fruits.

The garden covered two or three acres of the judge's property. On the west side, there was an orchard which contained apple, pear, and rambutan trees that produced fruit as large as a man's hand. The south side of the garden bore flowers of exquisite beauty; there were rose bushes, rare orchids, hibiscus, even a titan arum that stood three meters tall. The east side of the garden, there grew vegetables and other cultivated crops: corn, potatoes, and pumpkins. On the north side of the garden, there was a large gazebo and patio, where the judge entertained guests in the lushness of his Eden. In the center of the garden, there was a large, man-made pond, in which prodigious fish, the size of a man's arm, swam in abundance.

While the thief cut an apple from one of the trees, there came into the garden two beautiful young girls, of no more than fourteen years. The taller of the two girls carried fishing nets

over one arm and a long pole in the other; the shorter girls carried a frying pan and a flask of oil; they both wore long, white robes of the finest cloth, which clung to their bodies, above the waist, and flowed out, like meadow grass, around their legs. The girls set down the frying pan and oil and waded into the water, up to their breasts. In no time at all, they emerged carrying several large fish in their nets. The taller girl started a fire on the shore of the pond and, while the fish were still alive, tossed them into the frying pan.

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Because it would violate his agreement with the father, the thief recruited one of his friends to pilfer the merchant's goods. Seeing a way to make a great deal of money, and to expand his influence, the thief's friend agreed without asking too many questions, and, before long, the family that had always skirted close to poverty, succumbed to its depths. After a miserable year, the family was destitute.

The friend came to visit the thief, and he was not in town long before he witnessed the result of his actions and learned of the vow that existed between the thief and the merchant. One night, over a bottle of the doctor's brandy, the friend asked the thief why he broke his vow.

The thief told him all about the two girls, describing everything about that night in great detail; when he was finished with his story, the thief explained that he did not break his deal with the father, as other had robbed the merchant of his goods, not himself. Since the night in the garden, the thief planned on reducing the family to poverty for the sole purpose of driving the girls into a disreputable profession so that the thief might pay for their services and keep his promise to the father. The thief reasoned that if he took the girls outright, then he would have been guilty of robbing the father just as surely as if he had stolen the merchandise from the caravans. When he finished the explanation, the friend hung his head in shame and expressed regret for agreeing to such a despicable plan without questioning the thief's intent.

"Don't you see that what you've done is a terrible and ignoble thing, for, while you may not have stolen the merchant's property or family, you will rob him of his dignity and honor? To the girls, you have made no such promise, but, from them, you will also steal their innocence and youth. If you have any compassion in your breast, then you will call off your dogs and release me from the oath I made; however, since I have already given you my word, and the damage is already done, I no longer have any power to reverse the situation, your conscience must do that."

The friend's words stung the thief, but he resolved not to waver from his purpose, and, acting expediently to avoid the pangs of guilt, the next night, the thief arranged for the shorter of the two girls to visit his home.

The thief instructed his servant to escort the girl to his bedroom, and it was there he found her, sitting in her white dress, which, though it was the same one she wore on that long ago night, was now ripped in several places and smeared with dirt. The thief approached her and slipped the gown from her shoulder, revealing one tender, white breast; however, when he his hand brushed her soft skin, the girl shuddered and her whole body shook. The friend's words came back to the thief and, overcome with compassion, he immediately pulled up her dress and sat with her on the bed. The girl collapsed onto his chest and released such a torrent of tears that, had she continued, could have drowned the world. Unable to complete his task, the thief told her that he would personally assure her family's fortunes.

The girl cried harder, to express her thanks, and told the thief how grateful she was to preserve her honor.

"I will rush home and tell my sister immediately." She said. "Your generosity has saved us from lives of ill repute because I have not yet lain with a man; you were to be my first. My sister is equally lucky, because she has only been with your friend, who arrived the other day, and I'm sure you can convince him to hold his tongue."

Sex Mahoney for President

We got egos like hairdos

Category: [Religion and Philosophy](#)

Freedom is such a wonderful thing that if it was ever allowed to exist on this planet, the whole place would explode in a shimmering rainbow of peace, love and cousin fucking.

Over the weekend, my wife and I watched "It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia," a fantastic show about a group of people who own a bar in the eponymous city. One of the episodes was about the owners of the bar deciding to allow smoking in order to preserve freedom. Of course, the freedom they grant their patrons is too much and soon there are Russian roulette tourneys, junkies, and incestual couples all over the place.

It freaks out the owners, who decide to call the police.

Freedom.

It's a scary thing if you're squeamish; you've got to have a strong constitution to accept real freedom because, more than anything else, freedom is scary. It's so scary that people are willing to vote for politicians who are well known scoundrels, just to feel a little safer.

The older I get, the more often I hear friends and acquaintances, former atheists and agnostics, turn to the church for comfort and support; in many ways it makes me sick, but I'm a firm believer in freedom; if people want to worship a deity, that's their business. I won't get involved.

When I think back on all the times that I've picked on the religious (and there have been lots in my life), I tend to feel bad, like a bully, for making fun of people for their beliefs; it's only human, how can you look a person in the face and tell them everything they believe in is as much malarkey as the Easter Bunny, Santa Claus, and the perfect man-woman (I don't mean man or woman, I mean a man-woman someone with the emotional disassociation of a man but the tender curves of a woman, but who also has a dick and knows how to use it – I know it's not a great way to end that catalog, but I'm just upset by the poor quality of hermaphrodite porn, usually it's just dude's with tits). What I usually don't remember, is that I don't go out of my way to pick on the religious; I've never wandered into a church and started bad mouthing a priest or some crying widow; however, I have been walking down the street or sitting at home, minding my own business, when some nut job, with a clipboard and a bible, wants to convince me of all the reasons why I should accept Jesus Christ as my personal lord and savior... or tries to sell me a Kirby vacuum. I have no sympathy for those fuckers, and I take great delight in ruining their day, if possible.

The lack of freedom, as propagated by the church, disturbs me so much, I may as well lick dingle berries out of my mother's ass crack. As best I can figure, it's scary being an adult, all that freedom and no one around to tell you what to do, or that everything is going to be okay.

Some people think it's a sign of strength to have faith in something that's impossible to empirically prove, but I consider it one of the weakest things a man or woman can do with their life. It means you're too scared of freedom.

The shitty thing about life is that it keeps going. You come to all these natural end points, where the cameras should stop rolling, and you should bow out gracefully, but you continue to descend into a pathetic state as more and more of your friends, family, and former acquaintance die. In the end, you collapse in your chair, somewhere in the Sicilian countryside, like Al Pacino at the end of "The Godfather, Part Three" and if you're lucky, then the relatives, who don't visit you as much as they used to, ever since you're bowels started expunging material without warning, will stand up and say nice things about you, before they go have a big meal in your honor.

Instead of feeling liberated by death, most people spend their lives afraid of the end, and will do everything they can to avoid it; even turning to an elderly man, in expensive robes, who tells you that you don't have to die if you light candles and give him a little extra money; in fact, he tells you, you can live forever in the kingdom of god. It's just that God is a little short right now, and if you help God out, God'll totally get you back later... after you're dead.

If a bank ran their business the way most people donate to the church, we'd all be a lot richer than we are now; unfortunately, all our money would be worthless.

The only thing that consoles me is that most people are too caught up with their worldly concerns to practice the guidelines of any religion; so even if there is a God, then they'll be burning in hell with me. It will be wonderful, I'll tell them about the babies I've aborted, the drugs I've done, the women I've defiled, the gluttony I've practiced, the wrath of my youth, the sloth, the pride, the lechery, the greed, and the envy; ask them why they are doomed to eternity; and laugh for millennia when they give me an answer like, "I ate meat on a Friday during Lent" or "I only went to church on Holidays."

Even if I'm completely wrong and there is a God... well... God doesn't have its hands on me yet; so even if I'm going to spend eternity in hellfire, I've got this time now to enjoy the hell out of myself and blaspheme like a motherfucker. Now that's freedom.

Sex Mahoney for President

They all came to say goodbye, one after the other, my homicidal sister and my suicidal brother

Category: [Jobs, Work, Careers](#)

The last few weeks, I've busy at work; I taught 40+ classes as opposed to my usual 20, I worked fourteen days straight without a day off, and my school eliminated the dinner break we used to get, so I was teaching straight from the time I came in, to the time I left.

Some of you may know what it's like to teach, and it really is an amazing thing to do; especially if you teach younger children. It's not much different in a university setting, in that you are being paid a miserable salary to repeat information you spent several months pay to learn to people who are paying even more money than you did, to learn the same thing. In a business sense, it's ludicrous and the only people who have a racket half as good are car dealerships; unfortunately, car dealerships realize that people will not pay more money for a used car than they would for a new car, and have to charge less, but universities, by constantly raising tuitions to support crappy football teams, have people believing that a critical reading of Shakespeare's sonnets is worth more today than it was last year.

At least with a university job, the information is specialized and takes a fair amount of training to understand, but when you teach young children, you're paid to repeat information that someone taught you for free; if that's not a great racket, then I don't know what is. The only thing that needs rectification is cutting out the university middle man so students can go right from graduation to teaching in order to maximize profits.

Being a teacher is no harder than cleaning toilets at a McDonald's, I think, I've never actually cleaned McDonald' toilets, but I've cleaned other toilets and you'd think that all toilets are the same; however, I've heard that McDonald's toilets can be particularly nasty, especially in those places where McDonald's never closes; I've even been in a McDonald's where you have to pay a quarter to use the bathroom. The nice thing about being a teacher is that you're usually smarter than the people you're teaching, which is very similar to most of the jobs you'll have in your life; the shitty thing about being a teacher, is that you have to watch children, who have so much hope in their eyes, flounder about uselessly while their dreams go up in smoke, and the majority of their potential is wasted in a pointless office job like accounting or teaching.

Luckily, I haven't been teaching long enough for any students to become crack addicts (that I know of), but I did have a former student die. There was a student who allegedly asphyxiated themselves auto-erotically; don't get me wrong, I'm a big fan of masturbating, but I think it's good enough (and slightly dangerous if you share a one room apartment with your wife – who is a very light sleeper) that death is not necessary to make it any better. Anyway, I'm not here to talk about auto-erotic asphyxiation, I'm here to talk about teaching and how it's far less fun to show children how to use gerund nouns than it is to hang yourself from a doorknob and whack off.

It's not that teaching is a thankless job, it is, and it's not that the pay sucks, it does, but the worst thing about teaching is that the better job you do, the more your students like you, the more likely you will be fired.

I was trying to think of a teacher/student story that has a happy ending where the teacher gets to keep their job and all I can come up with is "Mr. Holland's Opus" and "Up the Down Staircase" and I'm not even sure about the latter. Doesn't Ms. Barrett drop out of the system to sell real estate or farm emus?

Everyone has at least one teacher that they remember fondly, the one person who reached out to them and touched their life and blaa, blaa, blaa and bullshit, bullshit, bullshit.

I don't know if I will continue teaching when I go back to America; my wife is after me to get some kind of job, but I don't know what I want to do. I think I'm very good at those things. The sad reality is that I'm a pretty good teacher, which means I probably won't be able to hold down a public school gig.

For six months after I graduated from university, I sent out resumes and made calls every week; the only places I heard from were telemarketing and insurance companies or nicely worded letters that suggested I stop sending my resume to companies through the mail because it wasted valuable paper and public servant resources.

I'd feel a little better if I had any idea what I want to do for the rest of my life, but I don't, and I'm not getting any younger. I'm ready to retire.

If anyone is looking to hire a new employee, I'm willing to relocate anywhere and I can learn any job within a month; but my asking salary is \$250,000 plus unrestricted access to a private jet and or company prostitute. I'll be accepting application from prospective employers all next week, just leave your company's portfolio with my secretary and I'll get back to you if we're interested...

Sex Mahoney for President

Well, the other day, I heard of a soldier's falling off

Category: [Friends](#)

Dunks.

Is there any group of people better spoken, more lovable, and more charming... to themselves?

Last night, my wife and I stayed out drinking until four or five in the morning with our Scottish friend and English acquaintance (I'd like to call him a friend, but after last night I'm not sure he'd like the appellation, the story of which, I will now relate).

We were sitting at a table, next to a very large, sliding, glass door. Our Scottish friend went to the bathroom and when he came back, he pulled out his penis and pressed it up to the glass, right in front of our English acquaintance.

I saw the penis immediately, because I generally tend to look down.

The Englishman performed a wonderful, comedic slow descent with eyes, which started at the Scotsman's face and worked its way down until he recoiled at the sight of the cock. You couldn't have planned it better.

The Scotsman spent the rest of the night in his best, rowdy, Scotch behavior and took every opportunity to jump on the newly arrived Englishman until the latter was thoroughly out of patience; it culminated in the two of them wrestling on my bed.

I suppose I am partly to blame for the course of events; not only could I have prevented the two of them from horsing around, but I also insisted that we watch Jackass 2, which probably went a long way toward riling up the Scotsman.

I love the friends I've made, both here in Korea, and at home in America, but they're a small bunch; not that they're tiny people, but I don't have many friends, only a small cadre of very intimate associations. I am also to blame for this condition; I love to play pranks on people.

I don't care to talk much, I'm often criticized for collecting, and debating about, useless information with my wife; and I don't like to go out much, I'm a stay at home kind of guy, so the sole reason for having friends is to perform horrible pranks on each other. Why else would you spend all that time getting to know someone, if not to do terrible things to them while they're sleeping or passed out drunk?

When I was a real asshole, I used to play tricks on strangers and let my friends in on the joke; now that I'm relatively benign, I play tricks on my friends, and enjoy the joke with them after I show them pictures of whatever exploit I perpetrated.

It's not that I'm a bad person, I just like to laugh and I don't like to get beat up. In my experience, I've found that friends are far less likely to beat the shit out of you for teabagging them while they're passed out than strangers.

Sex Mahoney for President

I won't be smoother over like milk
Category: [Movies, TV, Celebrities](#)

Here's a 15 minute blog.

One of the ways my wife and I keep in touch with America is through media, specifically television. We download *The Daily Show* and *Colbert Report* every day they air, which is generally a day later than they broadcast in America (I live 14 hours in the future, motherfucker); also, we watch old favorites like *The Simpsons*, *Family Guy*, *American Dad* on the weekends and new favorites like *My Name is Earl*, *The Office*, *Lost* (when it airs) and *30 Rock* during the week.

Unfortunately, there's only so much time you can kill with seven new programs a week, and, without marijuana, I have a lot of time to kill in Korea; so, we branched out, and for the first time since 1999, we started watching other prime-time network television shows, past and present.

Some of the programs have been great, like *The Wonder Years* and *The Larry Sanders Show*, *Malcolm in the Middle*, *Daria*, and *Invader Zim* while others have been particularly bad like *Boston Public*, *Gray's Anatomy*, and *The OC*.

In the end, I only have one conclusion.

Anyone can become a television writer. It can't be hard, if David E. Kelley can do it, then there's no reason why you can't.

Thankfully, I turned away from network television just before the reality craze of 2000 so I never had to endure people eating bull testicles to win prizes or the arduous process of selecting the next *American Idol*; the bland programming of the late 90s, coupled with my lack of a television, left me feeling fulfilled with my TV free existence, but she's a cruel mistress and, before long, I was sucked back into her world. I don't know why I didn't think of it sooner; movies are in such a dismal state of affairs that "Jackass 2" was the best new film I've seen in a long time.

Mostly, discounting such dreck as *Everybody Blows Raymond* and *The Queen of Kings*, television comedies are much better than television dramas, because the quality of acting on television dramas is usually so bad; you could do a better crying impersonation if you whistled through your nose. It's not the actors' fault, most television dramas have such ridiculous plot lines that I'm sure it's hard to elicit a genuine emotional response from someone who had the same thing happen to them on seven different shows. Of course the young actors could bring a fresh energy to a project, but most of them are too inexperienced to know their assholes from their mouths, which I suppose also explains some of TV actor's shitty deliver.

No matter what you're writing, comedy or drama, the quality doesn't come from the actor's words or actions, but from their silences. Sure, the whacky antics of Lou Costello may draw all the attention, but without the well timed silence of Bud Abbot, nobody would laugh. One of the hardest things to do, as an actor, is stand around while someone else is talking; that's why you see actors with cigarettes or coffee cups in their hands when they have nothing else

to do. In a scene from *30 Rock*, a character who is nervous about acting decides that carrying something will make him seem more natural, so he asks for two coffee mugs.

Seinfeld had an awesome premise, at least as far as keeping people busy, stick them in a diner and have them eating all the time; I can see how that would suck for the actors, especially if they have to do ten takes of eating a cold pastrami sandwich.

Still, we're running out of media; so, if you have any ideas, pitch me your favorite shows and I'll give them a fair shake. Let me know what you think. I'm asking for your help.

Sex Mahoney for President

I've sold a million mirrors in a shop in alley way

Category: [Movies, TV, Celebrities](#)

There's nothing as beautiful as a world covered with freshly fallen snow.

It snowed in Korea on Saturday night, and we took some pictures.

My favorite thing about snow is that, in an urban environment, it looks good for a few hours and then turns into a brown, yellow, black mess of sludge and ice. The most beautiful things are the ones that don't last; the shorter something exists, the less time you have to see its flaws and the more beautiful it appears.

Last night, my wife and I downloaded a few movies to watch, and, at around 5 AM, when looking for the next one to put on and stuck with two abysmal choices, I selected the shorter of the two. To give you some indication of the movies' crappiness, we were choosing between the straight to video release "American Pie Part 5" and "Garfield." We chose "Garfield" because it's only 80 minutes long, not that it mattered, because I fell asleep ten minutes into the movie anyway.

I'm troubled by the recent increase in long movies (over 2 hours); sometimes, really good movies can get away with running that long, but most of the movies released today are far cry from good. It all has to do with close-ups.

Most movies I've seen recently have one or two long opening shots, where characters walk through an office ala "The West Wing" as the credits roll, but, once the credits are over, the films descend into a series of close-ups that don't stop until the end. If you've ever made a movie, you know how hard it is to get good, long shots, and how fucking easy it is to break everything down into a series of close-ups. Don't believe me? Watch "Clerks" again.

Every time I watch a new movie (made within the last ten years) all I see are extremely tight close-ups on actors' faces, as if every director in Hollywood suddenly turned into Sergio Leone and it's the last ten minutes of "The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly." I can understand why directors and studios want so many close-ups, stars sell pictures (except all those movies with no stars, like "Easy Rider", "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre", "Clerks", and "Saw" that make a bundle of money). If people like seeing Julia Robert's massive lips on the screen, then, by garnet, then they're going to get a movie of Julia Robert's lips.

I don't care that this is now par for the course in Hollywood movies, but I don't like false advertising; I hate push-up bras, makeup, and Jewish porn stars named Seymour Hung.

I want Hollywood to take a cue from the porn industry and start naming their products for the particular fetish they're courting. When you look through the porn aisles, these days, you don't see movies with misleading titles like "Three Men and a Baby," you see titles that reflect the action of the particular film: "Ass Fucking #2", "Cream Filled Sluts", and "Two Dicks in One Vagina." I like that kind of honesty. When I go to a movie theater, I don't want to see a movie advertised as "King Kong," which is three hours long and vastly inferior to the 1933 original, when Hollywood studios could just as easily title the movie "Computer Generated Ape #10, with dinosaurs;" or "Brad Pitt's Face, two hours of hot, pore probing action."

I'm not just limiting this to movies with nothing but star close-ups or crappy looking apes; they can do it with all kinds of genres:

"Two Girls who are Friends until One of them Dies #4"

"Underdog Sports Team Wins Championship, Uplifting Speeches Special Edition"

"Animated Children's Movie #15"

"Misunderstood, Introverted Child Matures when Outgoing Friend Dies, director's cut"

When you talk to movie executives, they tell you that titles are chosen to increase marketability in particular genres, but people will still go see, and enjoy movies, just as much as they do now, if not more; if people haven't already complained about the shitty acting, moronic and cliché plot devices, and slap-dash directing, then they're not going to care that Titanic is now called "Romance Nostalgia #24,359; underwater edition."

And, if I can explain the movie in one sentence, shorter than twenty words, then it can't be more than two hours long; don't complain because that's a generous offer. I was going to say twenty minutes, but you have to keep people in their seat long enough to get a refill on their over priced drinks and stale, non-gelatinous oil-based butter substitute soaked popcorn.

Sex Mahoney for President

In a seedy karaoke bar, by the banks of the mighty Bosphorus

Category: [Religion and Philosophy](#)

As anyone who has ever tried to seduce a woman can attest, sometimes you have to talk a lot of bullshit.

I've always taken the opposite track for most things, but you still have to put up some white lies (i.e. I love you, You **are** pretty, and That's a cold sore) to get laid from some women.

When I read stories from the medieval period, where men seduce women by dressing up as someone else or pretending to be an emissary of the devil, I sincerely doubt the veracity of the tale; however, when I think back on my own life, the things I've said and the things I've heard other people say, I rethink my position; perhaps these stories are a lot closer to the truth than I originally suspected.

While many people out there may not be Christians, and averse to Christians in total, they have to revere the story of the virgin birth as one of the best swindles ever pulled.

If you believe that Mary lied when she told her husband that she was a virgin and the baby in her womb was the savior, then it's not that remarkable a tale, but most women are smart enough to make up a more plausible story than "an angel made me pregnant." Plus, you have to consider that Joseph would have seen through that story if Mary was lying, because, to pull off a lie like that, you either have to really believe what you're saying or find someone so gullible that they think they're getting married to the mother of a living deity.

It is possible to beat a lie detector test, but only if you convince yourself that your story is the truth, or keep yourself calm enough that the minor variations in pulse, body temperature and voice won't register with the machine. I imagine it's hard to do, perhaps when I was younger I could have pulled it off, but I'm a bad liar these days; my voice cracks, I stutter, and I can never think of a good lie.

Mary was most likely a kid when she got hitched up with Joseph, probably still in her teens; there's not too much to support that conclusion in the bible, but people generally married younger in those days, especially women. Children are much better liars than adults, so it is possible that Mary pulled the wool over Joseph's eyes, but Children are also more susceptible to lies because they don't have life experience to teach them, like their adult counterparts. Most likely, someone bamboozled Mary.

Imagine being a shiftless youth in Galilee, right around the turn of the Common Era, and you and your friends go out carousing for the evening. You spend your last few sheckles drinking some very good wine, and, on your way home, you sing bawdy songs and knock each other about to use up some of the drunk energy you'd rather put to a comely young lady. When suddenly, you pass the house of a very beautiful girl, you don't know her personally, but you've seen her around and you've tried to get in her pants, but she's religious (and you know how those girls are). So you tell your friends how much you'd like to get in this Mary's pants and, when they ask you why you haven't already, you tell them that she's one of those religious girls (and you know how those girls are). You and your drunken friends follow the train of drunken logic over twists and turns, valley and hills, until one of you posits that you might be able to convince a religious girl that she's having a "religious experience" (and his

voice drops when he says it, to give the double entendre the proper emphasis, which gets a laugh from the rest of the gang). Before long, you're climbing through the window of Mary's house, which wakes her up in the process because you're drunk and it's hard to climb through one of those clay windows, and telling her that you're the angel Gabrielle come to impregnate her with the child of the lord.

Children may be very good liars, but they're nothing compared to drunks. If you don't believe it, head down to your local VFW about an hour before it closes on a Friday night and listen to Vietnam and World War 2 veterans tell you about how they single-handedly captured Adolph Hitler or Ho Chi Min, depending on their age and level of drunkenness.

If you're cynical, and misogynistic, you might have no trouble believing that Mary lied to Joseph and suckered him into marriage when she got pregnant. If you're cynical and misandronistic, you might have no trouble believing that some drunken Galileean invaded Mary's holy of holies by taking advantage of her devout nature with a crappy story. If you believe that an angel came down from Heaven and told a young girl that she was going to give birth to the son of God to redeem the sins of mankind, then you're crazy, because I know some people who sleep in public parks who believe the same thing; with the women, it's not that disturbing because everybody thinks their baby is something special, but with the men... let me just say, there's no better way to ruin your day than to have a ten minute conversation with a guy who claims he just gave birth to the savior and then shows you a turd he's carrying around in a shoe box.

Sex Mahoney for President

God made us number one cause he loves us the best. maybe he should bless someone else
Category: [Life](#)

I don't know what it takes to be successful. I've tried doing nothing, but that hasn't yielded any positive results.

When you're a kid, you have grand dreams for the future; you want a fantastic job like astronaut or professional baseball player and you imagine that everyone, once they grow up, is rich, because you're parents never seem worried about money, so, it follows in a child's warped mind, that they must be rich, too.

Now I'm all grown up and I realize that the reason the lights sometimes turned off was not that the Electricity Fairy caught me doing something bad (as my parents sometimes claimed) but that there were times when we were broke. Still, my parents did all right; they bought a house; that's more than I'll probably ever do.

It's not that I don't have dreams and aspirations, but I'm not motivated to do anything beyond the immediate. I don't really like working and I'm not a huge fan of socializing, mostly I like sitting around and pursuing whatever interests me for brief periods of time... which is usually writing or masturbating.

The problem is that there's a rational argument you can use to justify every position, so I'm just as successful at life as someone who spends their days making money for a large company. I don't interact with anyone, so I don't really cause a lot of damage, but I don't do anything good either. A person who runs a large company does a lot more good than I, but they also do just as much bad, and, one day, we'll both be dead, so it evens out. If there's one person out there doing good deeds, then I don't have to do any good deeds, and if there's one person out there committing evil deeds, then I don't have to commit any evil deeds either. I refuse to get involved in the situation. Let that task lie with the motivated people in the world. I prefer to live a masturbatory lifestyle.

See, I don't plan on having children, and I'm not a philanthropist so don't expect any Sex Mahoney center's for... similarly, I'm not ruining anyone's good time or causing undue pain (I do cause pain but those people all deserve it; I make no apologies for the punishment I inflict on people who take the elevator to the second floor). I'm living a selfish life, just for me, it's like pleasuring myself all day long, except I get to do it in public and over the internet; unfortunately, after awhile, I start to get that stale and seedy feeling that accompanies too much masturbation; you know, the kind that settles in when you're using a fresh batch of semen to clean up the crusty residue on your stomach from the last load.

I always feel like this in the winter time, and it's usually made much worse by the holiday cheer all around me. I don't know about you, but I've spent my whole life looking for things that other people don't see, so when everyone is miserable, I feel happy as a clam in a... whatever it is that clams like to do, but when everyone around me is happy, I feel miserable. It's a terrible thing, because I'm so used to laughing and having a good time, that the sudden rush of negative emotion makes me feel like someone is sharpening their track spikes on my prostate.

Most of the time, I suppress emotion, it does no good for anybody and, like religion and farts, it's best kept to yourselves. I'm sure that many people out there had a crush when they were twelve years old to whom they sent love poems and overgenerous outpourings of twelve year old emotion, only to have her laugh at your poems and make fun of you with her friends that time when you tried to talk to her about them in the mall... or maybe that's too specific. Somewhere along the line, you either learn to keep your emotions bottled up, or you become one of "those" people.

Now, I'm not particularly prejudiced against any group of people based on their behavior, but when I see someone crying, I instinctually pull away from them because I think they're weak. It doesn't take much to fight off the tears, just years of abuse; until you eventually become so jaded that even the death of your close relatives no longer bothers you. People who are willing to share their emotions with you are troubling; mostly because they are usually drunk when it happens, even if you're drunk too, unless the encounter ends in a fight, the person who is telling you what they really feel about you is always drunker than you. It's easy to laugh off a drunk when they're being genuine about their feelings; it's very hard to do when someone is sober.

It's not that I don't feel emotions, and there are several people out there who have seen me crying, but I've never been in the grips of uncontrollable tears. My brain always maintains the critical facilities necessary to understand the cause of my tears and continue them for dramatic effect or flagrant self-flagellation. I even learned how to make myself cry, and I'll occasionally practice if no one is around to witness the spectacle. I feel emotions, but I don't share them with many people. It spoils them and takes away something crucial.

Luckily, I married a woman who has no use for emotion, who doesn't care if I chose to share them with her or not.

My wife isn't working anymore, so I rarely have any alone time. She used to leave for work an hour before I did, so I was able to rub one out right before I left to teach children for the day, but now I've gone a few days without masturbating. I was tempted to whack off in the shower, but that just seems sad and pathetic; I'll just wait until she falls asleep.

When I started this blog, I was worried that I didn't have anything to say and I wasn't sure what I was going to write, but this turned out all right, and I feel pretty good about the results. The sad thing is that, as a writer, when you feel like you've produced something amazing, and you're marveling over your literary genius, the people who read your work are generally unimpressed; however, when you've had a bad day, usually because your best efforts met with lackluster reviews, and you churn out a few pages of crap that, you think, is no better than the filth you find in Hallmark cards and on network television, your reviewers invariably think it's the best thing you've ever written. So the key to being a successful writer is to write something that you hate, but everyone loves.

To me, if you can squeeze out a load to a video of a tiny, 18-year-old brunette getting stuffed in both holes by two large, black men and not wake up your wife, then you're already a success.

Sex Mahoney for President

We can hang around the house all day and watch "The Twilight Zone"

Category: [Life](#)

When you've been in a relationship for a long time, it becomes a very awkward to initiate sex. Sure, you're much more intimate with the other person since you've seen them naked in every position imaginable (I make my wife pose like Michelangelo's *Sybil* to get me all riled up), but you've also spent so much time together, that you spend most of your time ignoring each other. It's very hard to initiate sex with someone when you spend most of your time ignoring them. Imagine sitting at a bus stop with a comely lass, or fella', waiting for the last bus of the evening, on the day before a holiday; as the hours pass, each of cultivates a personal fear that bus isn't going to come and you'll have to walk the twelve miles back home, but, without some kind of verbal exchange, you'll be hard put to convince them to get down with the clown. Sure, if you've got some kind of blunt object, like a brick or a baseball bat, the whole thing is a lot easier, but I don't usually bring my traveling brick with me, unless I'm going to be out for a while. When you plan ahead, these things are a lot easier, but I'm talking about the spur of the moment type things.

It's very hard to sleep with someone without talking to them first, no matter how much I wish for it to be true.

--> --> It's even harder when you and your partner don't do romantic things and abhor romantic gestures and trite, forced, and pedestrian. My wife won't get all wet over a fancy dinner and some guy playing the violin; if I arranged that, she'd most likely get embarrassed and yell at me; similarly, if she dressed up in sexy lingerie and lit a bunch of candles around the room, I'd probably laugh so hard, I wouldn't stop until longer after they released me from the emergency room.

--> --> That's a lot of pressure, to go from zero to sexy in no time flat when you're both lying in bed and picking various scabs from various parts of your body (of course, if you pick each other's scabs, that's a fun activity that can lead to some bloody, pus-y, sex).

--> --> The holidays are a no brainer. On holidays, you've always got an in, no matter how many times you feel randy, or what the social situation. You're out at a nice party; why not sneak into the closet? At grandma's house for dinner, why not slip out to the garage and bump uglies against cans of motor oil and pickled pepper preserves? At a funeral home because grandma found you in the garage, why not sneak into the curtained area below the casket?

--> --> My personal favorite is volunteering to play Santa Claus at the mall and having my significant other discover Santa's trap door while sniveling children wait to ask for footballs or carbine action, 200 shot, Red Ryder BB guns with compasses and things that tell time in the stock.

--> --> Christmas is the time to say, "I love you," but, more importantly, it's the best time of the year for disappointment. The winter holiday season imbues a wonderful sense of hope and rebirth, which, if you read human history, is on the list of things least likely to happen, right before waking up next to an attractive woman after a night of drinking, but right behind getting a battery operated toy that works the way it does in the commercial. Nobody ever learns from their mistakes, people keep plowing away at their lives, repeating the same idiocies year after year until they die and are buried in unmarked pauper's graves. The only

nice thing is that, give a little bit of wisdom and a lot a bit of luck, most of us will survive long enough to screw semi-attractive women in uncomfortable, semi-public places.

--> --> So, if you're lucky enough to get lucky this holiday season, then that's all you can really ask. For the rest of you, try filling a latex glove with Vaseline and putting it in the microwave for a few seconds; if you close your eyes, and put on an episode of "The Nanny" with Fran Drescher, it feels just like picking up a drunk girl at a Long Island bar so you're not lonely on Christmas.

Sex Mahoney for President

Plumbers don't have pipes like these

Category: [Life](#)

My wife recently pointed out my habit of starting many sentences with the phrase: "I downloaded the porno the other day..."

We were out drinking for Christmas last night with our Scottish friend, an Englishman, and a Chicagoan, and I believe one of them brought it up first, but later, when we were back home, my wife paused to think about it, and the statement's truth struck her suddenly. Some people may think that my obsession with porn is unhealthy, but I don't spend time looking up porn anymore than your average pervert. In comparison, to the people who keep the industry going by buying subscriptions to websites and mail order videos, my habit is not only inconsequential, but benign. My habit doesn't cost me any money, and only a few, very squeamish friends.

I don't want to perpetuate the misconception that all I care about is porn and masturbation; the very fact that you are reading this is proof that I spend my time doing something other than touching my penis (although if I found a job where that was acceptable...). I have other interests and hobbies.

For instance, the other day, as I was preparing to get in the shower, I decided to clean out the shower drain trap.

In American showers, the drain trap is usually covered with a mesh or perforated piece of metal, to catch shower detritus; whatever material gets past the drain trap collects in a p-trap. Unfortunately, the design is flawed, as anyone who has had their shower drain back up can attest. If you've got more than one person with long hair in your house, you have to snake the drain at least once every three or four months. If you've never emptied a clog in a shower drain, you're missing out on the foul, black mess that comes out.

Korean showers are vastly different. The top of the drain is a 6x6 metal grate, when you lift that up, there is a drain pan and a three inch drain cup. Most of the drains I've seen have a protruding plastic disk around the drain cup to catch more material before it gets into the cup. The drain cup is about four inches deep and consists of two parts, an actual cup with an overflow drain at the top, and a plastic sleeve that extends about an inch into the cup. When you remove the drain cup, there is an 8x8, metal box with a one inch drain pipe at the bottom.

I wish I had pictures to show you, but you'll have to imagine the Korean drain until I get the chance to develop my hopelessly out of date technology.

I've been in the apartment for ten months, and the other day was the first time I cleaned the drain trap; so, even if I assume that the drain trap was cleaned immediately before I moved in (it wasn't, I inspected it the first night), in ten months, that thing hasn't clogged once. We even keep our cats litter box in the shower, and, for awhile, I brushed the loose litter into the drain; not one clog. The design is damn near perfect.

While you might be able to link my two fascinations, porn and plumbing, at least I'm doing something constructive with my time. My wife often accuses me of being stuck up, conceited, and pretentious... which I am, but not so much about art, or philosophy, or history, or even

my limited knowledge of electronics; I only distrust people who can't perform simple, manual labors. If you don't know how to change a tire, change your oil, install a light switch, unclog a drain, or equip your house with ultra-sensitive, motion and heat sensors that control the lights and heating to parts of the home currently in use, I've got no time for you. I make no bones about it; sure, there are people you can pay to do these things for you... if you're some kind of pussy.

Sex Mahoney for President

I do the best imitation of myself

Category: [News and Politics](#)

Last night, and the night before, we celebrated the holiday season by visiting the local batting cages. I never knew how much aggression I had pent up inside my tiny little body, all this time, I thought I my metabolism was slowing down and I was getting fat, but apparently, that's just were I keep my rage.

I can't remember the last time I get really angry. Sure, I get frustrated a lot of the time, but anger? That shit's for the birds. I don't have time for it, and, surprisingly, even without the soothing idiocy of marijuana, I've been able to maintain my state of mind the entire time I've been in Korea... or so I thought, last night, when we got home from the batting cages, my wife asked me why I hit the ball so hard, like I was attacking it.

I guess you push some things down, but they pop up in other, unexpected ways.

Like today, I was on my way into work and I stopped at a Dunkin' Donuts for coffee, which is strange because I hate Dunkin' Donuts and I don't drink coffee. Now, I told the clerk to put two sugars into my coffee, but I was watching them make my coffee and they poured the sugar so fast that they must have left half the packet in there. I tried to stay calm, as I explained that I wanted two "whole" sugars, not one and a half packets of sugar with enough room left over for employee stupidity. Unfortunately, the clerk didn't speak English too well, so I had to demonstrate what I wanted by ripping open packets of sugar and dumping them on the counter. Well, after the policeman kindly asked me to leave, I went outside and broke several of the store windows with some bricks that were laying around, and, as a bonus, I got two free days off work as I waited for my arraignment and bail hearing.

There are a lot of angry people out there who don't know what to do with their anger, so they channel it into all the wrong directions, and then the law gets involved.

The law doesn't understand emotion; rules are not meant to take emotion into account. Rules are solid, like a football field, they are rigidly structured and strictly enforced, but emotion is fluid, it moves independently of a person's will, and sometimes it gets away from you. Sure, you may, like me, claim that you are not influenced by emotion, and pretend to yawn to cover your tears when Hillary Whitney dies at the end the movie you've been suckered into watching, but everyone knows that emotional people do strange things... that's what makes them so funny.

I find it very disturbing that Saddam Hussein has been sentenced to die within the next 30 days, and it is equally odd that none of the rest of the world is troubled by his execution. You can make the argument that Saddam deserves to die, because of his crimes against humanity, but you can also argue that no one has the authority to kill Saddam. It's a very interesting situation, and I can't wait to see how it plays out.

I feel a lot of sympathy for Saddam, as I'm sure many of you share. There have been many times when I was hassled by the police for suspicion of doing something wrong, only to prove innocent of the original charge and get booked for something else. It's a common occurrence on deserted highways, when a police officer pulls over an out of state driver at

three in the morning for suspicion of drug trafficking and then gives them a ticket for having a (recently) busted tail light. In both cases, might makes right.

It's not that Saddam Hussein isn't a criminal or hasn't committed terrible atrocities against other human beings, but the same could be said about any leader in the world, and even a large number of company CEO's in similar, but less direct, ways.

In the days after September 11th, there was a lot of bad blood and hostility floating around the air, and the memorials and tributes suppressed a lot of that anger, especially since most people don't serve in the military and had no direct way of exacting revenge on their attackers. The people were caught up in emotion, and it had no place to go. In conventional warfare, when you're looking at an enemy who wants you dead to continue their way of life, it's easy to exact revenge, but when suicide bombers attack, they're already done to themselves the worst that you can do to them. All of that anger floated around and finally landed on Iraq.

I don't know about you, but the whole thing stunk like a dead fish in the days leading up to war, and the shift in focus afterward only confirmed my suspicions; but I'm sure, the way I am, I would have mistrusted anything they said because I don't believe in authority figures. I trust various experts in specific fields, but when it comes to leading human populations, the people who get the jobs are rarely the best qualified, especially in America, where the recent death of Gerald Ford reminded me that the US hasn't had a bald, elected president since Dwight Eisenhower and the widespread distribution of the television. Sure, it's one thing to discriminate against leaders based on gender and race, but for hair? That's pure aesthetics and it's certainly not the way to select the best person for the job.

So all of this power, entrusted to well-meaning, good looking, incompetents gets turned toward an international whipping boy, and once again, humanity makes progress through abhorrent lies and rivers of blood, but then Saddam Hussein goes on trial, to give the whole mess an air of legitimacy.

Say what you will about Russia, but I like their honesty. The Russians don't stab you in the back and try to convince you that they did it for your own good; sure they lie to you beforehand when they hold the door open and tell you to go first, but afterwards they don't offer awkward explanations, they just shrug their shoulders and pick up shovels. I like that kind of pragmatism, because it's honest. When you start telling lies, you take all those emotions, those fluid and complicated messes, and you stuff them into a dark part of your brain which is made up of logical arguments and rational thinking and has constructed a prison of the best kind, with good strong bars and a nice, heavy lock. It would be impossible for a law abiding, rational thought to escape the prison, but for a fluid emotion, it's easy so slip between the bars.

If they wanted to kill Saddam Hussein, it would have been better for everyone if they were honest with themselves and put him in a gladiator like ring, to battle tigers. The trial is a farce that feigns legitimacy to help people sleep better at night, secure in the belief that they live in a rational and sane world, where emotion is under wraps and law controls the land.

It's dark in the movie theater, so no one can see you crying. People spend money on therapists so they can talk about their emotions with someone who's definitely going to listen (you

would too if you were paid to do it). I like to go to the batting cages. What good is emotional release and cathartic epiphanies if you can't hit stuff and win fabulous prizes?

Sex Mahoney for President

It's easy to be easy and free when it doesn't mean anything

Category: [Life](#)

I'm not a petty, vindictive man, but I understand the importance of revenge.

I realized the importance of cremation the first time I was defacing the tombstone and grave of one of my many enemies. As I was contorting their worm eaten corpse into various sexual poses and taking photographs, I made a vow to never give someone else that kind of opportunity with my remains. That's why I'm donating my corpse to science.

There are many situations that require revenge; for instance, you can't sit idly by while someone uses up the last of the iced tea and puts the empty container back in the refrigerator; that kind of infraction puts you at the very top of my enemies list; however, it's very difficult and time consuming to conduct genius vendettas against all the people who piss you off. Eventually, you have to throw up your hands and concede that there are some people who are more worthy of pain than others. Don't think that gives you a free pass to cause mischief, you who hang the toilet paper in your bathroom in the incorrect, or "overhang," position (do that often enough and I'll show you what's what); it means that there are more important things on which to vent your frustration.

Then there are those things, upon which no revenge can be exacted, like the weather, my inability to hold down a job, and Don Pardo. You just have to learn with life's miniature disappointments. It takes awhile before a child's brain learns to deal with the depressing reality of life, but after three or four failed relationships, and a few cuckoldings, you get the idea.

I gave up anger a few years ago. Now, I try to be as laid back as possible. There are serious complications in trying to live that kind of lifestyle.

At a casual glance, someone who has given up anger appears very similar to a hippy, but that's the furthest thing from the truth. Sure, I may not advocate violence against any human being, but if any filthy hippies try to set up camp on my property, they'll get a taste of my broadsword. There's no love in my breast, just a sincere desire for other people to leave me alone; I treat them with the same respect. If someone asks for my help, I'm happy to give it to them, but if no assistance is requested, I'm fine with leaving them alone. I really hate it when someone assumes you're going to help them, without giving any indication that they want your help. The other day, I was coming home from work, and I saw someone being robbed; after they were stabbed in the mouth, this person starts walking towards me, waving their arms back and forth, like I know what they want.

Sure, it may get lonely in my little world, but the upside is that I don't have to bathe as much. I love feeling clean, and there's nothing more refreshing than a cold or hot shower in summer and winter, respectively, but, unless I'm going out to mix with the outside world, there's very little that will entice me to get in the water. When I was unemployed last year, my wife complained when I amassed various flies and gnats, and for two unsettling weeks when that raccoon followed me around, so I was willing, for her, to spray on some toilet water; but, if I'm not going to work, I'll go a few days without washing myself. Sure, the key areas get covered; I'll take a damp paper towel to my genitals, and lick the detritus out of my underarms, but cigarettes will cover up bad breath and brushing your head your head will get

rid of most of the dandruff at home and a coat of vegetable oil will keep it from coming back during the day.

When you tell people that you don't want to harm anyone, and you've got a good stink going, then people really start to think you're a hippy (especially when you smoke as much marijuana as I like to). For some reason, you only reach bum status when you're willing to stab someone, and that's not really my thing (unless they deserve it).

As long as you're comfortable with yourself, no one can tell you that you're not working to your potential.

Sex Mahoney for President

If you're alone and you need a friend, someone to make you forget your problems

Category: [Parties and Nightlife](#)

I can't dance.

I can make people laugh.

If you look at it the right way, then I accomplish my purpose when I dance, since my main goal in life is to make people laugh and I go above and beyond that when I'm dancing; but that's a nice cop out. I'd like to say I hate dancing, but now that you already know I can't dance, you'll probably think I'm justifying my inability to dance with my hatred of dance.

Don't get me wrong, I understand the need to do something with your body while music is playing; when I'm listening to Dan Bern, I want to croon and change the world, when I'm listening to Ben Folds, I want to rock out on a piano, and when I'm listening to Paris Hilton, I want someone to rape me in my ears. Sometimes, when I'm all alone, I'll hear a really good song that makes me want to rhythmically move my body along with the music, but that's largely because I'm alone. When I'm out in public, I can enjoy something without moving my body; it's what separates me from a dog. Just the other day, my wife remarked on how I was such a good boy and started rubbing behind my ear, sure I felt the urge to wiggle my butt and pant, but I consoled myself by giving my crotch a good lick and sniffing her a little.

If you ever have the bad fortune to see me on the dance floor, it would seem like I'm an overaggressive sexual predator, because I'm constantly clinging to anyone I can grab, but it's not that I'm trying to rub my genitals against you for momentary gratification, I'm just so scared that I'll cling to anything to protect me from myself.

I don't think I ever danced until I was fourteen or fifteen (there's a video somewhere, and I thank a god I don't believe in that the technology to broadcast the tape is lost to the ages), and then I was taking dance lessons from one of my uncles at somebody's wedding... you've never seen a white, Jewish boy who can Watusi like me.

The first time I danced to contemporary music was at a school dance, and then I was with a girl and it was Halloween and we had cross dressed for the holiday, so all I did was grab her and pretend like we were Siamese twins. In the time since then, I can count the number of times I've dance on one hand and still have plenty of fingers left over to show you and your sister a good time.

Surprisingly, since I came to Korea, I've found myself dancing on three non-consecutive occasions; it's the only bad thing about the country.

So, I understand the need to move your body to music, and I can even understand the need to throw alcohol into the mix to make it seem like you're doing just that; what I can't understand is why people treat this like it's some kind of enjoyable activity. When I was a kid, I used to move my body for no reason all the time, and I usually ended up knocking things over and making a mess, which is exactly what happens when I have a few drinks and go dancing and still people look at me like I'm crazy when I suggest a music and masturbation party; it's just like going to a bar and getting freaky on the dance floor, except even the losers get lucky and you're more likely to hear good music.

In the meantime, I'm going to find me a crowded elevator and listen to some Venga boys.

Sex Mahoney for President

When gas spurts my ass hurts and blows back my grass skirts

Category: [Life](#)

I don't know about you, but I can't wake up in the morning.

I'm a night owl. There's something about waking up during the day that really drains the energy out of me. My preferred schedule, my natural body clock, operates from about noon to five or six o'clock in the morning. If I keep to that schedule, I feel well rested and well adjusted; if I vary from that schedule, I get sick.

Six hours of sleep from 6 AM to 12 PM is just what the doctor ordered; six hours of sleep from 2 AM to 8 AM makes me want to vomit blood.

My job recently switched me from a very pleasing schedule, 3 to 11 PM, to the worst schedule I've had in I don't know how long, 9 AM to 2 PM. I've been trying to find a happy medium of sleep. The first night, I woke up at 3 PM January 1st, and stayed awake until 2 PM January 2nd; it was torturous. Last night, I slept from 3 PM to 9 PM and took a one hour nap from 7 to 8; that is also torturous.

The worst thing about staying up so long is that, the longer I'm awake, the more I have to fart; by the time I go to sleep at night, my wife is lucky she doesn't choke on methane fumes. With this new schedule I've been trying out, that means I'm finishing my work day just as the worst of my gas comes on. My greatest wish (before society accepts marijuana as a legitimate and help narcotic and before casual sex among strangers being par for the course) is that people will one day let down their inhibitions about farting in public. I don't understand the drawbacks.

If it were the smell, I could understand, because there are some farts that would strip the paint off your car and singe every hair around your rectum (assuming you still have hair around your rectum, this is the 21st century people and that is a place that needs shaving, but that's a story for another day); however, I encounter all kinds of terrible stench throughout the day that are perfectly acceptable. Case in point, the person who sat next to you all day in your office, on the bus, or in the next wank booth at your favorite peep show, who was drenched in their toilet water of choice. I know that some of you may wear toilet water and prefer to call it cologne, fragrance, essence, or perfume, but I prefer to refer to it as something associated with bad smells since I have yet to find a toilet water that smells any better than the worst of my farts.

My favorite people are the ones who have distinct odors and tastes, it's like finding a human delicacy; I'm sure you've encountered them over the years, they exude their own natural blend of herbs and spices that makes them more unique than the ten million people who shower themselves with Polo or (the worst of the bunch) Axe body spray. Even if you're not lucky enough to have a distinct odor or taste, the smell of soap (even plain ivory) is much better than any toilet water.

I could understand an aversion to farts if it was the noise intrusion. Certainly, there's nothing worse than someone cutting one right in the middle of your eulogy for your recently deceased wife (the brake line cut itself, officer); however, people make noises all the time, and while

farting may not have a regimented grammatical structure and alphabet, it is no less valid than most of the things that come out of my, and my fellow human beings, mouths.

From now on, when I'm in a crowded public place, and I need to cut one, I'm not going to eek it out and hope no one notices; I'm going to take the first steps in starting the revolution. So if you see me in public, and I give you a knowing wink, start pushing down on your stomach and see if you can't get those gases ready, because that wink means I'm taking that first step, like Patrick Henry and Nat Turner. The only question is: who's coming with me?

Sex Mahoney for President

Jo was a narcoleptic, Ernie was a necrophiliac

Category: [Life](#)

Not only am I at a loss as to what to write, but it's so early in the morning that my brain is stuck in a tailspin caused by the debilitating effect of sunlight.

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I can understand how our ancestors, burdened as they were with expensive fuel such as whale blubber and tapers, woke up with the sun to conduct their business, but in our modern world, what's the point of doing business during the day. It's not as if offices don't run the same equipment and lighting as they do at night; just like casinos and grocery stores, offices create a perma-cave condition that helps people forget how many soul crushing hours they've been trapped therein.

I am nocturnal. I do all my living and working after the sun goes down; I prefer it that way. Do you know how hard it is to stalk squirrels during the day time, when they're awake? I'm sure some of you squirrel enthusiasts will say that hunting squirrels is barbaric, and you gun-control liberals will say that it's irresponsible to fire automatic weapons in crowded cityscapes, but god-damnit, if we don't stop the squirrels now, then we won't be able to stop them when they start the revolution.

Of course, the future may prove me wrong; it might not be the squirrels that rise up to destroy humanity; it could be zombies, robots, or C.H.U.D.s... hell, it wouldn't even surprise me if the mole people came out on top... Well, that's not entirely true, I'm putting my money on the religious zealots; if they can't destroy humanity, then nothing can (with the exception of disease, starvation, and the depletion of fossil fuels – fuck cars, the world will grind to a halt without petroleum jelly; how else will Miss America achieve that dazzling smile?).

Sure, the C.H.U.D.s and mole people might be cunning, vicious, and ruthless, but they're not quite as crazy as your average religious zealot, because they stay out of the sun. If I had to put money on which group was going to set the whole thing ablaze, it would definitely be the Christians, who worship a son.

If you think the sun is a good thing, then you've never had skin cancer or spent several days in the open desert; and, while Arrakis might not be your ideal vacation spot, I recommend stopping by there at least once in your life, they've got a spice that will kill you. Too much sun is a dangerous thing, as is too little sun; the appropriate amount of sun a human being should encounter during their average day, is a half hour to an hour after you stumble out of a bar, realize that you've spent the entire night drinking goldschlager with a twenty year old female art history major who wants to do something socially meaningful with her degree, and aim for school children as you drive home.

It's not bad enough that the sun spoils the beautiful darkness of night, but it makes everything warm when it was once deliciously cold. That there are people who like the heat is a subject for another blog; right now, I'm focused on the sun and taking it down.

Fortunately, I've enlisted some unexpected allies in my crusade against sunlight. After speaking with a cabal of born again Christian leaders and informing them that sunlight leads to mutation and evolution, they have agreed, along with Ming the Merciless, Lex Luthor, and Mumm-Ra, to help me destroy the sun.

So, today, as you look up at the sky, get one long last look at the sun, and remember all the good times you've had together, because tomorrow, that sucker's going down. Trust me you won't even notice, because, after your long, last look at the sun, you'll be blind and you won't be able to tell the difference.

Sex Mahoney for President

I took a peek in my dookareeka and found a lentil a diamond and corn. Eureka!

Category: [Life](#)

On very cold days, I like to save up my farts until I have to go outside.

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If you can see your breath on those cold, winter days, it stands to reason that you should also be able to see your farts; however, in all my years of research into the subject, I have yet to see a single fart cloud float out.

Perhaps the fart does condense inside your clothes, in which case, I should probably try to fart naked outside; but, if you put your hand over your anus, as you're farting, you can definitely feel the gas escaping through the fabric (and give yourself a chuckle when you next shake hands with a stranger).

I've tried turning around really fast, because, for awhile, I thought that maybe the cloud dissipated too quickly for you to see it; however, your breath will linger in the air for a few seconds (certainly long enough to do a 360 and still catch the remnants of your exhaust) so a fart should do the same.

I read a "Scientific American" article a few years ago on the physics of toast landing butter side down, when dropped from a table; someone should do a study on fart condensation on cold, winter days. Where are we wasting all this research time and money that no one has looked into this by now?

It's winter in the northern half of the world, so, to all my northern hemisphere friends, do me a favor and see if you can't catch a little puff of steam coming out of your knickers the next time you go outside. Humanity will thank you.

Sex Mahoney for President

But now it's time for me to go; the autumn moon lights my way

Category: [Movies, TV, Celebrities](#)

The other day, I saw a TV show where a man was shaving his face against the grain, so I decided to give it a shot. While the shave is much closer, my face feels like I used a cheese grater instead of a safety razor. I knew it was a bad idea before I tried it, but I decided to do it anyway, since I had never done it before and I wanted to know what it would be like.

Perhaps there are some of you out there who do the same thing. Against better judgment, you participate in activities that you know will end badly, just for the experience. There's a certain respect I have for this mentality; however, I have put my fingers into various harmful things over the years: electrical sockets, hornets' nests, women.

Most of the time, I find myself doing alien things, just because I've been challenged by someone who says I can't do them; unfortunately, all the challenges take the form of useless literary pursuits; no one has ever said to me "I'll be you couldn't be a nuclear scientist."

It never works with advertisements. When I see an advertisement, I am much less likely to try whatever the ad is selling, only because I have a genuine distrust of advertisers everywhere. Not just television advertisements, I don't even follow the advice of people I know and trust. I like to discover things for myself.

That doesn't seem to be the case for many people in the world.

Did you ever own a pet rock?

When I was a child, I was easily influenced by advertisers and I wanted all of the very cool toys I saw on television, but crossfire is nowhere near as cool as they make it out to be in the commercials, and the only fun I've ever had playing connect four was when I pegged the other players with the plastic disks. As an adult, I realize that advertisers need to make things appear exciting in order to get people to spend twenty dollars on ten cents of plastic. That many other adults fail to realize this, or realize it but go along with it anyway, scares the crap out of me.

While it might seem like a stretch to you, I wouldn't be surprised at all, if history's worst despots rose to power in the same way that "Titanic" becomes the year's best movie.

I will give most things a fair shake. When I was younger, I was willing to pass judgment on subjects, about which, I knew nothing, but as an adult, I want to give everything an equal opportunity to prove itself; which is why I watched "The Lord of the Rings" again.

I swore I wouldn't do it, when I first saw the movies, but some time has passed and I decided to give them a second try.

In 1984, the list of nominees for best picture was: Amadeus, The Killing Fields, A Soldier's Story, Places in the Heart, and A Passage to India. In 1974, The Godfather II, Chinatown, The Conversation, Lenny, and The Towering Inferno. In 1964, My Fair Lady, Zorba the Greek, Becket, Dr. Strangelove, and Mary Poppins. In 1954, On the Waterfront, The Caine Mutiny, The Country Girl, Seven Brides for Seven Brothers, and Three Coins in the Fountain.

In 1944, *Going My Way*, *Double Indemnity*, *Gaslight*, *Since You Went Away*, and *Wilson*. In 1934, *It Happened One Night*, *Cleopatra*, *The Barrets of Wimpole Street*... See the pattern emerging here? In 2003, *Lord of the Rings* ran against *Master and Commander*, *Lost In Translation*, *Mystic River*, and *Seabiscuit*.

I want to draw some kind of conclusion from that data, but I've never seen any of those movies. I did see *Lost in Translation*, and it was like reading *The Bell Jar* without the happy ending.

The *Lord of the Rings* are not terrible movies, they're certainly not as bad as I originally thought they were; however, because I was not in a movie theater, I was able to engage in several other tasks while rewatching the movies: I reorganized my music collection, alphabetically by song title; I shaved every hair on my body, with the grain; I learned to speak fluent Mandarin Chinese; and I counted to infinity twice.

When I was sixteen years old, I made a new edit of the movie *Deep Impact*, starring Tea Leoni and Morgan Freeman; it was forty minutes long and it took out all the human interest crap. I have been tempted to make a recut of many movies in the time since, but I think *Lord of the Rings* might benefit the most from having the majority of the movie left on the cutting room floor.

It's not that I don't appreciate Peter Jackson's hard work and effort, but I feel that he has unfairly discriminated against human beings by making the movie so boring and unwatchable that the vice-presidential debates seem like a lesbian, bukkake fireworks display in comparison.

If you want to make an interesting movie, then you've got to give people something want to see, or something they've never seen before. The *Lord of the Rings* is so tired and predictable it makes Rush Limbaugh seem like TS Eliot; now, a video of a woman, who is nine months pregnant, getting fucked doggy style that ends with the guy cuming on the woman's swollen, pregnant belly... that's priceless.

Sex Mahoney for President

All the people tell me so, but what do all the people know

Category: [Life](#)

The best kind of love is never reciprocated.

Recently, my wife and I have been watching old episodes of the American and British office, and the story that sells the show is the relationship between the twenty-something paper salesman and the receptionist. Not only does it add a hilarious awkwardness to the already awkward show, but it gives me hope that there are people out there who love each other but will never fully experience it. I haven't seen the end of the British series yet, and the American one is still going, but I hope they never get together. Much like a mystery show, in a sitcom, when they get the love interests together, people lose interest. It doesn't always happen that way, America responded to the revelation that Bob killed Laura Palmer with angry sighs, but they watched Ross and Rachael get together, break up, get together, break up, get together, break up, have a baby, break up, and finally get together before that abomination finally died.

There is purity in unrealized love.

When you sleep with someone, you automatically start to lose respect for that person; not because they're any less of a person for showing you their naughty bits, but because of the Groucho Marx principle that no club is worth entering that would have us as members.

The women and men I remember most fondly are the ones with whom I've never shared any bodily fluids. The real experience of being with them can not compare with the fantasy I construct. No matter how great a person seems, when you actually get in bed with them, it's never as good as the Technicolor porno you imagine when you're alone, masturbating.

When you're young, you tell yourself that you're going to live life without any regrets, but that's so impossible you may as well hope to find a stray elephant in the suburbs of New Jersey because it's much more likely. If you live your life so that you never regret anything, you're not really living; it means that you've gone your entire life without ever coming to a crisis point where you have to choose between two attractive options.

I love double penetration. Whenever people ask me if I believe in God, I usually tell them I'm not sure; if it wasn't for double penetration I would be able to say 'no' definitely, but the vagina and asshole's close proximity leads me to believe that there just might be a deity.

I like active activities. Usually, when I entertain guests, I'm at a loss as to how to pass the time. There's always meals and pleasant conversation, but that only lasts so long before it denigrates into passive entertainment, like movies or other media. It's not so bad when there's marijuana around, but even that can get boring after an hour of doing nothing. I'm amazed that more friends don't fuck each other, just to pass the time.

While I would love to invite another man into my bed so we can share a woman, my wife complicates the situation. I'm not sure that I could handle seeing my wife with another man. I am a rational person, and I tell myself that I am not jealous of other men who desire my wife, but I haven't tested myself in that proposition. Everyone would like to think that they would react nobly in situations they imagine, but real life never goes as smooth as we fantasize and

there are countless stories of love triangles ending badly. I as insecure as anyone, and who knows what reaction I might have to my wife taking some other man's load in her face.

It's a selfish kind of love; I don't want to share her with anyone. I've never been good at sharing. I prefer to procure multiple items in order so that it seems I am generous and sharing, but the real reason I'll pick up an extra pint of ice cream for a friend is so they don't try to touch my Chunky Monkey. If I could clone my wife, and give her a lobotomy, I'd have no problem engaging in various debaucheries with it, but there's only one of her, and I'm not done with her yet.

So I deny myself what could be a pleasurable experience. In real life, it probably wouldn't be as good as I envision it. I may regret the decision, but that's what makes a good life, lots of regrets. That's why I hope Jim and Pam never get together; it would spoil something very beautiful.

I'll give you something sweet each time you come inside my jungle book

Category: [Life](#)

It must have been an accident, because I didn't know what the songs were, and I didn't recognize most of the artists, but somehow, I made an mp3 cd, to listen to on the way to work, that has a block of the pussiest pussy rock you can possibly imagine.

It's really hard to get pumped up in the morning by easy listening.

One of the songs was a country singer listing the things he likes which included hay, clouds, and spring. And while some of you might defend Sophie B Hawkins, and her song "Damn I Wish I Was Your Lover," keep in mind that shortly after issuing that desire, she rhymes the word lover with mother by saying, "Tonight I'll be Your Mother," and there is another part of the song where, instead of the eponymous "Damn," she says "Shucks."

I know that there are people out there, who love to listen to easy listening, and it's wrong of me to call you a pussy, but that's exactly for whom easy listening is made. I'm not saying you should listen to GWAR all the time, and throwing the occasional James Taylor song into the mix makes your musical experience richer, but I was listening to a song this morning that had a lyric "Sombodys taking my place, loving you and making love to you." Aaron Hall sucks the big one.

Ever since I came to Korea, I don't have anything to rebel against, even old lady shop-keeps laugh at me like I'm some kind of circus monkey that learned how to spin plates or dance the electric slide. For awhile, I was able to keep that vitriol flowing as fresh outrages spread out from America in the form of political articles and books, but, since the election, it seems that America has gone back to sleep, as if voting somehow fixes all the problems of the previous Republican Junta. It's just the kind of thing that makes me nervous. In the meantime, instead of political stances, I've been writing fluff pieces about double teaming my wife with a close friend and easy listening music.

Government always uses this technique; it's very effective, I used to do it myself when I was seducing various women. It's very simple, first you propose something outlandish, and treat it as a joke, so that when you retreat, that option seems much more viable; for instance, first, you tell a girl that you're going to shit in her hair, and then, when you say that you're just going to cum on her face, it doesn't seem all that bad.

George Bush did something similar when he appointed Samuel Alito to the Supreme Court. Alito was a guy that wouldn't have been nominated under normal circumstance, but Bush first nominated Harriet Meyers, the most unqualified person for the position since Harry Truman nominated Yertle the Turtle for Chief Justice in 1951.

I'm not willing to buy a liberal bias in the media, since the media is willing to pounce on, and vilify, anyone who brings them ratings, but I am just crazy enough to believe that the election results are manipulated by a group of powerful industrialists who give the public what it wants, which, by the time the public wants it, is usually two years too late to do any good. Would anyone like to buy a Tickle-Me-Elmo? I hear they're going to go up in value.

The fact remains that there are very few differences between the two parties in government; the republicans are stupid and mean, but the democrats are stupid and well meaning; it's

fascinating to see which group can do more damage in a shorter period of time. While Republicans can do a lot of damage, they're ideas are designed to fix short sighted problems; therefore, the consequences of those actions are short lived; however, when you get a group of well meaning, long term planners together, you get a century long mess that looms on the horizon like an enormous fat man about to cannonball into a pool.

I suppose there are just some things that won't ever change; government will continue to disappoint the people it's designed to help, and I'll suspect every person in authority until they lock me away and lobotomize me.

It's tiring, and draining, and not fun at all, but an easy life, one in which everything goes right and there's no conflict, is for the birds. One of the things I love about my wife is that she thinks I'm completely full of shit; I don't think I could marry someone who genuinely likes me; it would get boring after awhile. I'd like to think that's why I have an abrasive personality, and that being an asshole is not a genetic trait. If I were a more patient man, I would have children and test my hypothesis, but I don't have time for that and children really harsh your buzz.

The essence of hard living is that, no matter what, you can fend for yourself, even under the most adverse conditions. The minute you lose the ability to see yourself through any situation, you may as well hang up your chaps and call yourself a house cat. I've got a Sophie B Hawkins record I can lend you.

Sex Mahoney for President

The company was gay, we'd turn night into day
Category: [Religion and Philosophy](#)

Sacrifice is completely overrated.

Think of how much more fun Sidney Carton could have had if he let Charles Darney go to the guillotine and made a widow of the lovely Lucie Manette.

It's nice to read stories about martyrs because it makes us feel better as human beings that somewhere there is a person willing to make a sacrifice for the people they love. Everyone loves it when Bogey tells Ingrid Bergman to get on the plane, when Dimitry goes to jail for Smerdyakov, and when Jesse Custer lets Herr Starr kill him so God can get his comeuppance. Real sacrifice is hardly ever so grandiose.

Most of us feel pretty damn magnanimous when we offer the last donut to someone else, or when we help an old woman up the stairs.

As far as I can figure, that's why everyone loves Jesus. Jesus doesn't want anything for himself; he just wants to give.

I watched the video of Saddam Hussein going to the gallows, and I've read the biblical accounts of Jesus on the cross; there's not much difference between the two. Sure, you may say that Jesus never committed war crimes, but that's only because you read the liberal bible, which is inconclusive at best. Jesus was a man, just like you or me, and I'm sure there were times when Jesus cut a conversation short because he really had to use the toilet and someone was keeping him too long. Of course, since Jesus was also the son of God, he probably had the power to cure his diarrhea (if you can cure lepers, then diarrhea should be no problem), but you never hear about the toilet miracles in the bible.

I'd like to think that I could be as brave as Saddam Hussein, or Jesus, when led to my slaughter, but another part of me believes that I'd be crying like a little girl. You never know how you're going to react to a situation. On one hand, I'd try my best to be as brave as possible, but I feel pangs of regret when I give away the last donut, let alone my life.

Dostoevsky has the best stories, not just in literature, but the guy lived an interesting life; the czar put on an elaborate ruse to fool him into thinking he was about to be executed, even going so far as to stand him outside in front of a firing squad before commuting his sentence. If I were a sovereign, I would never do that to another human being... I hope. I can't say for certain, because I love to play practical jokes, and it doesn't get any better than that.

There are real martyrs out there; some of us love them, some of us hate them, but we all pity these people. They're doormats. They subvert any conscious desire they might have for the wishes of the people in their lives; they're women who, day after day, keep house for husbands who beat them; they're men who pick up attractive female friends in the middle of the night when the latter are stranded by their lovers; they're employees who take on the workload of ten people without complaining. Maybe if they could turn water into wine, it wouldn't be so bad.

It's very sad to watch.

Most of us wouldn't be friends with Jesus: he never has any money, he's got lots of strange friends, and he's always going on about some religious crap.

There are no grand martyrs; they're literary devices authors use to turn ordinary schlubs into heroes, and the more people they save, by give up their life, the bigger a hero they become. When Rick gives up Ilsa so Laszlo can continue his work, he becomes a pretty big hero, but when Jesus dies to redeem mankind he becomes a hero on a grand scale. The Lord of the Rings would be a much better story if Frodo fell into the volcano with Gollum; however, if archaeologists found those books, two thousand years into the future, people might start praying to the holy Frodo, and I just can't stomach that. I'm glad I won't be around to see who humanity makes into their next messianic poster boy.

I'd make friends with Jesus... and use his magic powers to pick up chicks.

Sex Mahoney for President

Yo' baby mama, she might trip, cause you hangin' with a crip

Category: [Writing and Poetry](#)

Artistic responsibility.

I find it odd that people expect artists to be responsible in their creative process when most artists aren't responsible enough to hold down decent jobs.

I was looking at a myspace bulletin a few minutes ago and I notice that, at the bottom of the bulletin, there are two buttons: on to reply to the poster, and the other to delete them from your friends list. Since most bulletins are posted to inform people of new blogs, new pictures, or the results of a survey; I'm trying to think of my friends in real life, and whether or not I would tell them to never talk to me again if they told me they had just written a short essay, pulled out a photo album, or told me the kind of underwear they had on at the moment.

The internet has been wonderful for amateur writers like myself, but it has also given rise to a vicious rumor mill that spreads disinformation faster than you can say Jack Robinson. Sometimes it's effective, like when I heard that there was a video of Paris Hilton sucking cock (which made "The Simple Life" much more fun to watch), but there are many more times when the rumor turns out to be true and I'm left with a lubricated penis, a handful of tissues, and no Britney Spears pornography with which to utilize my various skills.

The important thing to remember is that the internet is largely uncensored, and humanity has not collapsed; things are pretty much the same now as they were ten years ago, when the only people who had internet connections lived in their parent's basement and dressed up like their favorite Lord of the Rings characters bimonthly for various science fiction/fantasy conventions. An uncensored medium, in which to express ideas, did not cause the end of civilization as we know it.

And yet, when I go to see a movie like King Kong, a group of concerned citizens make sure that, no matter what, I won't see any scenes of Naomi Watts getting pounded by a big gorilla, in the interest of protecting the children.

Maybe it's different now that parents have had a chance to use computers for a few years, so they know what their kids are doing, but most of the people I know, adults and children, are completely computer illiterate. Sure, they know how to click a mouse here and there, but hardly any of them know that by pressing a combination of `ctrl+alt+187+~+insert+break+m+s` will cause a floating Bill Gates head to appear on their windows desktop and start eating their icons. Come on, people, that's like the first thing you should learn when you start using a Windows operating system.

Given that most people don't know what they're doing with a keyboard and mouse, their eight-year-old children may have already developed a scopophilic pleasure in watching two consenting adults drink cum-fart cocktails and they would have no way of knowing how to double check on their children. Kids, if you're reading this, just change your internet cache and history settings to automatically delete any stored content when you exit your browser, and you're in the clear. Parents, if you're worried about what your children are seeing, then you should do the same, lest they discover the online affair you're having with that overweight woman from Kentucky who sends you naked pictures of herself.

Censorship, in all forms, is so horrifically wrong that I can't support any of it. When I was young, there was very little censorship that I could not get around. Even when my parents wanted to shield me from something, I was clever enough to get at it anyway; for instance, when my parents rented "Showgirls" I snuck into their bedroom, took the tape out of the rental box, and made a copy using my VCRs. We didn't have an internet connection, so I would steal other people's AOL account information, install the software, and sign online for the night, downloading all the cartoonish porn my 100 MHz processor could handle before putting it all on a zip disk and erasing the software to cover my tracks. Even when I did get caught, it didn't take me too long to figure out that by changing the name of a picture from "Girl Swallows Horse Cock" to "Adorable Fuzzy Kittens" was enough to fool a passive observer.

The problem with censorship at low levels of society is that it leads to people censoring things that everyone should know, like why the government uses their tax money to assassinate foreign leaders and why the "Liberal" media supports strange, right wing fascists like Israel and George W Bush. Too much information never hurt anyone... well, that's not entirely true; perhaps I shouldn't have asked my ex-girlfriend what really happened on her weekend trip to Las Vegas, but, in my defense, before I heard about how she met the porn star Mandingo in the hotel lobby and spent the night gargling with his semen, I thought I wanted to know.

My wife disagrees with me on this one, she thinks that parents should have every right to censor the material their children see; I completely agree with her point of view. PARENTS should censor what their children see, but government watchdogs, and self appointed culture warriors, should keep their damn hands off my visual stimuli. It's easy for parents to censor their kids until they start mixing with other children, but, once they get out of the house, there exists a medium, like the internet, which is completely free of censorship; it's called real life, and it rarely comes with an MPAA approved rating.

Part of the reason children are often afraid of telling people when they've been abused is that they've been told it's dirty their whole lives from the people they trust the most, and if they were involved in something like that, it must be partially their fault. A good parent doesn't censor the information their children receive, but explains it so they understand the implications. Otherwise you get very strange circumstances that are not always healthy for a child; you should have seen what happened when my friend Billy and I decided to recreate a Merrie Melodies short and I shot him in the face with a shotgun full of buckshot. I tried twisting his beak back around to the front of his face, but I wasn't exactly sure which side of his face was supposed to be the front anymore. I suppose it doesn't matter, latter that night, my father told me that everything was going to be okay as I helped him dump Billy's body into the East River.

It is far more damaging for a child to grow up in a home where mommy and daddy resent each other because mommy gave up her dreams of becoming an architect when daddy drunkenly knocked her up in high school, than it is for the same child to see two, consenting adults, spit semen back and forth, into each other's mouths, after thirty minutes of double anal penetration.

Sex Mahoney for President

I can feel his approach like the fire in my blood

Category: [Religion and Philosophy](#)

There's very few sensations I enjoy more than the rush of wind on my face when I'm riding my bicycle. Sure, the winter does dampen the effect because of the many layers with which I bundle myself, but when I start peddling fast, and mow over slow moving pedestrians, I feel free.

There are a few other things that make me feel this way, but none I cherish more than my bicycle. The first few months in Korea I had to use my feet for walking, like a troglodyte, until I got a bike for free when I signed up for an internet connection. There are many such cross promotions in Korea: I once saw a case of beer that came with a sample of fabric softener; there was a chicken on a stick takeout place that gave out free socks or balloons for its grand opening; and a 5 kilo bag of dog food that came with control top panty hose... I'm not sure about the last one, because I think the panty hose are meant for humans, but you see a lot of people with well dressed dogs in Korea, and you never know, perhaps the dogs don't feel like shaving their legs and go out in hosiery instead.

I also feel good when I'm masturbating or stoned, but those are two activities society has deemed detrimental to our development as a civilized people. I suppose one could make the argument for masturbation, only because, in men, it would create a lot of unnecessary messes in the form of tissue wads or unsightly stains, but marijuana smoking doesn't harm anybody, and people enjoy it, so I don't understand why it's not permissible at all; with masturbation, at least you can do it in the privacy of your own home since the laws banning it were universally struck down in 2003. Prior to the Supreme Court Decision in *Lawrence v. Texas*, it was technically possible for law enforcement officers to enter your home and arrest you for violating sodomy laws for sticking your penis into a warmed cantaloupe or riding the corner of your washing machine as it goes into the spin cycle.

It just doesn't make sense to criminalize things that people enjoy; especially when it's something you can do in the privacy of your own home, which is why I don't understand the reluctance to accept gay marriage. If you've ever been so unfortunate as to watch the movie "Footloose" you'll remember John Lithgow as the archaic preacher who bans rock and roll music in the city limits. Leaving aside the ludicrousness that Kenny Loggins in any way represents rock and roll music, it's almost funny to watch a man descry dancing, since it's one of the least harmful things people can do. It's easy to laugh at that kind of rigid, conservative thinking in the movies, but, when I encounter it in real life, I don't understand how a rational person can maintain such a prejudice.

The biggest benefit to married gay couples is insurance coverage, which would be detrimental to the insurance companies since they would have to cover more people, but even if all the homosexuals in America went straight tomorrow and married a partner of the opposite gender, the insurance companies would still have to provide benefits for their spouse.

Some people argue that it's bad for children to grow up in such a subversive household, but whenever people invoke children to prove their argument it's the same as when you're parents said you couldn't have any ice cream because they said so (everyone knows the real reason is that your parents hate you and want you to suffer, you were also probably adopted). There's millions of things that are bad for children in the home, not the least of which is being born to

religious conservative parents who burn their Lindsey Lohan cd's because, when played backward, you can clearly hear Lindsey saying, "Suck Satan's cock and murder your parents." The parents are doing a great service to their children by burning Lindsey Lohan's records, but the fumes from the melting plastic are very damaging to a child's lungs.

The age old adage that "The thing you fear the most is that you are what you fear" is still true today, so every time I see James Dobson or Pat Robertson on television, decrying homosexual activity, I turn down the volume and play a looping wav file in my brain that says, "Cock, cock, cock, give me some cock, cock, cock" to the tune of Barry Sadler's "The Ballad of the Green Berets."

There are times when parents become so exasperated by their children, and the failure of their disciplinary logic, that they must revert to that fallback answer: "Because I'm your parent, and I said so." I'm a teacher and it happens from time to time. I try to wean it out of my lessons, but sometimes it's very satisfying to say it to the children; especially when I'm fucking with them. You can do that to kids, because children are little and they can't really fight back, which is the same logic that child rapists use to explain their victim choice. When a person enjoys doing something, they're not going to stop doing it just because you told them to stop; they'll just wait until your back is turned and do it anyway. All your protests do is make you look like an asshole, since you can't provide any concrete reasoning to support your decision.

This is about when people think of the bible as a reason. Which, if the bible is your sole justification for opposing homosexuality and the "gay agenda," I look forward to meeting your very nice, but severely psychologically damaged, children someday when they're beating the crap out of me behind a bar in Texas. With any luck, they'll also rape me (which isn't gay, it's just something they do to show those queers who's boss); while it may be temporarily painful, I'll enjoy the sensation of being right far longer than they will feel pleasure from my muscular anus.

At this point in history, is it possible that a population so literate can't look back over the annals of time and see that every attempt to stop human rights advancement has done nothing to stop the world's liberalization and acceptance? While it may seem ridiculous, I can imagine a room full of old white men and their shriveled, frigid wives, sitting amongst clouds of cigar smoke saying things like, "Well, we really dropped the ball with those negroes, but we'll make sure these homos get what's coming to them." Does it take Kevin Bacon riding a tractor to a Bonnie Tyler tune before people are willing to lay aside their prejudices? Because I really don't want it to come to that again; it was bad enough the first time.

Sex Mahoney for President

I had too much to dream last night

Category: [Life](#)

I love all the sensual delights.

I love smells in particular. They don't have to be good smells; I'll settle for anything that smells unique. The other day, at work, I smelled something that can only be described as similar to eating a sweet potato bagel with garden vegetable and scallion, cinnamon raisin cream cheese. It was simultaneously intoxicating and repugnant.

Korea is host to a slew of interesting smells.

When people order delivery here, the restaurant delivers the food in real cookware, none of that disposable crap, and then, at the end of the night, someone comes around and picks up the plates; most people leave them outside their doors. Since Koreans eat a lot of seafood, the fish dishes they leave in hallway for long periods of time develop very interesting odors.

Most of the time, we end up smelling people's garbage juices.

Garlic in Korea is much more potent than the variety we get in the US. When we first came to Korea, my wife and I bought a small bag of garlic cloves and threw it away within a month. We kept it in one of the cabinets in our kitchen, which is ten feet away from our bed (we live in a one room apartment), and the smell was so strong that it permeated everything in and ten feet around the cabinet. Recently, my wife got another bag of garlic and, this time, we put it in the refrigerator; now, every time we open the fridge, we get punched in the face with a wave of garlic so strong you'd think it was a hunk of limburger cheese stuck inside a dead hooker's pussy.

Koreans love fried chicken, and those are the most enticing aromas around the neighborhood. While I might not eat it as often as my future heart attack might like, there are few smells I enjoy so much as something frying.

Most of the smells around my office are pretty bad. The bathrooms smell like someone pissed inside a box of garden herb crackers and lit them on fire. The hallways smell like a garbage potpourri, and the classrooms smell like children. The only place that is relatively odorless is the office, but, when I get in there, I can smell myself.

Most of the time, I don't smell too bad, if you stay awake from my naughty bits, but put your nose underneath my balls or read a couple of my blogs and you'll find out just how much I stink.

Smells and tastes are my favorite senses. Touch is nice, but I don't really like to be touched and that influences how much I go around touching other things. Sight is okay, but I wouldn't mind it so much if I lost it and knew how to read Braille. Reading is much easier when you can see, and I like to read, but I don't need to see to type and that's more important than reading. The same goes for hearing. I can reproduce many sounds in my imagination, so it's no so important if I hear things. I would hate it if I couldn't smell or taste.

Appreciate every sense; your eyes and ears will lie to you more often than any other part of

your body.

Sex Mahoney for President

White kids love hip hop and axel, tractors and rambo

Category: [News and Politics](#)

Sometimes, it's very hard to define certain types of music. Sure there are musical acts that fall into distinct categories, but more often, artists will experiment with new forms and try new things until it's hard to say what kind of music they're playing. Recently, I wanted to find a Christina Aguilera album in a record store, but I couldn't find the crap section. It's much easier to fit poetry into moulds.

When a poem has a particular rhyme scheme, meter, and stanza length you can definitely say that it is a sonnet, a terza rima, or a sestina.

People are even harder to fit into categories. I've met plenty of women that are whorish, but who wouldn't touch my dick with your grandmother's mouth. I've met plenty of pig headed men who were perfectly nice to me, even though I'm what the Romans referred to as Douchebagus in Extrimus.

Even though Hitler is generally considered an all around bad guy, I'm sure there were times when he was perfectly nice to be around; even evil dictators sometimes hold the door open for you.

I don't remember the first time I heard the term liberal and conservative used to describe American politicians, but it rankled me that anyone would have the marbles to pigeon-hole political ideology in such black and white terms; especially in America where the conservative candidate wants to tax the hell out of people who don't have money to pay for bombs, and the liberal candidate wants to tax the hell out of people who have lots of money to pay for anti-smoking literature.

There are no liberals or conservatives in American politics, at least on the national level. The President, the congress, the judiciary are all varying shades of conservatism.

I also can't understand why liberal and conservative are such lightning rods for American ideology. There are some times when it pays to be liberal; for instance, when you take a woman or man to your bed for the first time, it's much better to be liberal with your distribution of oral sex and conservative with your expulsion of farts; and when the volcano, upon which your house is built, begins to erupt, it is better to be liberal in the speed with which you pack up your belongings and leave than it is to be conservative with your estimation that the lava outside your door is not a threat to you and your family. On the other hand, when you are sitting at a poker table and you've got a pair of nines, it is much better to be conservative with the amount of money you bet than it is to go all in and hope the other person has nothing in their hand, and when you meet a girl/guy in a bar, whose name is Syphilis R Herpes, it is better to conservatively pay for your drinks and get the hell of there than to take them home in the hope that their name is just a cruel joke from sadistic parents.

In the United States, liberal and conservative politicians are so much alike that it's hard to tell them apart; they both think they're right. If you try to stick yourself into a group that is conservative all the time, you'll end up hosting a party where you run out of cocktail shrimp and pigs in their blankets before the roof is figuratively raised. If you try to stick yourself in a group that is liberal all the time, you'll host the same party, but spend the next twelve months

eating through the literal ton of cocktail weenies you purchased, just in case eleven hundred guests showed up to your studio apartment.

My own political ideologies are complex and vary from issue to issue. I am conservative about things like gun control; the government should not have the right to take away a person's weapons, no matter how deadly; however, I am liberal in my application of those weapons, as I want guns to defend myself against police officers and not home invaders. I am conservative in asserting a person's right to have a family, but liberal in my opinion that a person should be heavily taxed for the public services their demonic offspring require. Everyone can have a family, my wife and I could start pumping out children tomorrow, if we were so inclined, but there's a great deal of distance between the words "can" and "should." I can rape a clown, but I really shouldn't do it at a child's birthday party.

Yesterday, I wrote a blog about homosexuals practicing their homosexuality in public, and how uncomfortable it makes some people. Some people don't want to see two men, or women, kissing in public, but this is an area where people have to compromise. I don't want to see or hear the whine of children when I'm out and about, which is why I always carry a tennis ball with me. If you're the kind of person who doesn't want to see two homosexuals holding hands or kissing, then you should not look at them. While this may seem like a simple solution, there is always the human solution, which is to ask someone who is engaging in a behavioral practice with which you disagree to cease and desist, thereby proving that you are a square; afterwards, feel free to change into your plaid shorts, put on a pair of black socks and sandals, and listen to Lawrence Welk records on your hand cranked Victrola. There are many things that make people uncomfortable; I can't stand the sound of people chewing gum. It turns my stomach like a pile of stinky meat.

So, if you're one of the people who like to label yourself a conservative or a liberal, just remember that when you apply labels to yourself, you're never what you claim to be. I can put on a fake British accent and stop exposing my body to people, but that doesn't make me a decent human being or a native-British citizen, no matter how bad Madonna wants it to be true; similarly, I can shove a wooden stick in my ass and invite you to like me all you want, but that doesn't make me a popsicle. Think about all those kids you knew, long ago, who put clothespins through their jackets, spiked their hair, and called themselves punks; or those children who powdered their faces, dressed in all black, listened to the cure and called themselves Goth. In every case, especially when you label yourself conservative or liberal, you are not what you purport to be, but are known by another English adjective... lame.

Believe me, I know about lame; do you know how many times I've seen "Blast From the Past" and enjoyed it?

I save coupons from packets of tea

Category: [Life](#)

Starting February 1st, my work load is going downhill. They're getting ready for me to leave, and I'm getting ready to go back home.

I like South Korea, but there are plenty of things I miss about America, especially the people.

I've never understood nationalism. If China invaded America tomorrow, very little would change; the same people would probably keep working the same jobs in the same houses in which they had always lived. I've traveled half-way around the world and South Korea, except for some cosmetic differences, is essentially the same as America: The same vices (although no one here gets shot), the same virtues. Scared little human animals worried that their clothes are out of fashion try to convince everyone that they're having more fun than is possible in such a lonely and soul crushing world.

Maybe that sounds a little bitter. It shouldn't. Most of the time, people forget that their surroundings are immaterial and focus too much on where they are and not why they are there.

As someone, much wiser than I, once said: "Love people, not places."

I always say that I want to go live in a cabin in the woods, where I can smoke marijuana until I leave a narcotic corpse in the woods for some hunter to find with his kids, but that's another of my untested theories, like trying to get my wife into a threesome with another dude; I don't know how I'd react to the situation. I'd like to think that I'd be able to tough it out, but another part of me knows that I'm weak.

Hell isn't other people; other people are like a safety net that reinforces our sanity from time to time. We talk to our friends about our tribulations and misfortunes not because we want to share them, or we genuinely want to hear what's troubling our fellow man, but because it's comforting to know that something bad is happening to someone else, and not you. That's why the American people won't get up in arms about Iraq until a lot more Americans die and television broadcasts images of their mangled corpses.

Places are the functional areas in which we live; they're the set to this play of life. When we die, the places go on without us, and they don't care that we were ever there. Some people fall in love with cities; in a way that's worse than a partner who abuses you, because at least they acknowledge your presence. Cities don't have to be pretty; they just have to be functional.

I've always been a big believer in function over form. I don't like pretty things that don't work, because the design usually raises the price. I could buy a toaster shaped like Elvis's head from the Sharper Image (complete with voice activation when removing a piece of toast), but for the same price, I can get an industrial grade blender, which I will then bring to the Sharper Image to destroy their paltry wares. When you put too much emphasis on form, function goes right out the window. If you don't believe me, then go to a bar, find the prettiest, best dressed girl or guy there and try to have a conversation with them; when you recover from your stupor, you can tell me I'm right.

The whole point of creating tools is the purpose they serve; when we want to make pretty things, we have art. When your stereo is shaped like Britney Spears vagina, and can quiver along with the music (only for a little while though, after a few weeks it gets really worn out), or the framed Chagall reproduction, hanging above the ceramic tiger in your living room, doubles as a Lava lamp when you clap your hands. That's the opposite of art, that's kitsch. In fifty years, your inability to manage your money will make some teenager very happy.

That's why it doesn't make sense, in the modern world, to have pubic hair. Nobody takes kitsch seriously, they laugh at it, as if someone didn't spend their hard earned wages to buy the life size statue of Superman that some future hipster will use for target practice. Whenever I see someone with pubic hair, I think of them as a delightful throwback, to a happier time when men were men and date rape wasn't a crime. This is the 21st century, your genitals are a functional area; there is no need for hair.

Some people object to shaving themselves completely, but I'm hard pressed to find someone who goes lets it grow out, these days. Someone once asked me why I advocate shaving pubic hair, when I've got a curly mop on my head. I told them that it's because my head is not a functional area, but that's only partially true. I get rid of the pubic hair so I can go a day or two without showering and keep my crotch from smelling like a putrefying corpse, sure, the hair on my head gets pretty greasy after a few days, but I don't touch my head nearly as often.

Don't be so attached to your pubic hair, it's just the set on the stage of human sexuality. You're still you underneath all that secretion soaked hair and people will love you for who you are, not how you look (they will also thank you for not having to pick little curlies out of their throat). So do yourself a favor and shave all your pubic hair today. Join me in the 21st century, bare assed and clean.

Then please send your pictures to sexmahoney@sexmahoney.prophp.org

Sex Mahoney for President

Minimum Wage! Hya!

Category: [Life](#)

I subscribe to many blogs, and I've fallen behind on reading them, so if I don't read your blog for a few days, don't worry, I will, just give me some time to get my shit sorted out.

Last night, I ate the spiciest ribs you can possibly imagine. Not only was my nose running, but my eyes watered and reddened, and I was drinking water like it was going out of style. It was awesome. The only problem is that today, I have the kind of diarrhea that travels faster than the speed of light and I'm wearing constrictive pants. Right now, my ass is pulsing and I'm focusing all my energy on telling you about it and squeezing my ass cheeks together so tight that nothing can enter or escape.

Ordinarily, I wouldn't mind unleashing this kind of fury on a public toilet, even at work, but in Korea, there is never any toilet paper in the bathroom stalls. In my old school, there used to be one toilet that consistently had toilet paper, but in the new place, nothing. On several occasions I have used notebook paper to wipe my ass. Today might be one of those days.

When I ride my bike in the winter, the cold also makes my eyes water, but it freezes to my face as the wind blows it back, so I get an interesting crow's feet-booger pattern on my temples. No one at work really minds when I wipe them away and let them fall to the floor. In most of the cultures I've experienced, people don't seem to mind body secretions and their conspicuous removal if those secretions are outside the body, but if a finger has to dig anywhere, the extraction is often viewed as unclean. No one minds when you wipe away your eye boogers, but people are generally disconcerted by a finger going into the nose, mouth or ears.

Ears get off light in that regard. It's not odd to see a person dig into their ear, provided they don't inspect the lump of wax they remove, that makes it unsightly. I don't know about you, but when I remove something from one of my orifices I want to take a look at it, examine it a little bit, before I callously rub it between my fingers and throw it away. Ear wax in particular, because it has such a strange consistency and smell, compared to other secretions.

The nose is almost always off limits. I have met many accepting people in my life, but very few who won't cringe when they see one of your digits go up your snout. It makes sense because nose boogers can be very slimy. When I was a child, I would pick my nose in bed and wipe my hand off on the wall. I'm sure my parents noticed right away, but they were kind enough to let me be until I had a nice sized booger collection next to my pillow. It made me feel proud to show off something I had collected, especially since I had an active role in creating all those boogers. Now all I have are technological gadgets, it's not as satisfying.

At the same time, I've never met anyone who didn't pick their nose. Sure, in public they were very clean about it, using a tissue or a handkerchief, but we behave better in public anyway. I rarely pick turds from my ass in public, but I'll do it in private; even if there aren't any turds there, I'll occasionally run a quick check to make sure I'm not smearing anything around in my underwear.

People don't seem to mind wiping the crusts off their lips; I'm not sure how I feel about that.

There are few things in this life that give me greater pleasure than picking at my body. My wife does it as well, and, compared to her, I'm only a weekend enthusiast; she's willing to disfigure herself for the picking. If I draw blood, I withdraw, but she goes down to the bone.

Even when I have nothing to pick off, I'll create my own detritus by rubbing my skin vigorously until the dead skin rolls up as a sticky, gray mess. I used to pop blackheads and pimple, but I've got more than a few scars from that, so I stopped. On each side of my nose, there are remnants of once great pimples that were squeezed to death and have developed into permanent facial fixtures. I wonder if that's how moles start life.

In some of my pursuits, I am certainly perverse, more so than the average person, but when it comes to farming my body and the pleasure I derive from it, I am not alone. There's not one of you out there who can resist the lure of a scab, or a booger, or a little bit of ear wax.

We are all pigs.

Sex Mahoney for President

I felt like a pickled priest who was being flambéed

Category: [Life](#)

My school recently merged with another school; they are across the street from one another. I used to work in the big building, now I'm in the not so big building.

Things being what they are, yesterday I was handed a schedule at 9 AM that said I had two days off this week, Wednesday and Sunday (usually I work 6 days a week); at 10 AM I received a schedule that said I had one day off this week, just Sunday; and finally, at 11 AM, they gave me a schedule that said I had two days off a week, Friday and Sunday, but I have one class on my day off, which isn't really a class, but could be in the future. Since there's only one Friday left in the month, I'm not holding on to a lot of hope that I'll get a day off to go play putt-putt golf anytime soon.

The nice thing about writing is that I get so many do-overs. In real life, I can be very funny (no matter what my wife says), but I don't have the normal boundaries that keep people from using tender subject material for my comedy. Just because you had a still-born baby five years ago, doesn't mean you can't laugh about it today.

When I was a freshman in college, the girl I was dating at the time (to whom I still talk occasionally) and my best friend (with whom I haven't spoken in five years) told me that my optimism made them sick, and that soon I would be broken down by the harsh realities of life just like everyone else. To this date, I have not been permanently broken. Sure, I've had family members die, lost a job or two, and even had my car repossessed (during a long employment drought), but I've never stayed too sad for long.

Perhaps I am unique in this respect, but I don't think so. Human beings have a tendency to assume that they must share any trait they exhibit with the rest of humanity only because we are so reluctant to believe that we are, in any way, special. I could be wrong, but it seems unlikely. No matter how sad an event makes you, there is always the human ability to move on. Too much of anything is never good for the soul.

The worst and best thing about life is that it goes on, regardless of how much you want it to continue or end. There have been times when I've felt so low that I couldn't envision a future with me in it (there's no better remedy to a broken heart than some good old fashioned self pity) and there have been times when I couldn't imagine something coming to a close (remember the first time you felt a member of the opposite sex's hot breath on the nape of your neck); either way, it just keeps going.

On one hand, I look at suicide as a coward's way out, but only because people commit suicide when things are going bad in their lives. I have yet to meet anyone who said: "I'm feeling pretty good. I don't think things could get any better. I'm going to kill myself." Usually, it's some poor sap who tells me: "Life is pain. I can't go on like this anymore." Especially that last line. I want a statistician to examine a sample of suicide notes and see how many people use that last line, "I can't go on like this anymore" or one of its variations. I could never do something so cliché. If I go out, I want to go out in an original way.

Since I'm an English teacher, I always explain irony to my students as me being crushed beneath a metric ton of dictionaries (I use a standard ton in America, but come on, isn't it

time we all went metric). Sure, that's not suicide, unless I find a place where someone is loading a ton of dictionaries with a crane, but then the pallet on which they're held will probably crush me before the dictionaries, and that's not nearly as poetic. Nobody wants to die underneath a pallet, it's so blue collar.

The best way to commit suicide would be in the place where it would cause the biggest scene, so the only question is whether it would be funnier to shoot yourself in the head on a playground, or to jump off the roof of an elementary school.

I suppose falling into a volcano would be pretty quick, but insanely painful.

I can think of a million ways to die, being eaten alive by zombies, and all of them plenty gruesome and plenty funny, but I can't think of a single reason to commit a depression suicide. If you're going out, it's much better to go out on a high note. I'd rather leave a world full of people laughing, than some giant pity party around my semi-masticated corpse.

In the meantime, I'm sitting at work listening to someone tell me that my contractual ten days of paid vacation are a big inconvenience for them, and it would be much better if I didn't take them. There's an electrical outlet next to me and I'm pretty sure I could fit my pinky in there; if only I had remembered to fill up my water bottle, I could probably end it now. Korean outlets surge with 220 volts of killing power cycled at 60 Hz, not like those pussy 110 volt outlets back home.

Sex Mahoney for President

There's a big difference between getting on your knees and bending over
Category: [News and Politics](#)

I miss America.

Korea is fantastic country, and I've pretty much made up my mind to come back here within the next year, but there are some things that I miss about America so much that they're haunting my dreams.

Recently, my dreams have been pure wish fulfillment.

I had a dream a few weeks ago that I was sitting down to eat a hamburger and two sexy women were trying to seduce me with a pizza.

For the past few years, I've had dreams where I move around like a cross between a frog and a dog. I hop all over the place and use my hands to propel me forward. My legs feel weightless and I use my hands to keep my hold on gravity. It feels like I could let go of the Earth and float away, upside down.

Usually, I can control my dreams, but last night they got away from me. I dreamed that I was hopping around on all fours, weaving a path of destruction through a bizarre world, like I had no control over anything. It ended with me trying to give my email address to a woman I knew in high school, but I couldn't even control my hands enough to write letters. I tried to write on paper, her hand, and eventually I was writing my email address on her butt.

It took me a while to figure out what wish I was trying to fulfill in my dream, but it came to me on my bike ride to work this morning.

I want to get high.

Last night, I dreamed I was so stoned that I lost all control of my bodily functions. I'm amazed I didn't shit myself in my dream.

Some people advocate the use of narcotics for creative purposes, or to enlighten themselves to the universe's mysteries, but that's a bunch of malarkey. The revelations you receive under the influence are about as useful as a team of eunuchs at a gangbang. The important thing is what happens when the drugs wear off.

When you take drugs, especially hallucinogenic drugs, your mind will make connections that you never imagined before. The dreams were I hop around like a frog-dog started after I tripped a few years ago, and spent the entire time sitting around naked. Examining my body, I realized how animalistic human beings really look. It was one of the greatest revelations I've ever had on hallucinogens, but it also illustrates how useless hallucinogenic revelations are. It's almost like someone scanning the sky to see the sun for the first time, and realizing, as their retinas burn out, that it's the big yellow thing.

For many people, especially idealists, politics are the best kind of drugs.

Whenever I drop acid, I get the feeling like it's never going to stop; that I'm going to keep

tripping forever and someone is going to lock me away for finally going crazy. Eventually I get so tired that I fall asleep laughing at the sound of my flatulence and wake up refreshed and reset; unfortunately, there is no comedown from politics that is so pronounced and, unlike an acid trip, politics are still going when you wake up the morning.

For years, politicians and preachers and pundits, all with their selfish agendas, have been promising a better future if we only take certain steps now. When things are going well, they all fight to take the credit; when things go poorly, they all fight to place the blame; in reality, none of them does a damn thing but take your money and tell you things that you could figure out, even without the aid of hallucinogenic drugs. I love it when politicians and preachers and pundits push to publicly display the Ten Commandments as if it will do anything to stop the spread of whatever degeneracy they feel threatens society, whether it's women getting the right to vote, black folks getting the right to exist as human beings, or gay people who want their marriages legally recognized.

When I took a break from the university, I applied for all kinds of jobs, one of which was a company that sold perfume on street corners. You may have experienced this kind of shuck and jive before if you've ever answered an ad that says: "Manager training program. Looking for motivated individuals who want to make money and start a career." On the first day of the "management training session, they brought everyone in, sat them in a room for eight hours and gave a speech about motivation and meaning, or some other crap. At the end of the day, I asked them about filling out a w-2 and, when they gave me a blank stare and repeated their "make money" mantra, I walked out. I can recognize the smell of scam; it's very similar to cheap cologne.

The perfume people harped on one major point. If you have x product and you sell it for y dollars, and give the company z, then you can make q dollars for yourself over a given period of time. By the time they finished with their example, I was set to make several million dollars over the next twelve months.

If you want to believe in something, all you have to do is believe in it. That's the beauty and limitation of faith. Religion has been pushing that angle for years; tough it out now, and you'll be rewarded in the kingdom of heaven. They don't believe it themselves, otherwise the pope would not travel in a bulletproof vehicle or have body guards, churches would not ask for so much of your money, and sexy preachers wouldn't mind if you cop a feel from time to time.

Politicians are much worse in their subterfuge. Ever since the first "leader" realized that he could get other people to do their work for them, politicians have promised we the people a better future if we work hard. Not for us, mind you, but for the children. Won't someone think of the children?

Fuck the children. The children grow up, become politicians and feed the same horse manure to suckers. It's a scam and it's the biggest one in the business. I've met many politicians in my life, but very few intelligent ones; the only thing politicians know how to do is not answer questions. While that may seem like an easy task, it's much harder than it sounds; if you don't believe me then listen to George W Bush make unscripted remarks. James McGreevy was a good politician, now there was a guy who knew how to dodge a question like it was a gigantic rhinoceros in heat that thought he was a big rhino pussy.

The best way to dodge an answer is to dispense acid wisdom, something that's so obvious a child could think of it, but that you haven't thought about in a while because you're busy providing for a family or interacting with other human beings.

Occasionally a politician comes right out and says something, and it is so awe inspiringly stupid you have to stand back and stick several fingers in your asshole to make sure that they, and not you, are the one who is full of shit, like when Attorney General Alberto Gonzales said that habeas corpus is not guaranteed by the constitution. Sure, the language in the amendments is perfectly clear about who is covered under the right and what circumstances the rights cover, but unless the word habeas corpus is specifically mentioned, there's no reason to assume that it is implied. Just because I say that I'm hungry doesn't mean that I want to eat, just that my body has not had food put in it for a long time, and I am feeling the effects of hunger.

One time I was sitting around with a few friends and a passed out girl. We asked her if she wanted to have sex, and she didn't say no, so that didn't mean she didn't want us to gang bang her, just that she had no preference either way, and was happy to leave the decision up to the inebriated people around her. It made perfect logical sense to someone who had taken as much acid as we had; it's too bad that we didn't test our logic by proving the validity of our argument to a judge after our arraignment for first degree rape. Sitting next to the passed out girl, I had an acid revelation that just because she didn't specifically say no, her consent was not implied. If I were a politician I could get away with it. Just like the US constitution doesn't specifically say that people have the right to habeas corpus, just that they have the right to a jury trial, protection from unreasonable search and seizure, and must be indicted by a grand jury.

It's the best scam in the world; you pay me money now, so I can study whether or not you should pay me again later when, and if, I decide to give you something in return. In the worst case scenario, I put you in prison now, so I can study whether or not I want to keep you there or let you out. In the meantime, please enjoy our tropical resort in Guantanamo Bay where our lovely hostesses will shower you with their used sanitary napkins. If you do that, we promise that things will get a lot better. We know that with absolute certainty. Not for you necessarily, but certainly for your children. Humanity has an excellent track record. We have never regressed. Things have been consistently getting better throughout history. All we need from you is a little bit of work, and a lot of faith.

If you want things to get better now, all you have to do is close your eyes. That's what I do when the nightmare becomes too much to handle.

Sex Mahoney for President

Who do you want to be today?

Category: [News and Politics](#)

America is a fat country; bloated on the excesses of modern life.

I've worked a number of food service jobs in my life, and it always surprised me how much food people waste; especially when it's food that they purchase for an inflated price from a deli or a restaurant. Usually, it's sandwich spillover that would get thrown away, like when someone is eating tuna or egg salad, and it spills out the side, but sometimes people would throw away most of a perfectly good sandwich.

It was particularly bad at university, where people took as much food as they wanted and wasted most of it. When I would bus trays at the university dining hall, half of them had a full plate when their owners discarded them.

With all that waste, it's amazing that people are so big in America.

It's not out of place to see a great, big, fat person waddling down an American street. And I know that a number of women think they're fat because... well, that's just the way they think, but unless it is difficult for you to engage in necessary activities (such as tying your shoes, walking through a door without turning sideways, or using a rag on a stick to wash yourself) you're not fat. There are a lot of tubby motherfuckers in America.

Not in Korea.

When I first got here, I thought it might be because people have a healthier diet here, but they drink just as much (if not more) beer than your average American and they eat an entire pig to themselves every other day. Portions are generally smaller in Korea than they are in America, but does it really matter how big your fried fatback pork is?

The fattest Korean I've seen is about half the size of your average American. These are not tiny people, either. I thought that, because they were Asian, that Koreans would be very short, but that's not the case, they're about the same height as average Americans.

In a place like Korea, there is no need for the government to step in and regulate people's diet, but America seems to be spiraling out of control. It's about time that the government started mandating exercise.

I don't like to exercise; I abhor it more than anything else in the world except government mandates; so why would I want to advocate forced exercise for one of the world's fattest countries?

To solve the energy crisis.

Every day, people exercise to make themselves more attractive, but, for most of us, all the exercise in the world isn't going to cure the train wreck we call a face. All that exercise is going to waste like so much egg salad spillover. The government should socialize gyms and turn them into giant electrical generators. Get rid of free weights, put everybody on machines, and use every machine to generate electrical power with which to run our homes and

businesses.

There's no reason why a treadmill should eat up electrical power, when the person using the treadmill could create electricity through their vain desire to appear attractive.

I must confess; this is not my idea. I stole it from a teacher I met in Korea. He's a very nice guy, but he doesn't read my blogs, so I don't feel bad about stealing his idea because I told him last week that I would, and he won't read this, thus, he will never know.

I wouldn't set foot in a gym if you paid me in blowjobs, but I do ride a bicycle, and it wouldn't be that hard to attach a small generator and storage battery to my bike that I could power up when I ride to work.

We've all got to do our part.

Some people are wedded to free weights, and that's fine. We live in a free society, they can do what they want; however, since they are not contributing to our energy independence, we can easily cull a few of them, release them in the wild, and hunt them for sport.

In the meantime, finish your dinner; there are starving people in Korea; they haven't eaten pig entrails in God knows how long.

Sex Mahoney for President

Love me, 50,000 miles beneath my brain

Category: [Writing and Poetry](#)

I don't know what it is about today, but my stomach feels like a pressure cooker and I can barely make it through a class before I rush off to the bathroom to let off some steam.

Last night, we went to a DVD Bang, which is like private theater that you can rent to watch a movie on a large small screen. Korean couples use them primarily because it's cheaper than a motel and you have a modicum of privacy, so you can get your freak on with your significant other outside of your parent's house. I wish they had these things in the states when I was a teenager, I wouldn't have had so many rashes, abrasions and mosquito bites from doing it in the bushes. My wife and I have a nice apartment where we can engage each other sexually, so we don't use the DVD Bangs for their customary purpose; we usually go with a male friend of ours, and that raises a few eyebrows; last night, we brought two gentlemen with us and the woman looked at me like I was Larry Flynt, Caligula, or at least Bernard Law.

One of the gentlemen, with whom we attended the DVD Bang, talked me into buying a French fried potato with sweet chili dipping sauce from a convenience mart. The chips were okay, but the dipping sauce tasted like spicy strawberry jam. I'm blaming that for my flatulence.

It seems that the older I get, the more flatulent I become. I believe that my aging body's inability to break down food causes this phenomenon, but my knowledge of the human anatomy begins and ends with the sex organs and various fluids they expunge. The only corroborating piece of evidence I have is that if I use the toilet after my paternal grandfather, all the hairs in my nose burn, my eyes tear, and I think I even get a little high.

If the consequence of aging is an increase in quantity and quality of my farts, then I'm willing to accept that. Sure, I fart a lot more, and children run screaming from the scene of my expulsion, but I also write a lot more; the two may be connected.

I am a writer, but I am not an artist; at least, I don't think of myself as an artist. The important part of writing is not the craft so much as the production; I'd rather have a paragraph that can stand on two solid legs than a novel that stumbles like a drunken Scotsman. Regardless whether anything I write is good, I continue to produce; I take a day off here and there, but I can't remember the last time that I went more than a week or two without writing something, no matter how bad. Sometimes, when my students are working on essays, I'll even write a short poem that would make a Hallmark writer cringe, just so I stay active. The craft of writing comes second, production comes first. I could be the best writer in the world (if global thermonuclear war broke out today and I survived), but to be a writer you have to write.

I have not been published, but that's immaterial. I never said I was a published writer. It would be very nice to be published, but it is not a necessary prerequisite for being a writer. All you have to do to be a writer is write, you don't even have to like doing it. Unless you're willing to test your mettle in a competition, you will never be a champion masturbator; in the meantime, we're all a bunch of wankers.

Of my three favorite hobbies, I'm not sure which is the most productive and I suppose it

fluctuates over time. My wife is home and awake most of the time that I am home and awake so my masturbatory production is in decline, but I write at work and fart around her, so that's performing very well this quarter. For the aggressive observer, I am currently at work, and so my farting and masturbating production are down a few points, but I'm doing very well in the writing market. At the end of the day, my production is very high in all three categories (especially if my wife falls asleep prematurely), but I don't make a profit; however, I do keep my overhead costs low so I can bring you the same stinking pile of semen-soaked literary flatulence that you, dear reader, have come to expect.

When I started writing a blog, no one read it, not even my own wife; and I assumed that I would continue this only as long as I was in Korea, since I didn't feel like starting any major projects while I was out here; but now, I've got a fair number of people who are willing to take time out of their busy day to read a few words that I've put down on the paper, and (I won't lie) the feedback is very nice.

No matter who is around, I'll keep jerking off, and no matter how much society may frown on it, I'll keep letting out silent farts at work; no matter who reads my drivel, I'll keep producing it.

That is not meant to belittle anyone who reads this, just remember that I have a compulsion and it's not always pretty; if you continue to read my output, I promise that I will do my best to keep the quality level high and not stink up your home or stain any of your furniture. Your feedback warms the heart of a filthy, disgusting human being.

Sex Mahoney for President

I spend a lot of time pickin' flowers up on Choctaw Ridge
Category: [Life](#)

Your ability to lie depends on how smart your parents were.

If your parents were reasonably intelligent, then, when your spouse or significant other, asks about money they swore they left in their purse/wallet; you might tell them that you took it because you saw the perfect gift to buy for an upcoming holiday. Luckily, there are major gift giving holidays in every month of the year; unfortunately, the summer is very slow for gift giving celebrations. Sure there is the 4th of July, but the lie will work better if it's a gift for your spouse or significant other, and people generally don't give 4th of July present. My wife's birthday is in June, so I've got one of the summer months covered, because she would never buy a yarn about seeing the perfect Flag Day present. A child of intelligent parents has to work hard to overcome their parent's inquisition.

If your parents were of average intelligent, you might tell your spouse or significant other that they probably misplaced the money, or forgot that they spent it, because the progeny of average parents doesn't have to work hard to fool their childhood overlords.

If your parents were fucking stupid, you might not even bother coming up with a lie for your spouse or significant other, preferring instead to tell them the truth; that, when you were finished engaging the services of an escort, you realized that you hadn't been to the ATM all day.

I used to lie with the best of them, so I assume that my parents were intelligent, but I can't prove that conclusively, because we don't talk as much as we used to, and a retarded chimpanzee on acid seems bright when compared to a seventeen-year-old. Now, I tell the truth, no matter how much trouble it attracts. For instance, the other day when my wife asked me why I was putting on a trench coat without any pants underneath, I told her what I had planned for the afternoon and she told me that I wasn't allowed to go to McDonald's and ask if they had any hotdogs. I usually defer to my wife's judgment, because she has repeatedly sworn that, should I ever get arrested, she will not come bail me out, no matter what the circumstances.

I can't even lie to myself anymore; I have developed an annoying little voice that pipes up whenever the bullshit gets too thick. The other day, I was looking in the mirror and trying to pretend like I haven't developed a nice gut while I've been in Korea, but that little voice came right out and called me on it and laughed at me until I took a breath, when all of those late night cookies and ice cream cones spilled over my belt. I have the kind of body shape where, when I gain weight, it all goes into my stomach and I develop a nice pregnant stomach; right now it looks like I'm heading into my second trimester.

When I was younger, I feared putting on weight and I lied to myself that, no matter what any adult said, I would be thin forever. Recently, I've come to grips with the reality, and I've developed a strange fetish.

I like classic men.

I never wanted to have a Burt Reynolds moustache, or a Robin Williams chest, but I can't

stop thinking about how great it would be to become a real man. I try to grow a beard, but it looks like someone repeatedly jabbed me in the face with a razor; I have no muscles to speak of; and I'm completely incapable of holding down a respectable job. I was thinking about it the other day as I finished my shift cleaning semen off of bus benches and it would be nice to at least look like a real man, even if I'm a little affected and enjoy "West Side Story" (although it would have been a lot better if Richard Beymer and Russ Tamblyn double teamed Natalie Wood in between jazz/tap fighting).

On New Year's Eve, I was dancing at a club in Seoul and I met a man who had the top three buttons of his shirt undone to show off his hairy chest; I thought it was the sexiest thing I've ever seen.

I'd like to support the President of the United States, but George Bush doesn't really do it for me, he looks like too much of a weasel; I want David Hodo for President until I'm old enough to assume the mantle of leadership. I can't lie to myself; I probably won't ever be a real man, but at least I'll have a nice pregnant gut to make me look respectable; even if I'm never elected to the office of President, it will be just as satisfying to disgust the poor women, who realize they've just hit rock bottom, when they wake up next to it.

Sex Mahoney for President

We'll have time for coffee flavored kisses and a bit of conversation

Category: [Writing and Poetry](#)

Did I say I wasn't going to write a blog today because I had no time? Well, that's as much bullshit as anything else that comes out of my mouth. It did take me a long time to write a letter to a dissenting opinion, and I do have very little time to write a blog, but I decided to write one anyone and forgo touching my penis, because my wife was out this morning and I had plenty of time to do that already. Ordinarily that wouldn't stop me, but it wasn't a very good orgasm; it was the kind where you get a few trickles and your dick stays semi-hard the whole time, like your body is telling you to give it a rest, but habit, custom, and three whole hours of the house to yourself demand that, like the ex-lover who's only in town to attend a conference or visit a sick relative, you give it a few good tugs, for old times' sake.

Of course, now I have to think of something to write about, and I've already spent all my A material on that stinkin' letter and the palm of my hand... well, not the palm really, more like the back of my hand, most of my belly button, and the cat, who happened to jump up on my lap at the worst possible moment, thinking that I was dangling one of his toys for him to scratch and play. Several hours, a few squares of wadded up toilet paper in my undies later, I'm sitting at work trying to think of something worth writing about. I usually plan my blogs on the way into work, but today I was too busy thinking about how great it is to masturbate shortly before, or while at, your place of employment, that I forgot all about it.

I wanted to write a blog about President Bush, and how there's something about his personality that turns me off, but the letter was political and I don't want to bore anyone with a double helping of sleep inducing material. I've got a few back blogs, that I keep in my head for such situations: about how I hate the option to give someone 1 kudos when you comment on their blog, or how it sucks when girls, who don't know the first thing about html, fill their profile with so much crap that you have to get their myspace ID number by copying it out of their main profile page url and pasting it into the viewmorepictures url from your own view more pictures page, just so you can see a full sized picture of them kissing their best friend at the first annual Anchorage, Alaska Wet Tee Shirt and Hypothermia Spring Break Challenge brought to you by Budweiser; but both of those ideas seem boring, and every time I try to write about them, I get half a blogs worth of material before I run out of funny things to say.

Whenever I'm hanging out with someone, there inevitably comes a moment when we have nothing left to say to one another; I can tell they're tired of my witty banter because they start sharpening their knives or focusing their attention elsewhere. My wife fills the time by singing, which was great when we lived in an apartment that had more than one room, but now I feel like I'm slowly going crazy. It's not that I don't like her singing, but she usually repeats the same lines over and over again, so I get a song, on repeat, stuck in my head. I'm teaching her how to sing in sign language so I can get some peace and quiet; unfortunately, she's not a fast learner, and the only thing she knows how to do is give me the finger, which she has consistently done every time I try to talk to her since I asked her to sing in sign language.

The strangest thing about being married is having to brush your teeth on those occasions when you're content to lie in bed, wrapped in warm blankets and a sense of satisfaction with your own crapulence. I don't know how much longer my wife and I will stay together; I still like her just as much as I always have, but I think she's getting tired of me; she's started

heckling me in bed. I try to counter by asking her how she'd like it if I came down to were she fucks and made fun of her, but we sleep with the same people and that would make it awkward.

If you've made it this far into the blog, you most likely realize that I have nothing to write about, and that you've been reading the nonsense drivel of a very diseased mind for the last few paragraphs, but just because I'm not covering, or sticking to, any one topic, don't let that fool you. Perhaps the topic of today's blog was nothing, and I was actually writing about the topic of nothing the whole time and just blew your mind; or perhaps it's a good thing that you live thousands of miles away from me, thus sparing me from being pelted with those rotten eggs you keep in your glove compartment for these occasions (come on, I can't be the only one who does that).

If you've made it this far, you have stumbled onto my secret. I gradually increase my own life span by stealing viable increments of your time with crappy writing that goes nowhere, like a literary vampire. Sidney Sheldon and I are going to live forever.

Sex Mahoney for President

In dreams, I walk with you. In dreams, I talk to you. In dreams, you're mine

Category: [Life](#)

I'm not a clean man, not by any stretch of the imagination, but I am neatly groomed. Sure, I don't shave my face very often, and someone at my office threw out my dress shoes one weekend, but I keep myself from looking too much like a bum... 30% of the time.

When I'm at work, I look... presentable.

I ride a bike to work, and I tend to sweat from minor activity, like picking compacted pretzel detritus from the crevices of my molars, so I wear sweatpants and a ratty old fleece on my way to work. I bring an extra tee shirt to replace the one I've moistened. When I get to work, I change into a pair of black pants and whatever sweater I haven't worn in seven days. I am no fashion icon and my wardrobe is all the proof you'll ever need.

In the summertime, I have five rotating, short-sleeved, button-down, shirts. I don't usually wear them on the same day every week, but it occasionally happens. In the wintertime, I have a rotation of six sweaters, so sometimes one of them will disappear from the rotation for a week or more, and then make a dramatic reappearance: THE RETURN OF THE GREEN SWEATER.

In general, I like the winter clothes better, only because they are very soft and cuddly; in the summer, I don't want to wear any clothes at all, and the moment I get home from work, I shed every single article of clothing and fan my testicles out in the freezer. It will make for quite a spectacle should I ever have children who bring their friends over for dinner.

Fashion has always escaped me; I understand why, in the winter, people want to cover their bodies with clothes, but it doesn't make any sense in the summer. Ever since my shoes were accidentally thrown away, my work attire consists of changing my pants and putting a sweater over my filthy, sweaty tee shirt. I suppose that it makes sense that people should dress in appropriate attire for their position, but if the position dictates the kind of clothing we should wear, then why don't we all just wear uniforms and be done with it. I wouldn't mind wearing a teacher uniform, especially if it meant that I got to roll in a black robe and mortar board all day.

The best I can figure is that people wear clothes to advertise themselves, and that makes a little bit of sense, because most people, myself included, don't have much to offer the world, and want to make it look like they are useful members of society. At Christmas time, you want to get the nicest wrapping paper and matching ribbons to mask the generic version of Bobble you bought from a gas station for your second cousin's boyfriend, who you'll meet for the first time at Christmas dinner and then probably never see again unless they have an accidental pregnancy, but even that's not an assurance, because, with the disintegration of traditional family values, they'll probably split up instead of doing the honorable thing, like leave the baby's corpse in a dumpster behind a 7-11.

It's all about the advertising, and the worse the package you're trying to sell, the better your ad campaign should be. That's why you'll see vapid men and women dressed to the nines and stinking of designer imposter perfume in nearly every night club on the face of the planet. There's no shame in it, I try to be funny to mask the fact that I haven't made a genuine

emotional connection to another human being since the camp counselor and Catholic priest who molested me when I was thirteen stopped returning my phone calls; thus breaking my heart and spoiling me for life. Everyone's got a gimmick that they use to advertise themselves to a world that probably wouldn't miss them for more than the standard three days it takes to put a corpse in the ground. I don't think this is a morbid world view; it's a testament to how beautiful life really is that once you're gone, the majority of your close friends and family moves on with their life and forgets that you ever existed.

I feel very uncomfortable in nice clothes, I have a hard time receiving gifts, and I don't take praise well (well, the last one is a bit of lie, keep the praise coming, it's what gets me off when the porn stops working... which is also a lie, the porn never stops working). I don't like to advertise myself to the rest of the world except through my writing, and even then, I don't like to push my writing on anyone; it's here, it's free, if you've got nothing to do for a short period of time, then go ahead and read it. Unfortunately, to become a published author, you have to pimp yourself, and I don't know if I can do that.

The hardest thing in the world, for me, is to write a resume. Most of the time at work, I think of ways to avoid as many responsibilities as possible and you can't put that on a resume, even though it does speak to my ingenuity. One part of me would like to go on a job interview and tell the interviewer that, at my last job: "I had a cigarette as soon as I got into the office, waited until the bell rang before ever preparing my materials for class, and hide in the bathroom stall with my feet on the toilet to avoid staff meetings." At the very least, the interviewer would have a story to tell their friends.

I constantly get emails on myspace from people with blogs who want me to read their blogs. With very few exceptions, I read them all before accepting (It's one of those things I do to avoid real work) because I don't have anything better to do, and I'm always looking for something good to read. I could never send out invitations to my blog because, if anyone asked me why they should read my blog, the best answer I could give them is: "What do YOU have to do that's so important?"

I can't advertise myself because there's nothing I hate more than advertising. When I sit down to watch The Simpsons, I can't stand that my viewing experience is interrupted every eight minutes by people who want to sell me eternal salvation, girls going wild, or some car that can drive up the side of a 90 degree cliff face. It's cheap, it's tawdry. For the record, girls, lifting up your shirt in public is not "going wild" sucking some stranger's dick because you ran out of money when your crack head boyfriend got busted for trying to rob a liquor store to pay for your back alley abortion, that's wild (it's also the second dead baby joke I've put in this blog, if I make another one I get a free D&C from Ursula's Uterus Uncontamination and Coffee Cake Emporium, located on Route 17, Hemingford Home, Nebraska - ask for Sex Mahoney and get 10% off your next abortion or coffee cake).

You have to give advertisers a lot of credit; if someone asked me to come up with an ad campaign for Tim Burton's Charlie and the Chocolate Factory "Re-imagination." I'd just put Courtney Love on TV, and let her talk for twenty five seconds of a thirty second spot, at the end of which, a narrator would threaten to send her to your house unless you go see the movie. How are you supposed to sleep at night, when your job, your sustenance comes from your ability to sell things no one needs to people who can't afford them?

At the end of the day, the only way I could think of advertising myself is to commit some kind of bizarre murder/suicide in a very public place and leave a suicide note that implicates one of my novels (written with a pseudonym). Sure, I won't be around to experience its fifteen minutes of success, but I'll rest easy knowing that concerned Christian parents in Oklahoma beat the shit out of their fifteen-year-old son for finding a copy stashed away with his crystal meth and gay porn.

Of course, that's very unlikely; I could never attract the gay market, I dress like a slob.

Sex Mahoney for President

Strung out on lasers and slash back blazers; ate all your razors while pulling the waiters
Category: [News and Politics](#)

I'm a petty man, spiteful to the bone. I will not hesitate to cut off my nose if my face is really asking for it.

That's why I'll never be a good leader.

Sure, I have a certain charisma that attracts people, and they generally like me at first, but over a long enough period of time, the average person learns to despise me, both from my actions and from the testimonials former friends give them about my spiteful nature.

A few years ago, I was working as the head security guard for a L'Oreal manufacturing plant in Piscataway, NJ. Security guard is a very dignified title for my job, all I did was sit behind a desk, answer phones, greet visitors, and play Nintendo games. Still, it was an awesome job, because I worked with an awesome guy, and we became close friends. When he left, it was one of the saddest days of my working life.

Since I did such a good job, my superiors rewarded me by transferring an employee who was fired from another site, for having sex with one of the Mexican cleaners, to my site. Although they never came out and said it, I am sure that they thought I could control this person and keep them from doing any damage.

Shortly before I started working as a security guard, I had one of those life changing revelations that alters your entire outlook, and I made the conscious decision to give up anger. I was pretty good at it, most of the time, but this incompetent employee drove me up a fucking wall. Not only did I make this person cry, but it made me feel so good to make them cry that I did it on a semi-regular basis in the hope that they would quit. No matter what I did, I couldn't get that bastard to leave, so I did the next best thing and walked out in the middle of a shift. If you've never done it, I highly recommend it; it's better than most of the drugs I've taken in my life, and I've taken a lot of drugs in my life.

I couldn't be a leader in my security job because I had a firm desire, and vested personal interest, in doing as little work as possible while attracting as little attention to myself as I could. The incompetent employee ruined all that because I was constantly struggling to keep their mistakes from fucking up my spot.

George Bush is not a good leader, and he's a terrible president. In times of trouble, the worst thing to have at the helm is a captain who wants to shape the sea in his image; it worked for God, but that was a long time ago, when God used to do a lot of blow; I doubt God could do it again for all the beets in Westphalia.

I remember watching the presidential debates in the run up to the 2000 Election, and, besides thinking that neither of the tools on television was worth wasting the ink in a history book; it struck me that, for all his idiocy, George Bush is a petty man. After each of his replies to Al Gore, he would look around the room and chuckle, looking for approval. It reminded me of a lot of people I've known throughout my life, who give nonsensical replies to legitimate complaints.

"Sir, I think we're out of toilet paper in the bathroom." To which the petty man would reply: "Your mother's out of toilet paper in my bathroom." George Bush is that kind of guy. I wasn't politically aware for much of Reagan and Bush Sr.'s respective presidencies, but I've read their speeches and watched them on archived video; they suffered from much of the same hubris. People with ideas who want to force them onto other people.

A good leader does nothing, has no desires, or wishes, or beliefs of their own, but stays vigilant, and does nothing to hinder that which will do great good, and much to destroy that which would do great harm. The best leaders are not burdened with theories and faith, book learning or wisdom. They are empty vessels, and what makes them great leaders is that the will of the people moves through them.

One of my very close friends and I used to have discussions about kings. If there's one person with all the power in the kingdom, what's to stop someone from killing that person and claiming the throne for themselves? On one hand, that person might have the throne for themselves, or they might be executed for regicide and have their head mounted on a post outside the castle gates. There was at least one coup I read about in a history book, where the king's guard was reluctant to give up their allegiance to a murdered sovereign, but, after being given an extra bottle of vodka with their rations, gladly sided with the new regime.

From all the history that I've read, the short answer to the king question is that it did happen that kings were deposed or killed or castrated or drawn and quartered, and just about every place in the world that had a king, has gone through some kind of power struggle during transitional periods. A king would most likely not work in America today, but give it another few years and see what happens.

The problem with active leaders is that they think of power with the same shallow understanding they bring to all other things in their lives, and many of their power's applications are but theory, devised miles away in chambers isolated from the practical nature of reality. It is unfortunate that the situation most likely to expose a bad leader for their incompetence is the one in which competence is needed most: war.

I agree with President Bush that the Geneva Accords are a little quaint. When you go to war, there is no reason why you should limit your conduct in any way, as if there were rules and the war is a game. The object of war, is to use force and intimidation to achieve your goals (which is also the object of terrorism, but in war, you get to wear a uniform); and attempt to put rules on soldiers' conduct make it easier for a politician, sitting in an office miles away from any real danger, to think of war as a past time, like baseball, having sex with your secretary, and making your wife lie face down while you fuck her in the ass so you can pretend she's that cute cabana boy with whom you spent the night drinking and woke up the next morning in his apartment with a gentle, burning sensation in your asshole as you quietly put on your clothes and tried to sneak out the door, but who you accidentally woke up when you knocked over some empty bottles before exchanging nervous pleasantries and excuses as to why you had to leave and were never going to call again.

War is not a pastime, and to send American troops into a foreign country for any reason other than to invade and conquer is like fisting your daughter to teach her the perils of pre-marital sex. Any leader worth his salt knows that it doesn't matter how many thousands of troops you send, when people are fighting for their homeland, they will not spare themselves, but the

foreign invaders, who think about home and family, and pizza and all the things that make America great, will not put their lives on the line to defend something that doesn't belong to them and never will. The aim of war is murder, and, no matter how many people want to support the troops, soldiers in tanks, carrying guns, do not make peace anymore than abstinence only sex education makes virgin brides.

The more a person is invested in this world, in their family, their things, their religion, their ideas, their learning; the less adept they are at sitting atop fortune's wheel. It is not a leader's job to direct fortune, but simply to stand at the forefront of a movement, to save the pieces which will help, and to remove that which will hurt. It's not so much like being the driver of a car, but more like being strapped to the hood.

If you want to make a change in government; then go get a job working for the government and take the most miserable, thankless, poorly paid position you can find, because that's the only place where you'll do any good; if you're promoted to management in any way shape or form, none of your contributions matter half as much as someone who's doing some actual work.

I don't want a thankless position. I want to make enough money that I can live off of conservative investments and retire to a marijuana farm in Thailand when I'm 40. I could never be a leader. I like fucking in the back seat. Sure, you'll still get injured in a crash, but you'll be a lot better off than the douche bag who strapped himself to the hood like a slaughtered deer.

Sex Mahoney for President

I heard she threw that letter away

Category: [News and Politics](#)

When I have the time, I peruse the top blogs on myspace and leave inane comments on strangers' pages. The inanity of my comments is directly inversely proportional to the idiocy of their arguments.

Yesterday, I found someone's blog who wanted real solutions to the war in Iraq. One of my solutions was to declare the war over and leave; pass a law in Congress that makes every history book claim we won there and move on; it's been done before. One of my suggestions was to leave Iraq at once, give them as much money as it would take to get them to forgive us for ruining their country and hope no one remembers the blasted affair in fifty years when the next world war will occupy everyone's attention.

My last comment was to send over enough troops to kill every man woman and child in Iraq. For that, the writer called me cold blooded, wrong, ignorant, and misguided. I'll accept one of those appellations, the rest are the product of a very limited mind.

When it comes to solving problems, you have to divest yourself of personal desires. I would love to grab some drunk, Korean girl, take her home, and show her of what little Western men are made, but my wife wouldn't like that solution one bit. If I couldn't control that urge, it would behoove me to tell my wife that she'd be better off without me, cut her a check for compensatory damages, and move on to my new debaucherous lifestyle. As nice as it would be to have a little rice cake and eat it, too; in the long run, it would be damaging to my relationship with my wife, and, if I were an intelligent man, I would take such matters into consideration.

Most murderers fuck up because they panic, but a rational person, who keeps their wits about them, can go a long way towards thwarting any attempts to track them down. Sure, I may not be able to satisfy my murderous desires with the people I really want to kill (like those fuckers who leave their clothes in a Laundromat washer and disappear for hours), but I can whet my beak on some fresh hobo blood every now and again.

If you want to adequately address a problem, then you need to see as many courses of action to their logical conclusion.

When you go to war, the object is to kill the enemy, or so it seems. Certainly, if a soldier had any other purpose they would go to war armed with something other than a lethal weapon. Politicians believe a soldier can solve all kinds of problems with a gun, but if you want someone to plant crops you give them a plow and seeds, if you want someone to teach then you give them a book, and if you want someone to spread democracy, then you give them a teacher. When you want someone to kill, you give them a gun.

I like guns, fuck it, I love them, but that's because I'm not a real man. I rely on sneaky tricks to make myself appear like a real man, when I'm nothing more than a little boy. Nothing makes men feel bigger than when they're holding a gun; nothing except power. People with power get the mistaken idea that they created the power, rather than it was given to them and can be taken away if the situation requires. I've figured out many different purposes for a gun (doorstop, portable locksmith, supermarket savings card, queue shortener) but none of them

seem very practical when it comes to nation building.

When you start a war, you expect people to die; that's why you send soldiers.

If the purpose of a war is to kill your enemy, then why bother acting magnanimous about it? Treat war like the lethal endeavor it really is and kill people like killing is going out of style. Acting in any other manner is like being too squeamish to go into the slaughterhouse, but hungry enough that you'll eat a juicy T-bone.

Politicians and soldiers like to say that they're protecting people in a war, and, in the case of the latter, some protection might actually happen, but when it comes to your own life or the life of an Iraqi citizen, there are very few people willing to make that ultimate sacrifice.

I say ultimate sacrifice here as if it requires some kind of decision or courage to die. Cowards and brave men die every day, and no matter what the beautiful aphorisms and salacious quips tell us, they each die once, and they void their bowels when they do it. The ultimate sacrifice is not to die, but to kill. Dying is easy, killing is hard. I'm not talking about the kind of killing where you watch glowing, human-shaped dots through a night vision lens, I'm talking about the kind of killing where you're close enough to smell the fear (aka urine) coming out of a person's pores as you put a gun to their head and blow out their brains.

I'd like to think I'm man enough to shoot someone point-blank, in cold blood, but I'm not much of a man. I'm more like a waffle. Sure, I may be delicious when covered with ice cream, but try defending your home with me.

So call me cold blooded, I don't mind, but if you think you can "win" a war, then you've got a lot to learn about human beings, because we've been fighting wars for a long time, and it doesn't seem like anything is getting better. It's not getting any worse, either; things are forever changing to stay the same. Soldiers go out to kill, soldiers come home in boxes. People wave flags and talk about patriotism, but they forget what's it's like to be young and scared and loaded to bear with all the ammunition a junior psychopath could want. Perhaps if soldiers had to do real, manly work, like lining up innocent civilians to massacre, then people wouldn't be so ready to send kids off to war like it's some kind of game. Maybe humanity would only go to war when it was absolutely necessary, no matter how many flags politicians wave in their eyes.

The rest of the time we'd be free to sit around and engage in worthwhile pursuits like annoying people we've never met on a social networking site.

Sex Mahoney for President

We're learning to live with somebody's depression

Category: [Life](#)

The more serious a person takes themselves, the more fun it is to laugh at them.

I'm not saying that there are no just causes out there, because there are plenty of things that deserve respectful attention, but if you can't laugh at how everything we do is ludicrous, you're missing out on one of the best jokes ever played on anyone.

Sure, we may fill our lives with hobbies and devote a significant portion of intensity to those pursuits, but we're still the foul, disgusting human beings that learned to tie shoes and haven't progressed since. I see you, you may think that no one is around and that you can safely put that booger in your mouth, but I see you, not with my eyes, with my laughter.

Sometimes, sure, I laugh to be mean. There's something really funny in bad things happening to other people.

During Bill Clinton's blow job backlash, I loved watching his apology on television because you could see a twinkle in his eyes, no matter how sincere he tried to make himself look. It was a glint that said: "Fine, I'll say I'm sorry. What do I care, I got my dick sucked in the room where Harry Truman decided to drop the A-bomb."

George Bush has the same look in his eyes when he's talking to reporters, only his eyes say: "Ask me all the questions you want about Iraq and Valerie Plame, your grandmother isn't getting out of that secret prison anytime soon, no matter how many liberty cupcakes she bakes."

I respect a person who can smile like a smug prick after being caught red handed; it shows that there is some hope for humanity. I'd like to think I could stay that smug in a similar situation, to have the balls to turn to my wife and say: "Yeah, I know she's your grandmother, but you could take off your clothes and join us." I know that I'd break down and start apologizing. I'm just not that strong.

A very good friend once gave me the best piece of advice for dealing with someone who is mad at you: tell them you're sorry once, and then leave them alone; be ready to accept them when they're done being angry at you.

I've done a lot of things to piss off close friends and acquaintances; most of them are unintentional, but that's not a good excuse for me being a bastard. I've done my best to change, to do less overt damage, but there are some things that are a part of me, I'll continue to do them no matter how much I try to fight the urge, and I get a sick kind of pleasure from knowing that I've ruined someone's good time.

Still, there's a place deep inside me that wants to make beautiful things, to make people like me and accept me, to be just like everyone else. Sometimes it's enough to drive me out of my mind. I never know exactly how close I am to going completely insane, and that's part of the problem, because the crazier you get, the more normal you seem to yourself, it's everyone else who appears ridiculous. I'm sure you've seen it before, it's the reason why drunk people make a spectacle of themselves and punch immobile objects, why men and women go on

seeing partners that abuse them, and why most marriages don't make it past two years.

When I was younger, I swore that I would only marry someone who hated me. It made perfect sense, since most people get into relationships with individuals they enjoy seeing and gradually fall out of love or realize all the annoying habits the other person possesses. If you married someone that you couldn't stand, you're either going to learn to get along with the person, or go on hating them. I used to think romantic comedies were ridiculous but it makes perfect sense that the male and female lead usually start off hating each other.

If you date someone you like, the degree to which you will eventually grow to hate them is intensified by the amount to which you used to love them; it's like seeing a triple penetration porno shot by an inexperienced camera man who slips and accidentally reveals that only two of the cocks are real, while the third is a very long, flesh colored dildo. The excitement and wonder of seeing a vagina or asshole take three penises is instantly replaced with loathing for the cheap trick that fooled you. There's no reason to be so mad, and your anger is not really directed at the fake penis, but at your own gullibility for believing that three men could successfully arrange themselves around a woman so as to accommodate triple penetration.

When a partner falls out of love, they usually seethe with anger at their former beloved, but they're not really angry at their paramour, just that they were so blind to overlook the person's many glaring errors.

For a more detailed analysis, please feel free to ask my wife about her experiences with me.

When you hate someone, learning about them can lead to hating them more, but never as much as if you used to love the person who is now the object of your ire.

That is why Republicans and Democrats hate each other so much.

I'm sure that behind every Hannity, O'Reilly, and Limbaugh, there is a quiet, young girl who captured their heart in high school or at University, and they had their hearts broken by a lassie who was more interested in smoking pot and sleeping with an unwashed sitar virtuoso than being pinned in the backseat of Rush Limbaugh's father's Oldsmobile up on inspiration point one long ago Saturday night. That's why Hannity, O'Reilly, and Limbaugh have such large chips on their conservative shoulders and why they use such delusional arguments and derogatory language to undermine their opponents. Just like I'm sure that behind every Al Franken, EJ Dionne, and Donald Kaul, there was some blonde cheerleader who not only turned them down for a date to the box social, but told her friends about it and made a point to laugh whenever it would shame those pundits most. That's why Franken, Dionne, and Kaul spend most of their time constructing intricate arguments to prove how much smarter they are than their conservative counterparts.

What both sides over look is that this is a problem created by a particular type of deviant behavior: women who won't put out.

Sure, you women will say that it's your body, and you're under no obligation to have sex with someone just because they took you to the movies and bought you the big tub of popcorn, but can't you see what your chastity is doing to this society? It's tearing America apart. Mothers, tell your daughters that being a tease aids terrorists.

There are those of you who will say that it's not women's fault; that girls will give up their virginity when they're good and ready, but we both know that's hogwash. In my life, I've met three or four people who lost their virginity because they were ready; the rest of them lost their virginity because they were drunk and it was prom, because they were just coming out of a bad relationship and their ex started dating someone before they did, or because Tommy Jenkins was really cute and they had never been in a Ford Mustang before (Smiley face, smiley face, smiley face).

Besides, it's better that your children learn the disappointment of virgin sex at a young age when they can quickly recover. You've all seen children fall down at a playground, they get right back up; sure there's some temporary crying, but a few kisses from mommy and they're right back on the teeter totter. So get your children used to sex when they're young, and can recover. There's no need to force the issue, just invite over your local Catholic priest, and tell them that little Billy or Sally is in need of some private Bible study; you can even put on some Barry White and light a few scented candles to help set the mood.

Plus, if your children are busy being defiled, you'll have more time to check out all those nifty products they just got in at The Sharper Image. It's a win-win situation. I'm sure it won't be any worse than the current situation, where parents try to teach morality to children who will grow up to date rape the prom queen or post threatening messages about their classmates on the internet.

Either way, you can rest assured, that I'll think it's funny as hell.

Sex Mahoney for President

It ain't that I'm wanting anything you never gave before

Category: [Movies, TV, Celebrities](#)

If you ever go to New Jersey, seek out a town called Linden, it's on the main train line. While you're there, find a deli called "Father and Sons and get yourself a chili dog. You won't regret it.

Sometimes I go to bizarre lengths for food. My wife and I frequently take a two hour subway ride (one hour each way) including two subway transfers, just to eat at the best Indian restaurant in Korea.

My new favorite Korean meal is a combination of Ddeokbokki, which is rice pasta and fish cakes in a spicy red sauce, combined with Goon Mandu, which are dumplings that taste like American Chinese food egg rolls. On New Year's Eve, I was so drunk that I passed out at the club where we were celebrating, and, upon awakening, a friend took me to a street vendor and gave me this meal to wake me up. I fell in love, talked about it for the next three weeks, and have eaten this combination at least three times this week.

I get that way when I fall in love with, or have my interest piqued by something. I immerse myself into it and try to find out as much information as possible before I become bored and move onto another subject. In the meantime, I bore my wife and friends with pointless trivia about the right temperature at which to serve fish cakes and how many leagues there really are in a furlong until they shake their fists at me whenever I open my mouth.

My philosophy is simple; when you find something that you enjoy you should suck all the fun out of it that you can before it loses its flavor. Everything will lose its flavor if you eat it enough. The best food in the world will taste like horse piss if you eat it breakfast, lunch, and dinner for a few weeks; then you've got to give it some time to grow in your mind, to marinate in your subconscious, if you want it to taste as good as it did when you first ate it.

Unfortunately, nothing ever comes close to that first time. The more you experience a particular sensation, the more your body becomes familiar with it, and the less magical it seems. That doesn't mean you want it any less, just that you can't achieve the shock of virgin experience.

Underwear is a lot like that; it's a perfect metaphor for all of life's experiences. At first it seems odd, and it doesn't really fit right, but one day, you put on that pair and it's like your genitals are wrapped in a cloud. Years go by, holes develop, and the elastic fades like your dreams of glory, but you keep that underwear until it's long past its prime, watching it slowly disintegrate with each wash until nothing remains.

Maybe that's just me.

I put a strong value on something new, something fresh, something alive. One of the reasons I despise so many modern movies is that they take the same old, boring subject material and put it through the same boring motions each of us has seen since we started watching various children's tales like "The Muppets Take My Hymen", "HR Fistinstuff", or "Swallow My Load, Part #4."

My life is precious (not to anyone else, just to me) so I don't want to waste my time watching the overbearing control freak woman slowly fall in love with the fly-by night bad boy who tames her heart or the weapons expert closeted homosexual who single handedly defeats legions of terrorists and saves the day despite killing every person he knows. There are three hours of my life that I will never get back from Peter Jackson for his travesty called "King Kong."

There are special cases where a movie will break through the shit barrier, which is like the sound barrier; in this case a movie has to be so shitty that it slowly gains momentum as it approached the bottom of the shit barrel and breaks through to whole new realm unrestrained by quality or standards. As a movie approaches the shit barrier, it can become difficult to watch, or even hear, and I have been known to cover my ears and eyes at some particularly bad screening; however, once a movie "breaks through" it emerges like a septic tank cleaner, covered in shit and completely hilarious.

Sometimes, they're completely unintentional.

There was one time that I was sitting around, tripping on mushrooms and watching Mel Gibson's "The Patriot" (a hilarious movie if you've never seen it) and there's a scene where Heath Ledger shoots a guy off his horse and goes in for the kill, but the guy was just pretending to be unconscious and he rolls over and stabs Heath Ledger in the stomach. Heath Ledger falls to the ground with his mouth open and a little bit of blood trickling out of his mouth and Mel Gibson comes running up to him, screaming like a banshee with his face all contorted and wracked with sobs at which point, the cable station broadcasting the movie went to a commercial that said: "TBS. We know comedy." I laughed so hard I missed work the next day.

When that moment comes, when a movie breaks through, it touches a place inside you that you'll never forget, because you'll laugh so hard it will make your face hurt from smiling and your muscles ache from lack of oxygen. You'll want to go back and visit it again and again. I can tell you that you'll find other moments that will lift your heart and bring back something that feels similar, but it will never feel as good as the first time. Fortunately, you get to keep that one with you, no matter where you go, or how many septic tanks you have to clean out, and if you're lucky, there's a new one waiting just around the corner.

Sex Mahoney for President

No matter how many cloves of garlic I wear around my neck to keep from getting tagged, it happens more and more. I'm about to take the gypsy's advice and start putting fish into my anus overnight, grounding the fish into a paste, and mixing it with my morning bowl of coffee grounds and soy milk.

Ten Random Facts about Sex Mahoney:

1. I only have one testicle

A few years back, I woke up with a lump on my right ball and went to the hospital with my wife (though she wasn't my wife at the time). I had an ultrasound and the doctors said that it was probably an infection and that there was a slim possibility that my testicle has twisted on its blood supply and was slowly choking to death, but if the latter were the case I would be in extreme pain; since I wasn't, they sent me home and gave me some pills. About two hours after I left the hospital, I ate a frozen pizza, felt such an intense surge of pain from my balls that I threw it all up, and then spent the next few hours vomiting up everything in my body that wasn't nailed down. My father and my wife had a big argument about what to do, she wanted to take me to the hospital and he told her that it wasn't necessary. Four days later, when I went back to the doctor, my testicle was dead and it had to be surgically removed. Women probably wouldn't notice, because most of them have no idea what they're looking at in a ball sack, but guys would be able to tell. For about two weeks my sack was so big it looked like a softball. On the upside, I had two weeks where I got to expose my testicles to every stranger on the planet and some of my close friends and I got a pair of special undies to accommodate my huge sack. I also got to walk around in public holding my ball like it was a Faberge egg.

2. I get a lot of pimples on my upper arms.

When I was a kid, I had pretty bad skin, but that cleared up by the time I was fifteen. For years, I had acne on my back and shoulders and was fortunate to date very accommodating women who liked popping my back zits. Now, I have blemishes all over my shoulders. It's been a strange progression.

3. I only own three different pairs of pants.

I've got work two pairs of pants that I wear for work: one pair of black dress pants, the belt button broke off about a year and a half ago, but the zipper still works, and you can't notice when I'm wearing a belt; one pair of green khakis, they might even be dockers, I don't know, I got them when I was fifteen or sixteen; and twelve pairs of light blue surgical scrubs. I started wearing the scrubs in April of 1999, and I've worn them every day since. They are the most comfortable pants you could imagine. Most of my scrubs are so old that the pockets have ripped off, but who needs pockets anyway?

4. I got married to get my bachelor's degree.

In the winter of aught three, I was re-entering higher education and running out of credit cards with which I could pay my tuition. My parent's salaries were counted against me for the loan application, but I wasn't getting any money from them and my salary was well below the poverty line. When I asked the financial aid people what I needed to do to become

independent, they said, have a baby (I hate children), turn 24 (I hate composite numbers), go to jail (I'm iffy about anal rape), or get married. My wife and I were married three weeks later and I finished my bachelor's the following fall.

5. I have thrice been interrogated by the police for crimes I did not commit.

My first encounter with authority came at a very turbulent period in my life. I had just come down with mono and was sitting in my underwear aerating my, then, two testicles, when two detectives knocked on my dorm room door and asked to search the premises. Like an idiot, I told them they could because I didn't think I had anything to hide. They were there because someone had informed them that I was keeping a large amount of cocaine and firearms in the room; I had neither. In the end I was busted for having a bag of shake and a dull switchblade with a busted spring so that the blade wouldn't stay extended. They asked me about the coke and guns and I told them that there was none on premises.

The second time, I was sitting in the same dorm room, smoking marijuana and two different detectives arrived and asked me to come with them. A girl, with whom I had recently been in a foursome, told the police that my friend and I raped her. We were brought down to the station and interrogated. Since I had done nothing wrong, I told the police about the whole sordid affair (A friendly hint: If you ever want to make a police officer squirm, start describing graphic homosexual activity in vivid language). The police were going to arrest me, but declined when I agreed to let them search my room and turn over some photographs that proved we didn't rape this girl. Unfortunately, one of the girls in the room, who appeared in several pictures, was seventeen at the time of the photographs; the police didn't make a big deal about that, because the girl never followed up on her complaint, never went for a rape kit, and had previously accused another man of raping her the year before. I haven't spoken to the girl since the night that my friend and I fucked her, but the last thing she said to me was: "I want you to come in my mouth so my boyfriend can taste it when I kiss him." It was a fun night.

The third time, I was sitting at home with my wife, and we had just started eating dinner, when a female district attorney and a male detective showed up at my front door and said they wanted to talk. I was teaching in a public high school at the time, and one of my students found my old myspace profile. In my old blogs (all of which were hastily deleted when the police released me, again without charge) I wrote an essay about how I drove around drunk and stoned all the time as part of a satire aimed at police sobriety checkpoints which have come into vogue in the past few years; I believe I also mentioned purchasing a handgun for the express purpose of shooting police officers in the face. They weren't happy with that, but the real problem was a comment that a friend posted on my profile that said: "14-year-old girls should run the other way when they see you coming." After several hours of the police asking me if I liked touching little boys, if my wife liked touching boys, and why a grown person would have a myspace account, they gave me a ride home.

In all three cases, absolutely nothing happened; I was never arrested, never charged, just questioned and released; however, after the second time I was kicked out of university, and after the third time I was forced to resign from my job as a teacher.

The best part about all three cases is that I keep a fair amount of sexual paraphernalia around my home at all times. The first time the police searched my room, they found a fake vagina

that a porn company sent me for ordering so many tapes from them. At first, the detective picked up the fake vagina, examined it closely (just in case it held any drugs, I suppose), and asked me what it was. When I told him, you would have thought that I had antiqued his face, it went so white. The second time, the police had to collect evidence that was used in the alleged rape, and I still have the item list for that search, which included anal beads, an electrically operated device (dildo), and a pink plastic ring (cock ring). The statute of limitations just expired on that crime, and I'll be able to pick up all my old toys once I get back to America. The third time, before I knew why they wanted to talk to me, the police looked inside my room and saw the enormous blowjob poster I used to have; it's about three feet long and two and a half feet wide and it's a picture of a woman sucking a dick. That cop wouldn't shake my hand all night.

Still, it's difficult sitting down with your grandmother and telling her that the reason you won't be learning this semester is because the authorities believe you raped someone.

6. I can speak, read, and write in Old, Middle, and Modern English.

Okay, so the last one isn't so impressive, but I defy you to say that the first two aren't cool; took a lot of hard swyncke.

7. To show my disdain for organized religion, I once ejaculated into a large vat of holy water.

When I was young, I was religious, but around my 12th or 13th year, I was pretty fed up with the whole thing; still, I had served as an altar boy in my youth and, when I showed up to a holiday service that was short of altar boys, the priest asked me to fill in. By the time I got changed, the service had already started, and I felt awkward about joining the rest of the congregation, so I sat in the back room trying to think of ways to amuse myself. When I saw the holy water, I couldn't resist. Viva la Resistance.

8. I used to be a real asshole.

For much of my life, I was a jerkish, socially awkward, raving lunatic, with anger problems. I can't tell you how many people I've offended unnecessarily. There are some people who deserved it, at least one or two, but most of them did not, and I've spent the last six years trying to make up for being such an asshole. If I have offended you, and I have yet to make it up to you, just be patient, and I'll get to you eventually (miserable whining bastards are never satisfied).

9. I vomit at high volumes.

Again, this one is a mystery. I didn't even realize it was strange until I started seeing a lot of other people puke. When I throw up, it sounds like my stomach is being twisted in a vice grip while insane, amphetamine addicted gerbils chew at the inside of my asshole. The sound still haunts my brother.

10. I can play several musical instruments, including the guitar, banjo, Jew's harp, harmonica, and piano.

Unfortunately, I play none of these instruments well, but I am proficient enough that you

would probably recognize the tune before you asked me to stop doing that because your ears were bleeding.

That's my random fact. Now you know a little bit more about me. As for ten people to tag, well, you're going to have to wait until I get home, because now I have to take my one ball upstairs and teach some children how to write in English.

Sex Mahoney for President

Watch a new born gorilla dip a blue corn tortilla chip

Category: [News and Politics](#)

Fridays are good days.

My wife and I are one day behind America as far as television broadcasts are concerned. See, we download our TV from the internet, and it doesn't broadcast in America until 14 hours later in Korea, by the time someone rips it and puts it online, we're talking about a whole day later. On Friday, we get to watch all the television that broadcasts on Thursday, and there's a lot of good stuff. The Office, 30 Rock, The Colbert Report, The Daily Show. There's so much media that, by the time it's over, I'm drifting off to a magical dream world where I'm a pirate, and all the world is covered in breasts.

The rest of the time, there's not much to do in Korea; sometimes we even (shudder) talk to each other.

When you're a kid, you imagine that adults do interesting things all the time, and that the reason you're bored is that you have no money, no car, and no friends (perhaps the last one is just me). When you grow up, you realize that there's a limited amount of entertainment in the world and after the joy of drinking in a strip club wears off, you've got 50 years of living left to do.

I'm almost never bored, but I'm insanely boring. I've always got a few writing projects in the fire, and there's always new things to read and learn. If all else fails, I could reorganize my 250 gigabyte hard drive of porn to list files by acts performed. It drives my wife insane.

She's bored all the time; it doesn't help that she's married to a nerd.

We do this thing where I'll sit at the computer and ignore her complaints while I sift through an engaging internet article about the mating habits of South American Tree slugs; however, when I finally have enough of her feminine complainery, smack her around a few times, and ask her what she wants to do, I get the same response that I give anyone when they ask me the same question: "I don't know."

What do people do to pass the time while they're waiting to die? I suppose we could have children. Kids take up a lot of time, but I'm the kind of person who likes to find manageable solutions to problems like children and I'd probably end up tying my kid's hands behind their back, putting a noose around their neck, and sticking them on a stool in the family barn. Most children should be able to escape, but at least it would buy me a few minutes before the little thing starts crying for a new diaper or a fresh bottle of formula.

I don't understand babies, or the desire to have them, at all. Diapers are so expensive that it makes more sense to stick the kid in an iguana terrarium, throw some sawdust on the ground, and put in one of those upside down, drip feeder bottles.

Let me clarify. I understand why people want children (they can be very adorable and they do stupid tricks like grab onto your finger and shit themselves); what I don't understand is why people want their own children. These are the same kind of people that go to a pet store and pay 2 grand for a pure bred dog that's so inbred it can't stand up on its own and spends the

day drinking its own urine. There are kids everywhere, if you want one so badly, why spend the money on getting pregnant and delivering a baby, when you can just stop by the junior high school and check the dumpsters on your way home from work each day. That's how I found my cat, and my rabies is healing up nicely.

It's laziness, pure and simple. Laziness costs a lot of money. I'm a lazy person, but I've resigned myself to a life of poverty so I can enjoy my lack of work ethic. There's plenty of folks out there who want a baby and then just let the little disease-ridden bastards run around like their job ends when they ejaculate in a woman's vagina or shit the thing out, respectively. A person, who will put in the hard work to adopt a child, or find one in a dumpster, is a person who deserves a child; you are not a qualified parent just because your milkman forgot to bring a condom.

Most of the couples I meet in America have an accident baby. My own parents had me in November and were married in April; sure, my Mom wasn't exactly wearing a maternity wedding dress, but there are some pictures where my grandfather is holding something that curiously resembles a shotgun. I meet a lot more Catholics who've got an oops baby; as in, "Here are our four children: Tommy, 25; Colin, 22; Bethany, 20, and Howard, 2." I've made a lot of bad mistakes in my day, but having a child is not one of them. Sure, people are prone to slip up, and life is precious and blaa, blaa, blaa. If you can't take care of a child, then you shouldn't be having them.

Whenever I hear people say that if you can't take care of a child, then you shouldn't be having sex, that makes me angry; especially since one of my favorite past times is having sex with the grown children of uptight prudes. There are so few things to do in this world (and so many of them cost money) that the least we can do is sit around with our friends, family, and significant others and rub our genitals together; it feels really good; certainly a hell of a lot better than having a conversation. Have you listened to people talk?

You don't see a lot of accident babies in Korea. People make sure they have enough money; they make sure they're set in their careers, and then they have A baby. One. Uno. Hana. Even though there are enough kids to go around, who actually need homes and people to take care of them, I admire that kind of family planning.

If for no other reason, abortion should be legal because drugs are illegal, there's only so much fun you can have in a bar, and sticking penises into vaginas seems like a classic way to spend an evening. Whenever I meet a pro-life advocate, I pull out my penis, shove it onto their mouth, and rhythmically rock back and forth, praising them for satisfying my urges and preventing another abortion.

Pro-life advocates are just as lazy as parents who shit out children and don't look out for them. They think that the problem ends once they lose interest in the subject, but there's a lot of fallout to handle. Kids require a lot more work than tying them up in a barn, and the 14-year-old children of Fundamentalist Christian parents need a lot more support than someone giving them pictures of shredded fetus on their way to planned parenthood. So, if you're a parent, take control of your kids. I'll soon have a license to implant them with shock chips that keep them confined to their rooms like dogs; so give me a call if you're interested, I'll do the first ten children free. If you're a pro-life advocate, then suck a dick and save a baby.

In the meantime, it's Monday, which means there's new Simpsons, Family Guy, and American Dad episodes to watch.

Sex Mahoney for President

Well, I'm almost done; this is my last week teaching in Korea.

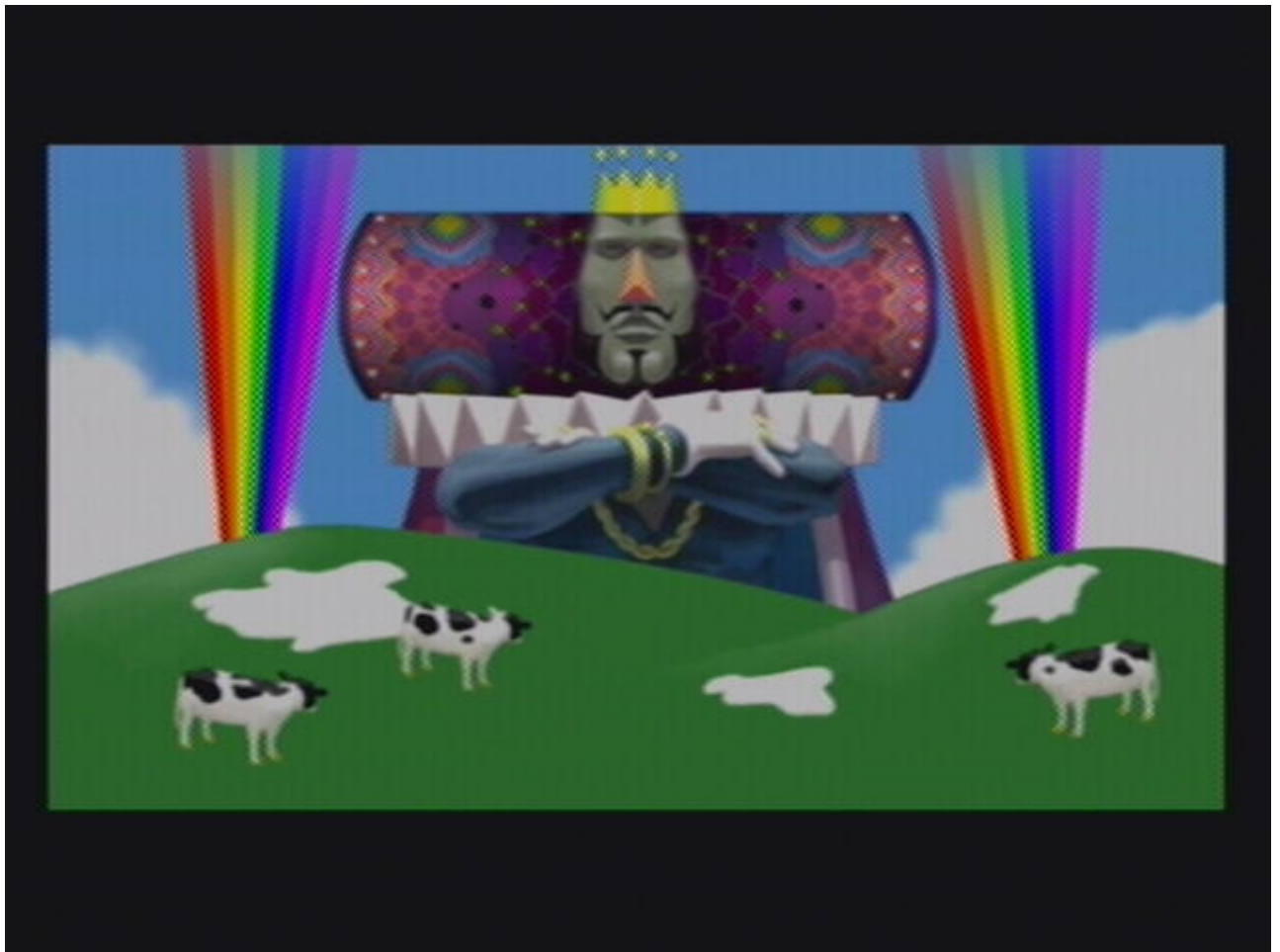
My last day is Thursday, and, to celebrate, I've been buying snack for my students, playing games, and watching movies in class. One kid didn't show up today, so I had one of the left over ice pops; none of the kids wanted it, and I can't say I blame them, it tasted like beans.

A number of Korean deserts have red beans in them. There's a type of pastry snack called Eoibbang, which is pancake batter with red bean in the middle and pressed into the shape of a fish; there's an ice cream version of the fish pastry, and today I had the ice pop variety. The red bean desserts are okay, but there's only so dessert-like you can make beans; they all end up tasting like sweet tacos.

I also have my laptop with me at work, and I'm fighting the urge to play EA Sport's MVP Baseball 2005 so I can write this blog. I could work on my pitching, but it seems like I should write something today, so I do something productive. On most days, writing is the only productive thing I do besides masturbating, but people aren't as excited when I share the latter activity with them.

Maybe just a quick game of Tetris.

Well, that was unfulfilling. I've never been good at Tetris. My wife, who is generally bad at most video games, can whoop my ass at Tetris and Dr Mario and other of those types of games. I prefer video games without clear and definite goals, like Grand Theft Auto and Katamari Damacy. Most of you have probably played GTA, so there's no need for me to go into that here, but Katamari Damacy is one of those games that may have escaped your notice; it didn't receive a big release in the states, and I don't think I've ever seen an advertisement for it. You have to hear about it.



Katamari Damacy involves rolling a ball around and picking up crap. You start out small, picking up paper clips and pennies, but eventually your Katamari gets so big that you can pick up continents, clouds, and rainbows. Unfortunately, Katamari is only available for PS2, otherwise I'd be playing it right now and fuck all of you blog readers. While it might seem pointless to play a video game that resembles vacuuming, you'd understand if you've ever seen it.



Small Katamari



Medium Katamari



Large Katamari

I remember being five or six years old, begging for a NES, and then begging for an SNES a few years later (I don't truck with no Sega users, I don't care how good you think Phantasy Star was). Don't ask me why I like video games so much, I'm not even very good at them. All I can say, is that, when I come home from work, there's nothing I like better than terrorizing unsuspecting, digital people.

Maybe I'm a little sick for spending a few hours killing imaginary people, and not just in video games, but I do it in my writing as well. There's a certain amount of wish fulfillment that goes into each piece of fiction, which is why I've always limited myself to writing about normal people. I fear that, should I ever write about superheroes or something similar, I'll be too tempted to do what a million other people have done and make something completely lame like a crime fighting English teacher, who's super hot and has a shillelagh like penis.

Like many of the other arts I appreciate, the more eclectic a video game, the more I enjoy

playing it; there are a few mainstream video games that I enjoy, but I like the kind where the goals are completely ridiculous and make no sense whatsoever; for instance, touching mushrooms and killing turtles. Turtles have been a menace in our society for too long, especially the kind with chicken like heads who can also fly.

Mostly, I like the old games, the ones that go on forever without an end, only a score counter that resets if you fly too close to the sun. Games like balloon fight and donkey kong, where there's no way to win, just survive until you die. That's the kind of game I like to play, the one where the odds are stacked against the player. Some of my friends play online games like WOW, and I think it sucks that your player comes back to life when you die. I might be tempted to play an online game where, when you die, that's it, no second chance, you just fall to the ground and your corpse lays there for the picking.

A friend showed me a video game, about a year ago, where the game tells you what buttons to push as you fight battles, because your character has to perform certain acts in sequence. That takes all the fun out of mashing the buttons; it's bad enough that I'm willing to sit there like some bizarre psychology experiment, but to dictate my behavior as well. I cant stands no more.

I'm going to design a video game. In it, you'll play a mild mannered Joe Schlub who's stuck in a dead end job, sitting in a cubicle all day. The object of the game is to pick up whatever weapons you can find and slaughter as many people as you can before you die. Each time you die, you appear right back at that desk. I'll even throw in some incentives that will be next to impossible to reach; for instance, if you manage to kill one hundred people with a stapler, then you add a few extra pounds of muscle. The game will be completely free form, but it always starts at the desk; just to make sure that people kill, there will be a kill countdown timer, like they have in racing games. If you don't kill someone before the timer goes down, the game ends and the police come for you. Everything is a weapon and the only object is to survive and collect points. There is no way to win, just to be better than other players.

In the meantime, I'm going to fantasize about pushing around a Katamari and picking up paperclips.

Sex Mahoney for President

Perhaps it's just an urban legend that doctors suggest drinking eight glasses of water a day.

At various points in my life, I've tried drinking that much water and it just makes me piss clear liquid that is probably safe to drink and every bit as refreshing as fresh mul from the Poland Spring (Mul being Korean for water). Considering how much water is in the food we eat, I'm sure that one or two glasses neatly fills that quota without subjecting yourself to slow water poisoning like the woman who killed herself so her children could play Nintendo games.

If you're unfamiliar with the story, a radio station held a contest where they were giving away a Nintendo Wii to the contestant who could hold their urine the longest. The woman who won, died, from water poisoning. I know that they say parents will go to extreme lengths, even sacrificing their own lives for their children, but that kind of death is shameful at best. At the very least, the children's father has something to hold over his children for the rest of their lives whenever they make an unreasonable request.

In a way, the woman's death is oddly fitting, since, in American culture, one of the best ways for a woman to prove her love is to swallow various liquids. I know I shouldn't joke, but I think it's absolutely hilarious to think of a little eight year old, playing some version of a Mario video game and uncontrollably crying.

The mother didn't have to die to prove her love to her children; for just a few dollars, she could have bought them a candy heart and piece of cardstock with some sentimental crap written on it, as is the style on Valentine's Day.

Sometimes, I think I'm pretty fucked up, particularly when I'm sitting in a room full of people and I say or do something that makes everyone slowly move away from me, even when I know I haven't farted. I've always been tempted to openly fart on the first day of a new job, and then keep up the behavior until everyone in the office gets used to it, at which point I will have a free fart pass in the workplace; however, I'm too much of a coward to go through with it. It's things like that, and other sentiments, that drive other people away.

Still, there are other times when I feel like I'm the same as everybody else, particularly when I'm alone with another person and I get them to admit things to which they otherwise wouldn't.

A few years ago, I was watching some pornography when a friend and his girlfriend came over to smoke some pot; they barely made it through the blunt before the girl started bitching at her boyfriend to get her out of there as the double vaginal penetration was making her uncomfortable. I called her a pussy (neither of them appreciated the comment) and they left shortly thereafter; however, a few weeks later, I ran into the boyfriend and he thanked me for

exposing his girlfriend to pornography since, after seeing the video, his girlfriend, without being asked, started sucking on, and licking, his balls.

Sometimes I feel like I fit in, other times I feel like I'm some kind of degenerate scumbag.

Although many people would like to think that taking care of children with another person is the height of love, that's absolutely not true; teachers watch children for monetary compensation all the time. And even though there are those who think that sexual intercourse is the height of love, a prostitute most likely doesn't care about you anymore than a teacher loves your children.

At the beginning of a relationship, people are very cagey about the word love; if you don't believe me, take someone out on a date and tell them you love them before the appetizers arrive. After you've been together for awhile, telling your spouse that you love them loses all of its power and meaning, it becomes something that you say to cap off a sentence; for instance, when my wife tells me that my writing is sophomoric at best and that she couldn't respect someone who made a career as a professional writer, I tell her that I love her instead of calling her a foul succubus and giving her the evil eye; which is why it's nice that greeting card and chocolate companies have given the American public a day to remind everyone how important love is.

I mean, love is special, it's not like you can just go out and buy it for twenty bucks; to show someone you love them, you have to spend a lot more than that. If you figure that a blowjob and fifteen minutes of sex would cost one hundred dollars or more, you have to spend at least that much to show your spouse or significant other that you think more of them than you do the crack addicted prostitute you frequent, in the dumpster behind your office, on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Besides spending money, how can we show the people we love that we do love them? That's one question a selfless person might ask, but selfless people are pussies; that's why they're called doormats and we treat them like filth when they enter our lives.

When I said that sometimes I feel normal, especially when I'm alone with people and they reveal their baser urges, I implied that I am a base human being, and that's absolutely true. Every one of my seemingly kind actions is a carefully orchestrated tactic at breaking down your defenses and extracting, from you, what I really want. Perhaps I lend a shoulder, on which to cry, to a buxom young lass; all the better to see down her shirt. You gentlemen, who read this blog, if you're alone, know full well what I mean. The problem with most people is that they're unwilling to admit their selfishness in mixed company, which is why I feel so comfortable with people one on one, when they're more likely to reveal their inner degenerate.

The best way to show someone you love them is just to respect them and, as much as possible, let them have dominion over as much as they can. In a relationship, bossing someone around is the worst thing you can do; however, to show someone how much independence they have takes more than just one day, so Valentine's Day is entirely useless as far as love is concerned. Sure, you could undertake all kinds of empty gestures, but why not leave that for greasy Italian men who drive IROQ-Zs, wear colognes with exotic names like "Eau du Pig Nuts," and beat their wives. Showing someone that you love them requires years of patience and hard work as you fight every urge in your body to bludgeon your spouse, weigh down their feet, and dump them in a large body of water.

The real reason that everyone loves Valentine's Day is the candy; there's no better excuse to eat an entire box of cherry cordials than to tell yourself that you have to because they were a gift. Now that the curtain has been lifted, the Great and Powerful Oz revealed, let's stop bullshitting ourselves and eat candy whenever we want. We are grownups after all. So fills your soon to be diabetic veins with as much processed sugar and coco extract as you can manage, medical science will fix the problem soon enough; but if your doctor tells you to drink eight glasses of water a day, you have my permission to urinate on them.

Sex Mahoney for President

What a glorious weekend.

Thursday was my last day of work; the other teachers got a cake and some flowers.

I've never cared for flowers myself, sure they look nice, but there's no way to keep flowers alive, just postpone their death. If it weren't for the pretty colors people would go along with this kind of craziness; imagine if, to show my love or gratitude, I gave someone a fresh raccoon carcass, I hardly think it would be as warmly received as a dozen roses.

I have no problem with giving people plants; I like giving people plants. Plants are alive and, with tender care, will continue to live for a long time, but when you give someone flowers you're giving them a corpse and asking them to display it in their home while it slowly decomposes.

I could understand it if you grew the flowers yourself, or a friend grew them in their garden, but most people buy flowers from a florist; in that case, they're like expensive greeting cards and you wouldn't want to be one of those sick people who hangs onto greeting cards, would you?

So we kept the flowers for one night and then threw them away the next morning.

In typical Korean style, the last person I saw before I left the school called my wife while I was riding my bike home, a bouquet of flowers in hand, to tell her that they had a present for me and that she had missed me as I was leaving. I'm not sure how she missed me; this woman walked me to the door and gave me a hug as I left.

On my last day, some of the students gave me chocolates or wrote me letter about how I'm the best teacher they've ever had and they want me to come back to Korea so I can teach them more English. A surprising number said that they used to hate English until they had me as a teacher. I never knew that there were so many delusional children in Korea.

I don't know if I'm a good teacher or not; most of the time I don't bother planning a class before I go and teach. When I'm typing at home I put on some music, close my eyes and let the words come out as fast as my hands can type them; that's how it feels when I'm teaching. I stand in front of the class and I start talking, sometimes I've got the feeling and I can explain anything to them, and other times I couldn't tell them how to turn on a light switch.

What better way to say goodbye to all of that than to get stinking drunk.

I wanted to go to a Noraebong (Karaoke Room) on my last day of work, so I had to get completely shit faced because there's very little else that will compel me to sing in front of strangers. We started the night with a power hour (a shot of beer every minute for sixty minutes) then we went to Keomi Ba (Spider Bar) for Maekju (beer) and soju cocktail (soju cocktail). By the time we left Spider Bar, I was so drunk I thought I was really funny, charming as hell, and a halfway decent singer. No matter how drunk I get, I know I can't sing, but when I get drunk enough, I don't particularly care how bad I sound singing "Heaven is a Place on Earth."

There's a lot of things I'm going to miss about Korea, but drinking isn't one of them. Sure,

alcohol is all right, but I'm not its biggest fan. I like drugs that get you fucked up quick and maintain a semi-constant level of inebriation until they wear off. I don't like the energy and work that goes into drinking.

The strangest thing about drinking is all the getting together people do for it. There are some times when a fella just wants to have a seat at a bar so he can get shit faced and feel sorry for himself; there's no reason why a guy like that should be bothered with 21 year-old girls who are out doing body shots with their sorority sisters or non-threatening homosexual friends.

Two weeks from now I'll be stoned that my own mother wouldn't recognize me.

Sex Mahoney for President

There are several things for which I am thankful.

It takes a truly selfish mind to look around at all the grandeur and magnificence in our world and fail to see all of the public, and personal, phenomena that make each one of the six billion of us individually lucky.

I've been blessed with reasonably good looks; certainly, I'm no David Hodo, but I don't have any major facial scars, blemishes, or deformities and only a small number of women and children run screaming when I walk down the street.

I am thankful that I am a man.

Apart from standing up to pee, there are many benefits to being a man that are not readily apparent to the casual observer.

It's nice to walk around with a penis, sure the vagina has the comfort level because a dick can uncomfortably rub between your thighs when you're walking around on humid days, but there are an infinite number of uses for a penis that you might not realize unless you have one. For instance, let's say you are walking down the street and see a crowd of nuns around an axe wielding paranoid schizophrenic nymphomaniac; sure, the nuns could use their crucifixes or rosary beads to temporarily alleviate the situation, but only a penis or a very large piece of produce, like a watermelon, can solve the problem.

Mostly, I don't like people bothering me.

In the same way that people generally don't bother someone walking around with a firearm, most people won't bother someone with a penis; however, if you've got a pair of tits, forget about it. Men know that there's nothing women love more than being ogled, bothered, chatted up, and insulted because of the random accident of their genetics. I'm glad that I'm not a woman; I don't like to be bothered.

It used to be safer, but times are changing.

The homosexual menace, like an army, is spreading all over the world; if we don't stop it now, there will soon be nothing left.

There are people out there who say that homosexuality is not dangerous, but men know what's going through a man's mind when a man is hitting on a sexually desirous target. In the best-case scenario, the predatory male is thinking about several different ways to engage their mark in degrading sex; in the worst-case scenario, there will be lengthy cycles of domestic violence, cuckoldry, and financial parasitism. Straight men have had a corner on this market for years, and now that their own shenanigans are coming back to haunt them, there's no telling what this would do to the dating world.

Ever since the days of Christopher Columbus and Captain James Cook, men have wanted to explore the unknown; no matter how safe and cuddly the unknown is, if no one has ever been there before, it automatically makes a big man of the first person to visit those virgin shores. Back when I was dating a virgin, she honestly believed that my two inch penis was the largest one ever recorded; unfortunately, she cheated on me with the starting lineup for the New York

Knickerbockers Basketball Team and found out the truth, but until then, she looked at me like I had taken her to the moon and given her a hunk of green, lunar cheese.

America built up its international reputation because it went to the moon, something no other nation on earth had ever done. Ever since 1972, America had worked its heart out to ensure that no other nation could penetrate that space hymen and land on the lunar surface. Once someone else gets up there, they're going to realize that it's nothing special and all it really takes is enough time and money, just like getting a virgin into bed. The moon is indifferent; plenty of space debris has bombarded its surface over the years, and the American missions made a dent, but they weren't big enough to leave a real mark. Sure, the moon was kind and said that our modules were very big, but there was a wink in her eye as she said it and those of us who know understood what she meant.

Sure, the men who have sex with virgins know that their small penises are nothing special, but the virgin's naïve enthusiasm is enough to assist their willful blindness, which is assisted by avoiding all thoughts of other dicks, staring straight down when they go to the bathroom, and watching lesbian-only pornography. When gay men start mixing with straight men, those straight men, who medicated themselves with unskilled, inexperienced women, will learn that all it takes to do a good bit of plowing is the right tool and, while their tools might be nice for a small garden, there's people out there who can harrow a whole field in the time it takes others to turn over a window box.

If gay men are not stopped, they will remove the social cataracts from male eyes and expose honest, god-fearing, wife beating, beer-swilling straight men to the same degradation women learn to expect when they develop breasts.

I'm not worried about gay men; I'm comfortable enough in my sexuality to know that, should religious conservatives prove correct about the spread of homosexuality as the apocalypse approaches, there will be plenty of available, lonely women who have been abandoned by weak willed, highly suggestible former heterosexual men, which is just one more reason that I'm glad that I'm a man.

Mostly, I'm glad that I'm a man because I'm a terrible liar. I hate liars and lying to people, so I know that, if I were a woman, I wouldn't be able to look into my lover's drunken eyes, as I caress his bloated, sweaty, hairy torso, with his meager puddle of semen drying on my stomach and the shriveled remains of a once unimpressive erection disintegrating on my thigh, and say: "That was wonderful." Luckily, I'm a man, and there are women who are nice enough to say that to me.

Sex Mahoney for President

In Korea, they have sexy bars.

I don't mean that the establishments are shaped like male and female genitalia, but there are women in the bar who will sit next to you and talk to you while you get plastered on over priced drinks. I don't know if the women will screw you for dollars, my wife seems to think that it's cheating to sleep with a prostitute. Man, her parents must have screwed her up.

The women were pretty sexy, except one of them had a pre-teen daughter in the backroom that she would abandon to sit next to male patrons.

My wife and I are in Seoul for the evening because we're taking a tour of the DMZ tomorrow and we have to be at the bus departure sight very early. Luckily, PC Bangs are 24 hours so I'm sitting here typing a blog I would have neglected otherwise.

We started our night at an Nepalese restaurant where I had a lovely meal of garlic nan, mutton do piazza, chicken mahkani, and basmati rice. You never appreciate long grain rice until you're in a country that prides itself on its short grain.

After stuffing ourselves silly at the Nepalese place, we took a train to the Seoul neighborhood of Itaewon and had a nice bowl of shisa tobacco from a hookah bar. I forgot how nice it is to smoke a hookah, and I look forward to indulging in my hookah when we get home. Unfortunately, I'm not sure if I still have a hookah waiting for me.

I'm a pack rat. Over th years, I have accumulated a lot of crap and when we left for Korea, we had to throw away much of it. For about two months after I left the states, I didn't realize why I felt so liberated here until I realized that I had given up a good portion of my worldly possession, and without hitting rock bottom. I always figured that I would, one day, lose all my things, but I figured I'd probably be sucking dick in truck stop restrooms to support my LSD habit at that point.

We left the hookah bar at about midnight, and we still had seven hours before we have to meet the bus, so we paid a homeless guy two dollars to take us to a pool hall. I don't mind giving money to the homeless so long as they providee a service in return. The homeless guy took us to the sexy bar, and that's where we were six paragraphs ago.

There's a guy playing a game on the PC next to me. Every few minutes I hear "Yeah" "Start" "Jump Shot" "Yo man is that all you got?" "Sorry." "Nice Assist" and other various slogans. It's very edgy cute and in your face family friendly.

I'm tentatively excited about visiting the Joint Security Area in a few hours. On one hand, I've never been so close to a communist country before; on the other hand, I have to wear pants.

Sex Mahoney for President

The easier it is to accomplish a task, the longer you should wait to do it.

Take Congressional investigations into political mismanagement (a sexy topic if there ever was one).

Why bother investigating a crime right away when we can wait several years until all of the interested parties have moved on to other schemes and felonies and any attempt at justice is about as relevant as rational argument in George W Bush's drawing room?

Hopefully, when I someday murder someone, by the time the police figure out that I'm the most likely suspect it will be several years later and I'll have had a few good Halloween's out of my dried hobo-skin mask.

When I was working, it was much easier to get the blog written every day because I had nothing else to do at work; now that I'm home all the time, there's all kinds of meaningless tasks that require my attention. Do you know how much dirt can accumulate on your window sill when you're not watching it carefully?..

For a writer, there's no better, or more satisfying, activity than not writing, which is why I have to stay on top of myself to keep producing or I'd slack off quicker than a Japanese handjob parlor two days after Valentine's. I'm not particularly lazy, but if your wife slept during the day, you'd be busy masturbating too.

When I have a simple task, like writing some fluff, I can't put it off long enough, but when it's something arduous like linking writing to Japanese handjobs, I can't get too it fast enough. It makes me wonder how many other people have this problem. I see evidence of it all the time in every walk of life. When the United States runs into international trouble in a quagmire of a war, people can't wait to sink their hands, and opinions, into the problem, but when it comes to voting, most of us can't be bothered. I've worked plenty of jobs where customers would come only to hang cloves of garlic and salt the earth upon which the establishment sat while upper level management was busy holding meetings to determine exactly how much dried coffee the employees should be allowed to put into the average pot. It may seem like small potatoes to you, but I'll bet you haven't read the cost accounting reports on the virtues of single serving packets versus wholesale, hundred pound drums of chock full o'nuts; I haven't read them either, but if you give me an assignment to write something simple, I'm sure I'll find the impetus to do it.

Someday, super intelligent apes from the future will give their baby to a circus trainer that looks a lot like Ricardo Montalban, and that baby will grow up to lead an ape revolution that overthrows human civilization and paves the way for Paul Williams to get acting jobs again, but until that time, we have to worry about the here and now.

The biggest problem facing the world today is that people are slowly losing their sense of humor, and now is when we need to laugh more than ever.

It seems like a simple thing, working on your sense of humor, and it is, which is exactly why people have been putting it off for so long that it has become a problem.

We've forgotten how to laugh at ourselves.

Back in the old days, it was easy to make fun of all kinds of other people, because most of us would never run afoul of an Irishman, but we're living in a new world where you just might be sitting in a bar behind a priest, a rabbi, and a nymphomaniac narcoleptic at the exact moment you remember a particularly witty bon mot you read in Playboy's party jokes. The easy solution is to make fun of yourself as much as possible, so that when you hear something off color, it doesn't offend you the way that it used to before you read this blog and started doing humor exercises.

If you're not willing to laugh at your own foibles, then you have no right to laugh at anyone else. You know that old saying, "If you love something, let it go, if it comes back kill it"? The people closest to you are the perfect target for practical jokes whether it's putting on your most ill fitting pair of jeans and doing some plumbing work during your 16 year-old daughter's sleepover or tripping your pregnant wife on an escalator. If you can't hurt the people you love, for a laugh, then why should anyone take you seriously when you try to poke fun at former secretary of the Navy Edwin C. Denby, the prophet Mohammed, or the starting line up of the 1978 New York Giants.

Look, I know it's hard, and your family might not appreciate your new found tricksterism, but they'll thank you for it in the long run. The only thing that keeps people from laughing at themselves is the bizarre belief that they are the only person suffering from whatever abnormality they've inadvertently exposed to a stranger. Everybody gets a little shit in their undies, puts a finger in their nose, or tries to steal a wallet from an old woman with cataracts and alzheimer's from time to time; the sooner you can laugh at yourself for your foibles, the sooner we can all start making fun of those bastard goody two-shoes who are decent human beings and make life miserable for everyone.

In the meantime, the lightbulb in my room just burned out, if you need me, I'll be outside putting an end to world hunger.

Sex Mahoney for President

You need to think for yourself.

I hear people say that all the time. When I tell religious people that their hokey religions are based on ancient propaganda, they say that I need to think for myself, and ignore those secular humanists that want to destroy America. When I tell secular humanists that they need to be patient with religious people, they tell me that I need to think for myself and ignore the religious types who are destroying America.

The only thing they seem to agree on is that America is being destroyed and that someone is responsible for it.

I've read a lot of ancient writers, lots of modern ones, too, the biggest theme in all of literature is that we started out in paradise and are currently in a state of decomposition. The whole thing works as a great metaphor for life and childhood, but that's not important for people who tell you to think for yourself, because "think for yourself" really means "think like me."

Thinking is hard work, and it takes a lot of practice to get to a point where you can think for yourself, but it's not appropriate in all situations. If a man in full body armor comes running toward me, with an army of zombies chasing him, and says, "Come with me if you want to live" I'm inclined to trust him. If I went skydiving, my rudimentary understanding of aerodynamics and physics might conflict with my need to ask questions and do things that people tell me not to do, just because I was told not to do them. Sometimes, it's better not to think for yourself.

I know that religious people don't want me to think for myself, because they want me to live my life the way an old, and very outdated, book tells me. I know that secular humanists don't want me to think for myself because when I show them the pictures I took of their wives and daughters, in compromising positions, they get all bent out of shape. The two groups are very similar in their sanctimoniousness.

Look, everyone loves to be right. If you're not married, then you have some inkling as to what it's like, but my wedded readers will know that, in matrimony, it's a battle to be right. If you're the lucky partner who is right all the time, then you don't have anything to worry about, but if you're the husband, then it really sucks, constantly being told how wrong you are. You start to think about a meek, Japanese wife who will feed you warm sake and walk behind you, but that's a copout; you can find doormats everywhere, it's just a matter of hanging out in the Romance section of your nearest bookstore for a few hours.

A lot of these Religious and Secular types like to pick up these doormats and tell them what to think, but they wrongly assume that the other side, by telling these people what to think, is

stifling their self thinking ability; nothing could be further from the truth. When a doormat chooses to listen to a particular authority, they're thinking for themselves. You have a person who doesn't know an answer and turns to someone they trust to guide them. There's nothing wrong with that, bad teachers have suckered plenty of people, just ask my students.

I'm not a big doormat fan. Sure, you win all the time with a doormat, but there's no challenge there. When my wife and I get into an argument, I only win 10 to 15% of the time, and while it might seem like that's a raw deal, victory tastes much better when you have to work for it. Sure, you can get a blowjob from that tranny that hangs out in your local bar, but it'll suck off anybody; however, when you get to give the minister's daughter an anal creampie, that's something worth bragging about.

"Think for yourself" is a fine slogan like "Do Unto Others" and "Thou Shalt Not Kill" and "School Zone: Speed Limit 25" that doesn't really work out in practical applications; if I think I can get away with it, I'm going to take an extra penny from the take a penny tray, I kill something every time I sit down to eat meat, and I drunken drag race in school zones because one of my dreams is eating school child chops. The problem is not with the phrase "Think for yourself" but the interpretation; think for yourself and don't bother other people.

Opinion, religion and farts, the only people to whom they taste good are the ones who birthed them.

Sex Mahoney for President

I've got nothing today. I feel drained and uninspired; those of you looking for entertainment or interesting debate are shit out of luck; so, I include this warning so you can skip this and move on to anything more important like the copy of "War and Peace" whose uncracked spine sits on your shelf waiting for someone to dog-ear it, the daily jumble in your local newspaper, or the ingredients, directions and warnings on the back of your preferred brand of shampoo.

Many people (and by that I mean none) want to know why I want to be president, of what I want to be president, and what I would do if I became president.

I have no real desire to lead, but sometimes you have to sacrifice yourself to the greater good, no matter how much harm is caused in the meantime (just like poor Leto the Worm).

I want to be president because many people in my life have told me that I can never be president... that my past is too checkered; however, the right kind of publicity and mafia style media suppression can hide any crime, and mine aren't even all that great; besides, the police were never able to prove that I killed that prostitute; if my lawyers say that I was trying to pull the knife out of her when the 4th graders on a field trip entered the room, then that's what really happened.

Who wouldn't want to be president? It's just like being a movie star, only you do a lot less work; sure you get paid less to compensate, but movie stars don't have huge corporations offering them pretty "consulting" jobs after their time in office expires. The best part about being president is having the power to put the country on nuclear alert and then immediately call it off. If George Bush can change laws passed by a separate government body through signing statements and that's not abuse of power, then I don't think anyone will mind if, during my term of office, I prank call NORAD at 3 in the morning to fuck with them about our nuclear preparedness.

Of course, if you've read this far (and didn't listen to my warning, so it's your own fault), then you realize that I want to be president of the US. I thought about becoming the president of several other countries, but no matter how much I experimented in college I have no interest in being a queen (sorry UK) and there's no appeal in being a prime minister, that sounds like something you order off the early bird menu at a Floridian restaurant.

The United States is a fine country of which to be president, because, despite its corpulence, it still represents a new world for humanity, where there's still plenty of room to advance and

improve. You don't really get a sense of how special America is until you travel to countries that are crowded as all get out; America, Australia, Russia, these are all excellent places where people still possess that frontier spirit that makes humanity great (and bloodthirsty at the same time), but only one of them has a president; so, I want to be president of the US.

Unlike many presidents in the past, I would radically change the course of the country.

My first order of business would be to disband the secret service and tear down the gates outside the white house; you can't be the democratically elected leader of a country and serve that country as an elected representative if ordinary citizens can't access you without tremendous effort. The president is the leader of the people, he needs to get out among the people; the more removed the president becomes, the less they can serve the best interests of the people who matter, the citizens.

Who cares if the president gets assassinated? Does it really matter what warm body sits in a round room while millions of people act out their daily lives and desires? Absolutely not. The fear of death might even get presidents to start acting ethically instead of torturing people because they know they're safe from the same fate. The whole concept of body guards, and security guards, and armies is a little too reminiscent of posses, and if there's one thing I can't stand, it's people who, upon being challenged, say: "Oh yeah, well I got, like, ten guys who got my back." If the President wants to start some shit with a foreign country, like Bush (either one) did with Saddam, then you get in the thunderdome and you don't come out until one of you is dead.

That also means that, as president, I would be available to reporters to do more than read prepared remarks. One of the things I can't stand about Bush is his inability to work off the cuff; whenever the man makes remarks that he has not prepared ahead of time, he sounds like an idiot at best... a smug idiot at worst. Clinton had a much better demeanor while improvising, but he seemed so slick that he could go swimming without getting wet. We've got to change all that, and elect someone who can speak like an intelligent human being without being evasive or moronic.

The next step is to begin dismantling the government from the bottom up, to strip it of all its power, deface its idols and wipe the slate clean so people can start again.

As cynical as I can sometimes be, I am filled with hope for the future. I know that humanity will go on to make me proud in ways I couldn't possibly imagine, and to disappoint me in the

same way it has for millennia. If I were president for just a little while, then maybe I could shake things up and make life interesting for a few folks before I'm assassinated.

Sex Mahoney for President

It's hard to be morally outraged when you have no morals.

Ever since I got back to the United States, I've been in rebound mode. Wherever I look, I see American things that are vastly inferior to their Korean counterparts, people are unusually ugly, and I have not seen one drunken, be-suited businessman riding a bicycle to work. It's not fair, not to America, not to the American people, and certainly not to all the delicious fried products I've eaten since I got back. There were lots of things that I missed while I was away, like real pizza, bagels, and butterscotch krimpets; as I soon as I was back in America I was all over them, consuming them in record numbers, but aware of my own desperation and loneliness the whole time.

It doesn't feel right.

It feels like Korea and I are on bad terms and America is the homely, fat chick I call when no one else is around after the bars close and then usher out of my house before the crack of dawn so no one ever finds out about my unsightly sexual encounter and the disturbing things I do with spatulas during foreplay.

Now, some people might say that I'm an inhuman monster for calling another country while Korea isn't paying attention, but... come on; the chance that Korea will ever find out is so small that I'm not worried. Sure, I look over my shoulder to make sure that no one is watching when I take a bite out of an American cheeseburger, drive around in my leased stretch Humvee, or have sex with a member of my immediate family but it's not that I'm ashamed of what I'm doing; I just don't want to hurt Korea like that. I like Korea, I really do, but a man has needs, and if Korea isn't going to be around to take care of those needs then I'm going to have to look for fulfillment somewhere else.

I don't mind cheating on America; we have a tawdry relationship and we use each other; it's mutually destructive. I don't want Korea to find out what I've done because I love Korea and you don't cheat on the people or things you love. You think I just go down to the park and ask some stranger to give me a push on the swings, or hop on the teeter totter with me? That's something I reserve for my brother. I won't go into some strange woman's house and ask her about her job and friends while she cooks me a meal; that's my mother's gig. I won't sit in a small room and let an older man touch my genitals, because... well, I don't really go to church anymore.

I've thought about cheating on my wife. It doesn't make any sense. Sure, there are plenty of things that would be nice about sleeping with someone else, but there's no way they're worth it. It took a good long time to train my wife so she's just how I likes her, sometimes she'll have an accident in the house, but she's pretty good all around. Before I was married, I dated this girl who liked a really bizarre sexual practice, but we were together long enough that it became commonplace and I didn't think about it after awhile; however, after we split up, and I started seeing someone else, she ran screaming for the hills, reeking of panda semen and covered in ground rosemary, the first time I whipped out that particular fetish.

I think I have a pretty good wife, as far as wives go; my wife is never on my case about cleaning up after myself, she never gives me grief about hanging out with the guys, and she never gives me the cold shoulder when I want to get down; on the other hand, I constantly have to clean up after my wife, she's always out to all hours hanging out with the guys (she never calls when she's going to be late), and she needs to learn that no means no; otherwise, she's fantastic.

There are plenty of areas where my wife and I disagree, but we're in sync for most of the big ones. I don't want kids, she doesn't want kids; I like large breasts, she's got large breasts; I want to buy a farm in Thailand and grow enough marijuana to smoke myself to death, she... she's got really big breasts.

Of course, there are plenty of things I can't stand about my wife... well, actually only one, but it's well within her power to rectify the problem. My wife is a gum chewer, a gum chewer of the worst kind; the kind of gum chewer that chews with their mouth open. I can sleep through heavy industrial construction and a solid hour of my alarm clock's ring, but the sound of my wife smacking on her gum like some kind of slack jawed yokel makes me want to shove all kinds of painful objects into every one of her orifices and then cement them in place with vats of boiling glue. Other than that, I love my wife.

The best thing about my wife is that she's been with the company for a while, she's tested her mettle in battle, and even been promoted from workaday girlfriend to full on confidant and friend. I can spend a long time hanging out with my wife... talking, and not want to kill her. That may not seem like much to you (if you're a woman), but if you're a man, you know that there's a world of difference between putting your dick in someone's mouth and enjoying their company enough to have a conversation with them. I'm sure that one of the reasons oral sex was invented was one partner looking for a way to shut up a really hot, but unpleasant, person. You don't need to hear Stanley Kowalski's book of short poetry when you can just shove his face in your cunt and pretend he's Pierre Joule Cesar Jansen.

Korea was a real test for my marriage. We spent the entire time in one small room with only a laptop computer for entertainment. Most of the time, everything was fine, but there are only so many times you can watch the Horse Racing/Murderous Trolls episode of the Simpsons before it gets old. Once we got back to America, and moved into a house with more than one room, my wife and I spent most of our time ignoring each other. Occasionally, we would call to one another in the next room, if we saw something funny or laid a really potent fart, but we were content to stay the hell away from each other; we even slept in separate beds. It doesn't seem very romantic and it's a hell of a lot less erotic than having a hot twenty-year-old mistress who's only hooking to put herself through business school, but that's the way love should be.

When I was living in Korea, I couldn't get my hands on a lot of American foods, so when I got home I went to town on all the things I couldn't have during my semi-voluntary exile; in the end, all I had to show for it was a toilet bowl brimming over with butterscotch krimpets shaped turds. I'm married, so I can't get my hands on any other women, but I

imagine that they wouldn't end up any better than the Tastykake snacks. It took four flushes and thirty minutes of waiting to get the toilet to take the krimpets, I can't imagine how long it would take to flush an entire, hot 20-year-old. My wife is like a sleek, fresh turd that slips out without any pushing or pain and goes down the toilet in one flush.

I'm sorry for gushing, but I'm an old fashioned romantic.

Sex Mahoney for President

Anyway you want it, that's the way you need it

There's a lot of bad art in the world; if you don't believe me, turn on your television between the hours of now and forever.

As many of you know, I recently came back to America after an extended period out of the country; on my first day back, I was watching television with my mother. Other than the media I downloaded, I haven't seen television in about a year; we didn't have a TV in Korea. In retrospect, I should have prepared myself for the event by ingesting a lot of drugs.

I'm not saying that television is bad, I'm sure there is a lot of material that is interesting to all sorts of folks; otherwise, it wouldn't be on the air. Everybody knows that television shows and presidents require the support of an audience; otherwise they wouldn't be in the white house or on television. Still, how much of an audience is needed to justify keeping something in existence? Only 50 people read this blog, or at least subscribe to it, that's far less than the number of people who watch even crappy television (like "Judge Joe Brown") although more than the number of people who support the current president. I'm still writing, Bush is still in office.

I know why I keep writing; my overhead is really low. Internet access costs \$30 a month, the computer requires about \$10 worth of electricity, my time is completely free, and it only takes .02 cents worth of toilet paper to clean up after myself. I can't tell you why the president is still in the white house; he costs a lot more money than I do.

I can't tell you why television is so bad. The whole thing is mystery.

The thing is, cable television costs \$44 and change for a month of services, or about 6 cents a minute; that's all well and good if we're talking about international calling rates, but television should be a lot cheaper. I blame you. Not you in particular, but the royal you, so you in general.

Right now, it's about five in the morning and there is an evangelical Christian mother of seven children watching television and writing a letter about all the things that offend her on the Food Network. This woman and people like her are largely responsible for television programming because they take the time to write letters to advertisers and broadcasters to let them know when something displeases them; they're like the douche bags who send back runny eggs at the Waffle House as if they expect five star service from a restaurant that was founded on the principle of serving expired horse meat to southerners.

If, right now, everyone who reads this blog wrote a letter to their local cable provider, telling them how much you enjoyed the hardcore pornography you just saw on Nickelodeon and asking them to show more, within a week Nickelodeon would be off the air and then I wouldn't have to watch Dora the fucking Explorer ever again. Not that I

ever have watched Dora the Explorer, but I like anything that makes small children unhappy.

Sure, the personal computer and the internet are great inventions, but they're very limited in their porn delivery; we need to expand all our electrical appliances to include scenes of graphic, hardcore penetration if we're ever going to end war, or at least the war on boredom. Why bother having telephones that ring when no one uses landlines anymore? Instead of playing a recording of what telephones used to sound like when they rang, the public interest would be better served by playing sound effects from people getting fucked. There's no reason why all that empty space on your microwave should light up just so you can look at your food; people should be able to slip various slides of fornication in there. I already did it to my microwave and it was great; I had to remove the screen in order to get the picture to stay in there and I can't see so well anymore because of the tumor growing out of my eyeball, but it was pretty sweet while it lasted.

Look, it's not that I don't respect television actors because they're acting on television; I don't respect actors in general. Anyone can pretend, it's not very hard to do. It's hard to make people laugh, so unless actors are making people laugh, then they need to do something to catch my interest and the only thing I'm interested in is seeing hardcore pornography on broadcast television. I don't even care if they're attractive; I remember the 80s and 90s, I can watch ugly people fucking and be just as engrossed. If Ellen Pompeo took Patrick Dempsey and Isaiah Washington in her ass and pussy, I'd spend an hour watching Grey's Anatomy every week; however, even if it's only staring into a floor mirror so I can see how many fish sticks I can comfortably stick in my own ass, I'd rather do just about anything than watch television. If you're going to suck, then you have to give the audience something to mitigate the time they wasted watching your interpretive dance that represents the 11:59 PM April 15th line at the post office; that's why Jethro Tull plays all their old hits in concert and ducks behind amplifiers to dodge flying beer bottles when they play songs from their new record.

On the plus side, since I've been gone MTV has a new show in which they document a young girl's 16th birthday party, usually in California. Now, you might not have known this, but the age of consent in California is 16 years old; currently, I'm downloading back episodes of the show so I have something to do during my west coast vacation. The best part is that it's perfectly legal to have sex with a 16-year-old even if it's illegal to document it on film or video; so, in the meantime, just close your eyes and picture me having sex with a 16-year-old girl, it's what I've been doing all day.

Sex Mahoney for President

Nostalgia is a beautiful thing; through the kind eyes of a bad memory, even the most painful moments seem warm and fuzzy.

Advertisers and marketers jump all over that kind of nonsense, promising that their brand of beer, duvet covers, or hemorrhoid cream will take you back to the wonderful days of yore when men were men, women were slaves, and homosexuals something that only existed in the dark corners of the most twisted imagination. Depending on how deluded a person can be, the more pleasant the past must seem and the present even more deplorable.

I can understand that kind of thinking. When I look back on my time in high school or university, it seems as if life was so much simpler and things made a lot more sense; however, when I remember that I'm looking back at solitary events in a chain, they seem to make more sense now that I know what led to them and what resulted from them; at the time, they seemed just as frightening as do all moments in the present.

It's easy to forget that the past was once the present and just as frightening. Some people get lost in the past and assume that, because they can filter their memories to weed out all the bad times, the present is somehow a degraded version of an idyllic past.

The thing about the past is that it's impossible to revisit, except in the hallways of your personal memory mansions where, just like walking through an old house, besides the ornate woodwork and antique furniture, there are rats in the walls, the hot water only lasts for five minutes a day, and, at night, the whole thing creaks like your grandmother's vagina.

Adults have a peculiar kind of blindness that doesn't affect children; it's understandable because children don't look through their memories at such a distance, but at the same time there's a certain amount of will involved in overlooking the bad times. Sure, it's nice to think about the time that you stood up to the school bully, but it's a lot easier to forget the other ninety-nine times that said bully kicked your ass and made you eat handfuls of dirt.

The past is easy because it doesn't really exist. We'd all like to believe that we are free to act as we please, but the truth is that we make our decisions at particular moments in time, under specific circumstances and that our actions are defined both by our ability to reason and choose and by the constraining factors of time and the preceding chain of events. We like to think we are free because, just like that willful blindness, we don't like to think about the rats in the walls. None of us would like to admit that we act within the laws of time just like we jump within the boundaries of gravity. When we act, we commit our actions for the ages because an act, once executed, can never be taken back; it's the reason why you slept with the attractive model, who got drunk enough to say yes one long ago evening, in the living room of your apartment even though your girlfriend, wife, or significant other was asleep in the next room and the reason why you told the homely girl, who was so in love with you that she would wash your clothes in the tears she cried

over your rejection, that it was all right to have fun for now, but you weren't ready to commit to a long term relationship or be seen with her in public.

We make the decisions that we think are best at the time we are forced to make them. There's nothing wrong in making mistakes, or making that homely girl leave early in the morning so no one sees her leave your apartment, just so long as you remember that there are consequences for your actions, which is why, after sleeping with the model, it burned when you peed and why the homely girl, who decided to stop taking her medication as per your advice, burned down your house and ate your family pets.

Even the most cloistered monk experiences life as a never-ending series of events and choices in a world that is constantly changing. At any moment, one of us could walk in front of a bus or get crushed in some kind of fruit related tragedy and each minute that we're alive becomes a series of terrifying bushes with death. Oddly enough, it makes most people a lot more conservative as they get older, and own more crap, when it should make more people completely reckless because they've managed to survive so long.

We spend so much time being afraid of the future and the present that we fill our time talking about things that have already happened and repeating them to as many people as will sit through our boring stories. Eventually, if you live long enough, parents punish their small children by sitting them near you and sentencing them to listen to your demented, disjointed ramblings about people who are long dead and cultural phenomena that are no longer relevant.

There are some who say that old folks should remain active, look toward the future, and continue to live their lives as productive members of society. There's nothing more odious, or further from the truth.

I can't wait until I'm an old man. I'm going to hang out in supermarkets and libraries all day, telling people about the time I escorted Bolivian princesses on donkeys through the Swiss Alps to escape Nazi oppression, and I'm going to fart indiscriminately in movie theaters and funeral homes. I'm going to make sexually suggestive comments and gestures to girls who will cringe at the sight of my desiccated corpse, numerous liver spots, and chemically induced old man boner. I'm going to vote for politicians who will rape and despoil the earth so I can save fractions of a cent on the medicines that keep me alive after a lifetime of smoking.

What old folks seem to forget is that they're not dead so long as they still have energy to make life miserable for a lot of young people; instead, they spend so much time reminiscing about the past and revisiting their past glory that they neglect their present responsibilities. Someone needs to scare young children with an overgrown lawn and lots of diseased, irascible pets; someone has to keep baseballs and other sports equipment that accidentally goes over the fence; most of all, someone has to slowly descend into blindness and dementia so that every time they get behind the wheel they are a danger to themselves and everyone in a fifty mile radius.

If people start living in the present, if they remember that they're still alive, then they might forget about that imaginary place called the past, they might start treating each other like we're all in this together, that we're going to have to get along in the future, and that none of us prospers should the least of us suffer. If something like that happens, then humanity is facing the greatest disaster its ever known because we won't need politicians, priests, and advertisers to tell us that the past of our memory, the one that's all warm and fuzzy and no where near as frightening as the present, can be ours again so long as we kill a few dark skinned people, donate 10% of our gross income to the church's "Rape the Children" fund, or buy several metric tons of strawberry scented douche... like the kind your mother used to buy. If that kind of disaster should occur, then you should immediately take your family, along with as much canned food and ammunition as you can handle, and head for the secret bunker you built to withstand a zombie attack.

What... you don't have a secret bunker stocked with automatic weapons and survival equipment? Fucking commie. Who do you expect to protect you when society collapses? The government? That's the kind of dangerous thinking that will get your flesh devoured.

Living in the past is all well and good, for some people, but it can turn into a loop, where people ignore the present, forget what's around them, and turn into human shells; even that is understandable. Life is very long and it can really wear people down; imagine living for one hundred years and watching every one of your friends and family die while you turn into a semi-conscious lump. The past, nostalgia, is very inviting, but it gets old real fast, and the more you try to elicit those memories, the weaker they get. Spend too much time, living off a memory and eventually it means nothing at all.

As long as there are new breasts in the world, I will always have something to live for. Should the day ever come when I have seen every tit in the world, then I can die a happy man.

Hemorrhoid

I am a sick man.

As a child I contracted many strange diseases that should have killed me long before I reached maturity, but, thanks to modern medicine, I survived to become a cancer on society.

I am the sum total of millions of years of evolution and a complete drain on the species. I want no children, I hate to work, and my dream is to retire to a farm where I can smoke marijuana and wear white pants all year round.

None of the education I received has done any practical good, and I could, with the money I spent on university, rent several large construction vehicles that I could use to demolish a significant portion of a small town (it's not that I wish anyone harm, I just always wanted to be Godzilla and driving a backhoe through a series of small suburban homes is as close as I'll ever get).

My illness is not that I want to smash things, everybody wants to smash things; smashing things can be a lot of fun. If you don't believe me, smash the next thing someone hands you, no matter what it is. Some of you will have fun breaking dishes and glasses, but perhaps some of you will be rewarded with something fun like a turkey or a new born infant.

I can't tell if other people share my illness because it doesn't have the helpful lesions and warts that go along with a user-friendly disease like herpes, or genital warts. The hardest part is that I feel that I suffer alone, when I know that there must be people out there who share my affliction.

The problem is that I've lost all perspective, and I can't tell if I'm sick because of the way things are around me, or if my behavior is normal, and everyone else is crazy. There are certain words and phrases that make logical sense, but that should never have been used to create ideas. In the end, the two will blur together completely and I'll spend the rest of my life watching to make sure the squirrels don't band together and start the revolution. I can already see them watching me, and I know what they are thinking. The next time you look at a squirrel, remember that they would kill you and everyone you know without blinking an eye.

Even worse is that I've been sick for so long that I can't remember what it was like before I was sick, or if there ever was a time before the illness. It seems like there should have been, but part of it might be my memory being too hopeful. When I meet children today, I can't believe that any of them could be sick.

Make a joke and I will sigh

Nostalgia is a beautiful thing; through the kind eyes of a bad memory, even the most painful moments seem warm and fuzzy.

Advertisers and marketers jump all over that kind of nonsense, promising that their brand of beer, duvet covers, or hemorrhoid cream will take you back to the wonderful days of yore when men were men, women were slaves, and homosexuals something that only existed in the dark corners of the most twisted imagination. Depending on how deluded a person can be, the more pleasant the past must seem and the present even more deplorable.

I can understand that kind of thinking. When I look back on my time in high school or university, it seems as if life was so much simpler and things made a lot more sense; however, when I remember that I'm looking back at solitary events in a chain, they seem to make more sense now that I know what led to them and what resulted from them; at the time, they seemed just as frightening as do all moments in the present.

It's easy to forget that the past was once the present and just as frightening. Some people get lost in the past and assume that, because they can filter their memories to weed out all the bad times, the present is somehow a degraded version of an idyllic past.

The thing about the past is that it's impossible to revisit, except in the hallways of your personal memory mansions where, just like walking through an old house, besides the ornate woodwork and antique furniture, there are rats in the walls, the hot water only lasts for five minutes a day, and, at night, the whole thing creaks like your grandmother's vagina.

Adults have a peculiar kind of blindness that doesn't affect children; it's understandable because children don't look through their memories at such a distance, but at the same time there's a certain amount of will involved in overlooking the bad times. Sure, it's nice to think about the time that you stood up to the school bully, but it's a lot easier to forget the other ninety-nine times that said bully kicked your ass and made you eat handfuls of dirt.

The past is easy because it doesn't really exist. We'd all like to believe that we are free to act as we please, but the truth is that we make our decisions at particular moments in time, under specific circumstances and that our actions are defined both by our ability to reason and choose and by the constraining factors of time and the preceding chain of events. We like to think we are free because, just like that willful blindness, we don't like to think about the rats in the walls. None of us would like to admit that we act within the laws of time just like we jump within the boundaries of gravity. When we act, we commit our actions for the ages because an act, once executed, can never be taken back; it's the reason why you slept with the attractive model, who got drunk enough to say yes one long ago evening, in the living room of your apartment even though your girlfriend, wife, or significant other was asleep in the next room and the reason why you told the homely girl, who was so in love with you that she would wash your clothes in the tears she cried over your rejection, that it was all right to have fun for now, but you weren't ready to commit to a long term relationship or be seen with her in public.

We make the decisions that we think are best at the time we are forced to make them. There's

nothing wrong in making mistakes, or making that homely girl leave early in the morning so no one sees her leave your apartment, just so long as you remember that there are consequences for your actions, which is why, after sleeping with the model, it burned when you peed and why the homely girl, who decided to stop taking her medication as per your advice, burned down your house and ate your family pets.

Even the most cloistered monk experiences life as a never-ending series of events and choices in a world that is constantly changing. At any moment, one of us could walk in front of a bus or get crushed in some kind of fruit related tragedy and each minute that we're alive becomes a series of terrifying bushes with death. Oddly enough, it makes most people a lot more conservative as they get older, and own more crap, when it should make more people completely reckless because they've managed to survive so long.

We spend so much time being afraid of the future and the present that we fill our time talking about things that have already happened and repeating them to as many people as will sit through our boring stories. Eventually, if you live long enough, parents punish their small children by sitting them near your and sentencing them to listen to your demented, disjointed ramblings about people who are long dead and cultural phenomena that are no longer relevant.

There are some who say that old folks should remain active, look toward the future, and continue to live their lives as productive members of society. There's nothing more odious, or further from the truth.

I can't wait until I'm an old man. I'm going to hang out in supermarkets and libraries all day, telling people about the time I escorted Bolivian princesses on donkeys through the Swiss Alps to escape Nazi oppression, and I'm going to fart indiscriminately in movie theaters and funeral homes. I'm going to make sexually suggestive comments and gestures to girls who will cringe at the sight of my desiccated corpse, numerous liver spots, and chemically induced old man boner. I'm going to vote for politicians who will rape and despoil the earth so I can save fractions of a cent on the medicines that keep me alive after a lifetime of smoking.

What old folks seem to forget is that they're not dead so long as they still have energy to make life miserable for a lot of young people; instead, they spend so much time reminiscing about the past and revisiting their past glory that they neglect their present responsibilities. Someone needs to scare young children with an overgrown lawn and lots of diseased, irascible pets; someone has to keep baseballs and other sports equipment that accidentally goes over the fence; most of all, someone has to slowly descend into blindness and dementia so that every time they get behind the wheel they are a danger to themselves and everyone in a fifty mile radius.

If people start living in the present, if they remember that they're still alive, then they might forget about that imaginary place called the past, they might start treating each other like we're all in this together, that we're going to have to get along in the future, and that none of us prospers should the least of us suffer. If something like that happens, then humanity is facing the greatest disaster its ever known because we won't need politicians, priests, and advertisers to tell us that the past of our memory, the one that's all warm and fuzzy and no where near as frightening as the present, can be ours again so long as we kill a few dark skinned people, donate 10% of our gross income to the church's "Rape the Children" fund, or

buy several metric tons of strawberry scented douche... like the kind your mother used to buy. If that kind of disaster should occur, then you should immediately take your family, along with as much canned food and ammunition as you can handle, and head for the secret bunker you built to withstand a zombie attack.

What... you don't have a secret bunker stocked with automatic weapons and survival equipment? Fucking commie. Who do you expect to protect you when society collapses? The government? That's the kind of dangerous thinking that will get your flesh devoured.

Living in the past is all well and good, for some people, but it can turn into a loop, where people ignore the present, forget what's around them, and turn into human shells; even that is understandable. Life is very long and it can really wear people down; imagine living for one hundred years and watching every one of your friends and family die while you turn into a semi-conscious lump. The past, nostalgia, is very inviting, but it gets old real fast, and the more you try to elicit those memories, the weaker they get. Spend too much time, living off a memory and eventually it means nothing at all.

As long as there are new breasts in the world, I will always have something to live for. Should the day ever come when I have seen every tit in the world, then I can die a happy man.

Sex Mahoney for President

I am a sick man.

As a child I contracted many strange diseases that should have killed me long before I reached maturity, but, thanks to modern medicine, I survived to become a cancer on society.

I am the sum total of millions of years of evolution and a complete drain on the species. I want no children, I hate to work, and my dream is to retire to a farm where I can smoke marijuana and wear white pants all year round.

None of the education I received has done any practical good, and I could, with the money I spent on university, rent several large construction vehicles that I could use to demolish a significant portion of a small town (it's not that I wish anyone harm, I just always wanted to be Godzilla and driving a backhoe through a series of small suburban homes is as close as I'll ever get).

I can't tell if other people share my illness because it doesn't have the helpful lesions and warts that go along with a user-friendly disease like herpes, or genital warts. The hardest part is that I feel that I suffer alone, when I know that there must be people out there who share my affliction.

The problem is that I've lost all perspective, and I can't tell if I'm sick because of the way things are around me, or if my behavior is normal, and everyone else is crazy. There are certain words and phrases that make logical sense, but that should never have been used to create ideas. In the end, the two will blur together completely and I'll spend the rest of my life watching to make sure the squirrels don't band together and start the revolution. I can already see them watching me, and I know what they are thinking. The next time you look at a squirrel, remember that they would kill you and everyone you know without blinking an eye.

Even worse is that I've been sick for so long that I can't remember what it was like before I was sick, or if there ever was a time before the illness. It seems like there should have been, but part of it might be my memory being too hopeful. When I meet children today, I can't believe that any of them could be sick, but the law of averages states that there must be one or two out there. This disease is very frightening.

Where normal people have boundaries and restrictions, my disease renders me unable to recognize those limits. From the time I was small, my imagination reveled in the imaginary worlds of fantasy, science fiction, and horror; books, movies, and stories of all kinds; however, my father tempered my wild imagination with an engineer's hard nosed practicality, so my wildest flights of fancy are based in reality.

I could have been a productive member of society had I not become fixated, at a very young age, on the most hardcore pornography; so, while other children hid in cardboard forts and pretended to be kings of their backyards, I was the first six year old to win an

Adult Video award in the twelve and under category for an all girl scene called fists of fury. For years, many of the girls in the neighborhood refused to talk to me.

A rational mind might realize that there are some problems that can never be solved, but the dreamer in me yearns to create, to explore a practical way to talk to several pairs of sisters into some kind of fun, sexually explorative weekend retreat.

So, when I think about sexually transmitted diseases, I have to believe in a solution, because all problems have solutions, no matter how difficult they might seem. You see, there's a war on, and, although we're not on the losing side yet, humanity has ignored the enemy within. The traditional course to combat friendly infections has been abstinence, treatment, and protective equipment, but that's the coward's way out. We're trying to contain an enemy that is waiting for the right moment to spring an attack and go on the offensive. This is a war for the most important part of being human; we have to go on the offensive.

Viral and bacterial diseases are only half of the problem. Today, there are too many children in the world; not that there aren't enough people to take care of children, most of them don't want to take care of children (and you can't blame them, kids are a real drag, why just the other day, a small child made a terrible mess all over my enormous sport utility vehicle when he wouldn't move out of the way). People are having more kids than anyone wants to take care of, so it's time that the population was sterilized. Take generous sperm samples from every boy in the world from the time they're thirteen years old until they're thirteen years old and two days (that should be enough sperm to repopulate the world in case of a severe male-only catastrophe) and sterilize every male on the planet. When people want to have children, they can put a cup of sperm in the microwave and bring it to a government pregnancy center; that way, the only people who will take the time to have kids will be the people who are crazy enough to want them.

Imagine a world with no sexually transmitted diseases or unwanted pregnancy. People waiting in line at a movie theater could just start rubbing and sucking each other to pass the time; the price of lubricant would dramatically drop; and the Olympic committee would finally recognize competitive sexual sports.

There are some nay Sayers out there who wouldn't feel comfortable engaging in anonymous sex at a bus station, your cousin's wedding, or a very crowded pizzeria; they say they aren't interested in having sex with someone they don't love, find special, or drunkenly call on really depressing Tuesdays; however, this kind of faulty logic is part of my disease. It stands to reason that everyone is interested in sex, and as many married people already know, sex with your eyes closed could be sex with anyone; so, any other excuse not to sleep with someone is just pure vanity. Stop thinking you're better than everyone else.

It sounds like a perfect world; where people can have sex all they want and not worry about disease or pregnancy; where they would have children through a government fertilization service. This perfect world is at risk; because of sexually transmitted diseases

and the present methods of “containment,” this world might never exist. Humans have to go on the offensive.

To attack the disease, we must start having unprotected sex with random strangers. It won't be pretty, at first. We're going to take some heavy casualties, and a lot of us are going to have lip and genital sores to show our grandchildren, but when the fighting is over, you will be able to tell them: “I was there. I was at the battle of Cervical Hill. I saw my friend's balls turn to goo. I got a purple heart on that day.”

Now this is all well and good. Now, we took a problem, sexually transmitted diseases, and found a solution, sex with random strangers, that will have a beneficial outcome for everyone (who's still alive without a mouth full of sores), safe sex with random strangers. Now, we even took care of a small side problem, like reducing the number of parentless children in the world. Now, put on your nicest trench coat (the one that only has the small mustard stain on the front) and go down to the bus station. Now, try asking the attractive blond girl, who is waiting for a bus, to help you start the revolution.

Sex Mahoney for President

After going for a few days without washing, you reach your body's maximum smell potential; going any longer without washing is purely an exercise in endurance as you see how long you can last, putting up with your own stench.

I showered today for the first time since Saturday; please hold your applause until the end of the ceremony.

My smell potential maxes out after two days; after that, I just get greasy as more time passes. I don't usually notice it since everything on me is greasy, but I can feel it when I get out of the shower and everything I've recently touched feels like it's been painted in Crisco. Right now, I'm having trouble hitting the keys I want because my fingers are slipping.

My wife and I are currently living in someone else's house, and we left all our toiletries in Korea, so I've been using the complimentary soaps. The shampoo I've been using smells like oranges, the conditioner smells like a girl who wouldn't talk to a guy like me with a ten foot pole, and the body wash smells like a cucumber melon. I've never smelled a cucumber or a melon that smell anything like the body wash, but I've never mixed the two, perhaps the synergy creates a potent odor that strongly resembles glycovagihexacockphate-12.

All these flavors and fragrances are created a few miles away at the corporate headquarters of evil, megalomaniac International Flavors and Fragrance; if you've never heard of them, they're one of the largest flavor companies in the world and there's a good chance that 90% of everything you eat, smear on yourself, or use to lubricate your reluctant lovers rectum contains IFF creations.

A few years ago, while I was between jobs, I went to an Amway type company that sold perfume and, among the many things I learned besides never sell Amway type products, they told me that fragrances and flavors are unpatentable. This company sold designer imposter perfumes by reverse engineering major brands, which is the only intelligent thing the company ever did. They recently went out of business because too many of their higher ups were being investigated for fraud.

Because you can't patent a flavor or fragrance, the government has been very forgiving about letting fragrance companies publish information about their ingredients. Some things are very benign like the heated extract from toenail clippings used to make pear-scented candles and body sprays or gasoline fumes that are collected to make axe body; however, there are many sinister items used to create flavors and fragrances, like the little red worms used for strawberry coloring or the platypus turds that are pressed into steaks at the Outback Steakhouse.

Okay, forget for a minute that these protections were put in place by conservative "let the market handle everything" dinosaurs and their liberal ass queen counterparts and focus on the something you daily put on or in your body without knowing what is in it. Some people are disgusted by this but that's because they're pussies, but the even bigger

pussies are people who claim to be allergic to items with which they most likely come into contact every day. So stop being a wimp, go out and try some shrimp, get a big face full of cat belly, and instigate a fight with a swarm of bees, you'll be fine, I promise.

At the IFF building, there are lots of flavors and fragrances trapped in clear liquids; you can drink any one of them and taste or smell whatever it is they've duplicated. That means the IFF folks can make any one thing taste like something completely different. I'm waiting for strawberry chicken and hamburger-flavored condoms (taking advantage of with portly girls with poor self esteem will be easier than ever).

So while we're all busy eating moose anus flavoring compound in our corn nuts, and paying seventy bucks for a bottle of condensed farts called Drakkar Noir, remember that there's a limit to your stink, and it's not all that bad while you're relatively young (old people have a whole 'nother level of stink going on). Some people might not now about all this, but chances are good that I'm not giving any new information to most of you. The people who read this blog are well educated, intellectually inquisitive, and very attractive (please continue reading my blog and tell your friends), so they probably know about rat feet extract that makes Kentucky Fried Chicken taste like chicken instead of the rat meat they use to actually make the chicken. I have to give my readers something new, or they're going to flee in droves, leave angry comments, and only give me one, or possibly no, kudos; not only that, but I have a social obligation to write about significant cultural phenomena.

Which is why no one, anywhere, can possibly oppose homosexual sex and the benefits that go along with legitimate, socially recognized homosexual marriages; because, if you're willing to rub down your body with a Green Apple revitalizing scrub made from dog urine then sticking a cock or cunt in your mouth is nothing. While some people say that they don't mind homosexuality as long as they don't see it, those people haven't tried any of my new line of food related cream and douche products, which will make consensual, male, homosexual, oral sex no different from a bulimic participating in a hot dog eating contest. Now, that covers the act, but says nothing about the social implications of homosexual marriage, a lot of people say it's bad for families and gives a bad message to children; however, if you've got kids and you're willing to let your government give businesses the power to put things in your food without telling you what they are, then you're not the most attentive parent, either.

Write to your local congressional representative and tell them that you want to legalize homosexual marriage in your state, and if you could put in a postscript about hamburger condoms, I'd sure appreciate it.

Sex Mahoney for President

I've been playing a lot of video game baseball.

It's a lot like watching a baseball game where everything is sped up three times fast as normal; I've been thinking about adding booze to the games to completely mimic the effect of watching a real game; however, I keep strange hours, and it seems odd to get drunk, alone, at four o'clock in the morning on a Tuesday. Because I play the games sober, it's about three times as boring as actual baseball and everything balances out.

Don't get me wrong, I like baseball, but with 168 games in a season, individual games seem so unimportant as to crush any possible excitement. I like football season because it's so short. In general, I like short athletic competitions that determine a clear winner, because people play harder when they face immediate elimination.

My brother showed me an interesting competition called "Ninja Warrior" where people face impossible physical challenges like swinging on a bungee rope or reciting pi to forty thousand decimal places. In all, I've been watching a lot of TV.

But the TV wasn't on in the house when we got here. There was something wrong with the cable line outside the house so we only got three channels, two of which worked. The first night we watched the evening news, which was all about muggings, car theft, and various handicapped people overcoming adversity. They looped it, so after the news was over, it played again, just in case anyone missed the peg-legged car thief who earned his GED in prison.

For three days, we watched the most awful movies on VHS. I don't know if anyone else has ever seen "Save the Last Dance", but it's worth it, just to see a movie where the plot includes a character that doesn't dance because ballet killed their mother. It was like one of those bad cop movies where the non-speaking, black partner gets shot in the first or second act and the hero vows revenge... only with ballet.

This spiritual journey has made me realize that I haven't seen Bill Pullman working in anything recently; President Lonestar deserves a lot more credit than he gets.

All in all, I can't believe how nice it is to do absolutely nothing, and I owe it all to marijuana.

I've searched every rational part of my brain to understand why, in America, a country that values stupidity and praises the most pedestrian of accomplishments, marijuana is illegal. Booze makes perfect sense, who doesn't want to feel more witty and attractive all while falling down and pissing yourself? I'm so high right now that "While You Were Sleeping" seems like a really funny movie. If one simple, relatively harmless, drug could do all that, then why isn't every major, American company standing up and calling for decriminalization. Think of all the crappy food products, television shows, and QVC special offers on hunting knives would seem so much better if everyone, or at least a lot more people, were stoned.

It makes no sense that American consumerism has not combined with hardcore marijuana use; especially when you consider that they don't even let you to get drunk at the mall anymore (How are you supposed to spend money at the Sharper Image unless you're inebriated?). The phrase seems silly, because, when I try to define a hardcore pothead, the worst effects of the drug make the user no more a threat to society than an eighty-year-old man.

I suppose you think that some day I'll have to grow up, put away childish things and become a man; stop smoking weed and become a productive member of society. Well, that's what I thought too, but then I found out that they don't drug test teachers. That's right, the people who do the job of raising the children you're too busy racing rats to raise yourself are not drug tested during pre-employment. The guy who checks out your groceries at the supermarket, he gets a drug test, as does the pickle processor at the pickle processing plant who processed the pickles you bought from the drug free employee of your neighborhood grocer.

I hate writing about drug legalization because of the cliché; so, consider this a celebration of the drug that put the happy back in apathy... well, really just the a and the p, but... well, whatever, I'm stoned, I don't care. I'm not saying that drugs should be legalized and sold in corner stores, because children will then have access to the drug, and god forbid teenagers ever have access to marijuana, the whole system will fall apart; no, I'm saying that employers should stop testing for marijuana use, police officers should stop arresting people for marijuana possession and sale, and the DEA should stop burning the crops of poor Kentucky farmers who can't make a living selling corn and rutabagas. Marijuana doesn't need to be legalized, it's not like anyone has a problem buying it, but it is a pain in the ass when you have to deal with all the laws that go along with it.

Always remember that America is a free country, and if there are places where untrained citizens can walk around with concealed weapons, then there's no reason why I can't walk around a little stoned or why Tastykake's should cost so much money. How much could it possibly cost to manufacture a motherfucking krimpets?

Now, if you will excuse me, I'm going to eat a whole box of Bavarian Crème donuts.

Sex Mahoney for President

Other than my wife, I haven't come into contact with another human being since Sunday.

Living like a hermit has its advantages: I don't have to shower very often and I get to watch porn for the better part of every day. In the last week, I've downloaded over 60 gigs of the filthiest, double penetrating-est, cum swapping-est, hardcore anal action.

I talk about porn a lot, but I can't quite impart to you how big a slice pornography is in the pie of my life. When I was a kid, I had one or two hardcore magazines, but mostly I relied on porn catalogues that would come to my parent's house. I don't know how many of you remember the old days of porn, before the Internet made everything so easy. On one hand, most video shops had an adult section in those days, not like those pansy ass Blockbusters and Hollywood Videos of today; those adult sections were great, it was like walking into an old west saloon full of large breasted, cum gargling women. In most places you could go to an adult entertainment retailer, but they're harder to get into when you're eight years old; a clerk in a video shop won't think twice about seeing an unattended child, but in a porn shop, at least one that's not attached to a strip club, a kid sticks out like a sore thumb.

The bulk of porn acquisition took place through mail order catalogues that would send brown, unmarked packages full of videos and anal beads to your front door. It was all very discreet, except for the catalogues and product samples those mail-order porn companies would continue to send for the rest of your natural life. So, once a month, I'd have to get to the mail before either of my parents in order to cage the goods without them realizing. There were times when I was able to steal them from their bedroom and my parents would think they threw the catalogues away, but my father was smart like a weasel and he'd catch on if I did it too often; other times, I'd be able to dig the catalogue out of the garbage cans before they went out to the curb, but you wouldn't believe how hard it is for an eight year old to get off with a soggy picture of a woman that resembles a manhole cover and smells of old spaghetti sauce.

I've been watching porn long enough to see lots of girls come and go; the guys last a lot longer. Most of the working male pornstars, from my childhood, are still in the business today. Ron Jeremy has been in the business since the seventies, the same goes for Randy West and Peter North. Some of the girls last for a few years, but even the best barely make it to a decade. Sure, you've got your Nina Hartleys and your Amber Lynns, who have been working in the business for years, but very few people remember the Hypatia Lees and Kaitlyn Ashleys who fade away just as quickly as they appear.

I'm always struck by the female pornstars who refuse certain activities. It seems that if you're going to make your living in the fucking industry, then you've got to put aside your ego and do what the fans demand. George Bush could have a lot of fun, getting drunk in the Rose Garden and snorting cocaine off Dick Cheney's head, but his fans want him to persecute gay people and send soldiers to die. Tiffany Mynx wants to make sensual, erotic journeys through space and time, but I want to see each of her orifices filled with a giant cock; we meet somewhere in the middle.

In a way it makes sense, jobs are a lot more specialized than they used to be, but, purely from an economic standpoint, it has to be cheaper to highly compensate one girl who can fit two cocks in her pussy and two cocks in her ass at the same time than several girls who specialize in particular sexual activities.

I would like to see some specialization, because, quite frankly, a lot of these female pornstars wouldn't know how to suck a dick if their life depended on it. It's not a porn thing, most women think they're really good at giving head; I've met twenty plus women who said they are fellatio experts, but any self respecting man knows that the best blowjobs can be found at the highway rest stops and evangelical churches that pepper this fine country. Women can't be blamed for giving bad head; poor oral sex performance is inversely proportional to the woman's attractiveness. The more attractive the woman, the worse she's going to be in bed. There's a lot of truth in that old Jimmy Soul song.

Lately, I've been watching a new, young female pornstar named Bree Olson (or Olsen, depending on who you ask). She's a nice, buxom blonde, with natural tits and a tight little cunt; she does interracial scenes, takes, swaps, and swallows facial cumshots, and even does anal. All that would be enough to satisfy some people, but I won't be satisfied until she does a double penetration scene. Like an American Idol reject and a Holiday Christmas Album, pornstars are required to do some things in order to fulfill certain porn tropes.

Most people know of Jenna Jameson, but most people don't know that she doesn't do anal, has only done one creampie scene in her career, and doesn't do interracial porn. As far as pornstars go, Jenna Jameson was pretty boring after her career took off; she was great in her first few years (you should see her performance in Blue Movie and Jinx, they were moving), but then she started phoning it in, and you could see that she didn't even care whose cum she was swallowing.

It may seem like I have a lot of complaints about porn, but nothing could be further from the truth. When the Internet caught on, porn was the first thing to filter out through its interconnected tubes; all the fun computer shenanigans, enjoyed by people all around the world, were built on the blood, sweat, and juices of thousands of pornstars. Today, pornography has become a buyer's market, with specialty videos that cater to every fantasy and fetish in the known universe. Sure, it's a little harder to find goat porn than it used to be, but you can't have everything.

At least I'm not into goat porn.

I just like to watch big, black men pound little white girls; the bigger the black man, the littler the white girl, the better the fucking. If you remember only one piece of advice in your life, remember that, pass it on to your children so that one day, when the world's population has interbred enough to create new races, people will know and remember. Can't you see it now? Future societies with the Ten Commandments on the east wall of a courthouse and my smiling face and the words "White bitches look better on big black cocks" etched into the marble underneath.

If I were getting buried, I'd want it written on my tombstone.

Sex Mahoney for President

I eat food. I fuck.

Simple sentences start with a clear subject (in the case of the preceding paragraph, I), a verb that directly acts on the subject, and, sometimes, end with an object that receives the subject's action (food in the former, nothing in the latter). In the first sentence I clearly stated the activity in which I like to engage and the object with which I engage in that activity; I left the second sentence open because, in the right circumstances, there's no telling what I'd fuck.

Simple ideas should use simple words to explain, but it's very hard to describe things, especially when you're working from a position of knowledge. The more you know about a subject, the harder it is to describe to a person who knows nothing. It would be difficult to tell an extra-terrestrial why people lift up their feet when they drive past a cemetery, because then I'd have to explain cars, cemeteries, and feet (I imagine that most intelligent life has tentacles).

Then there are things we'd rather not explain, not that we're keeping secrets from aliens, but from children. As Americans, we got together as a society and dictated that certain things need to stay off television so children won't have to see them. It was a perfect system, except that, without sex and dirty words, there's not really much to talk about. Programmers and artists, stumped by their inability to make radio and television palatable, began using euphemisms to describe the things that were too dirty to say.

Opie and Anthony, Howard Stern, and even Groucho Marx were terrible offenders at this kind of thing; Groucho's only saving grace was that he was much more versatile than the former two, so he could make that kind of innuendo funny; however, when I hear O and A refer to an asshole as a balloon knot, I can't help but feel a little mad. Not at Opie and Anthony, they're untalented in their own right, but at the kind of censorship that allows for synonyms.

See, it's not the subject that's being censored, but the language. If I were to go on the radio and say that I wanted to "snake Christina Ricci's outflow pipe", it would mean the same thing as "fuck her in the ass" but I'm not allowed to say that. I'm tired of comparing my various sexual fantasies to plumbing metaphors; something has to be done.

Let's break down the metaphor.

Clearly, the words are bad words, not the subject matter. The same thing goes for nudity and sex, people can talk about nudity and sex, but they can't actually do it in public because that's obscene. The words must be faulty, because we created them and we're human, we can make mistakes, but the images are pure. On one hand, you've got censorship of something that people can't control, and on the other, something that can easily be changed.

If everyone suddenly decided to make new dirty words, we could mount a full assault against censorship.

Black people do this all the time; as certain words and phrases spread through white culture, black people change their code, so as to keep the white man on his toes. Children are also actively engaged in this kind of code. I've seen young girls who have their own gibberish language, but they also use euphemistic phrases; for instance, when your daughter says that she's going to the library, she's actually sneaking out with her hussy friends so she can have sex with a stranger in a bar bathroom. Young boys are always using euphemisms; no matter what they say, it actually means, they're going to masturbate.

So, if we're going to replace dirty words, we need to start with the king of all cusses, fuck. Fuck is the best word in the language because it can be used in just about any form, and it's got a nice, dirty sound. There are very few consonant sounds that can measure up to the intensity of a hard K; sure, the d and t come close, but it's not enough. The K is phonetically similar to the G sound, so we can make a quick change. Instead of fuck, we now have fug.

That's not disguised enough. There are some guys in New York and New Jersey, especially those of Italian descent, who already have that one. They're always talking about "Dis Fuggin Guy" when they mean "this fucking guy" and "Fuggedaboutit" when they really mean "Fuck Ed about it." Regional dialects and mafia homosexuality aside, fug just won't do.

Fuck isn't just nice because it's got a hard ending, but it's balanced by the soft opening; that's why fuck doesn't sound as dirty as cock. In order to have the same kind of sound, the same magic, if you will, we need to put an aspirated sound in the place of the F. In that case, instead of biting the lower lip and making your aspirated Fs, lift that tongue up and make an S sound: Sug.

Sug is nice; it captures a lot of the same energy, but it already means a kind of worm or larva, so we've got to go with something else; sag is out because it means to droop, seg is out because it means a castrated bull and sig means urine. We could put a y in there, but y is the loser vowel; it's not even cool enough to hang with the other vowels most of the time. Sog is a brand new word, and it's even got some panache: try it in a sentence; see how it fits.

My mother hadn't been sogged in a really long sogging time, and she usually sogs on Mondays. She sogging called me on the phone and asked me if I could sog her, or if I had any sogging friends that were free for some sogging that afternoon. I told her that I could absosogginglutely help her out, and I went to find some sogging good soggers to sog the chod out of my mom.

There's nothing wrong with comparative speech, I use it all the time, and euphemism is just another example. When people forget that words mean nothing, all kinds of problems

develop. You get whackos who don't want people saying fuck or fucking on TV, the large, drunken men who didn't like your joke about the Marines threatening to beat the chod out of you, and your girlfriend packs up her chod and leaves when you tell her that her vagina feels like running through a car wash. Since people don't want to censor the meaning, then what does it matter how people say dirty things. If you waste that kind of hypocrisy on children for something so benign, then it's not going to be there when you really need it, like when you explain why Daddy has special women friends who come to visit when Mommy goes on vacation, or why good little children stay out of the basement, no matter how bad it smells, when Mommy comes home.

There are no bad words.

And for Kot's sake, they're just cocks, cunts, assholes, and tits. Your children will have their own, or have their face buried in someone else's, someday.

Sex Mahoney for President

I want to believe in reality television.

I want to look at attractive young men and women, sometimes B-list celebrities, living in a haunted mansion and performing tricks to avoid elimination, having fights and drama and being dumber than the average four year old; alas, I'm just too cynical to believe.

Everything I see on reality programs seems scripted, unless people really live formulaic lives; the kind of formulas taught in screenwriting classes and books around the world.

The less drama involved in a reality program, the more I'm inclined to believe it; when a TV crew shows up to a person's house and remodels a room, I'll buy it; however, when two, swimsuit model-esque, twenty-somethings get into a fight over a boy, who gave them both herpes, I refuse to believe it.

Some people might say that I'm being overly skeptical, and perhaps I am, but I can't believe in a world where things like that happen. I can accept mass infanticide, suicide bombings and undereducated, racist American police officers, but I can't believe that "dramatic" reality television is real.

I'm a skeptic of everything; I don't want to believe. People who believe in things are both creepy and weird, and their self-righteousness to humor ratio is all out of whack.

I'm always trying to get people to loosen up. Just the other day, I was at the supermarket, where I saw an old woman who looked depressed; so, I grabbed a bottle of cooking sherry, kicked away her walker, and we had a real good time hanging out in the beach chairs sitting on top of the freezer section. Boy, that old bitch sure can fuck.

I remember the first time I saw the old Bangbus videos, which, if you've never seen them, are just porno reality vignettes. The first few videos were great; the kind of porn that looks like it has real human beings getting plowed, but then the same girls started showing up on other reality porn sites. I didn't notice right away, because there's something hypnotic in anal penetration, but I eventually started to recognize particular sphincters, which led me to look at their otherwise superfluous faces. It was disappointing, but a part of me knew that it couldn't be real, so I wasn't that disappointed. Reality television is the same way; most of the time, I'm too distracted by a hot, young blonde to notice that Trishelle, the drunken nymphomaniac on one show, is Brandi, the aerobics instructor rape victim, on another.

I didn't want to believe about Bangbus, because I don't like to believe, but some people have to believe in something.

A few years ago, I was talking to someone about how useless an artist is to society, but I failed to realize how important stories are to people's every day lives. Bored housewives and the chronically unemployed would commit mass suicide if the networks stopped running soaps during the day; grown men would weep like little children if all the major

sports, and their professional wrestling-esque player squabbling, went off the air. People need to believe in stories.

Stories represent the way we wish the world worked, and they exchange our attention from what we have in the present to what is possible in the future. Politicians and religions have been playing this angle for years: things are terrible now, but if you let them continue to be terrible for a little while longer, then everything is going to be okay for your children. The whole thing hinges on the belief that things are bad now, but I'm feeling pretty damned good. Sure, I'm not as young as I'd like to be, and I don't have a harem, but I get by all right, and I don't have to worry about zombies or gangrene like my ancestors.

The best thing about the present is that you don't have to believe in it, you can see it, touch it, and write it dirty letters.

So, don't waste your time on dreams of future success, there's be enough time to do that when the future becomes the present; for right now, enjoy what you have, no matter how shitty things might otherwise seem. You never know when good fortune is going to smile on you; your children might get adopted by a rich, heartless relative; your wife might make friends with that sexy lesbian, masseuse couple that lives down the street, all the people you work with might prove themselves so incompetent that you don't seem too bad in comparison.

Convince your friends and neighbors to stop watching television. Go into their homes while they're sleeping and take their TV sets; I'll even give you a few dollars to give them to me, but only because you're providing a valuable public service, not because I know a fence that can move a lot of stolen electronics. If you can't get into your neighbor's homes, wait for them to come home from work, take out the garbage, or any other time they venture out of their home, unprotected, and knock them out with some of that chloroform Mr. Wizard taught you how to mix. Even if it doesn't work, I guarantee you that your reality will become more interesting than anything shown on TV.

Sex Mahoney for President

There's nothing more absurd than Medieval Times.

If you're unfamiliar with the chain restaurant, they're a dinner theater company that puts on various medieval games while you eat chain restaurant food. The only difference between Medieval Times and Chilli's, is that the entrees at Medieval Times are made for hundreds of people at a time; it's a lot like going to a country bumpkin wedding.

Medieval Times is completely ridiculous because there never was such a thing as a knight in the Americas. It's as if people in Europe all sat around a dirt track to eat crappy food and watch Native American Times. Knights and ladies belong to the continent across the sea. If Americans want to watch people lumbering around in restrictive clothing and eat crappy food, they'll have to settle for the mall.

Medieval Times is not the worst offender, rather it is another infraction against decency perpetrated by the kind of marketing people who could sit around a table and, with a straight face, say: "If only we could bring McDonald's quality to every restaurant." The nice thing about chain restaurants is that they fulfill that advertising executive's dream and get a McDonald's quality steak served by a Disney World Tour Guide overdosing on Zoloft.

I don't like chain restaurants because everything within is sanitized and served, pre-made, from carefully, pre-packaged ingredients. I'm not a food snob, I realize that it takes some effort and skill to create a meal, but I'm not asking for fresh milk from a virgin Yeti; it doesn't take that long to grill some meat into a hamburger.

All of these complaints pale in comparison to the market research done to create the menu items. It's not bad enough that bored housewives from Omaha get to pick what new shows I watch on television, but to use opinion polls to design the food choices makes everything bland like plain yogurt or Friday night network programming. It makes the restaurant too friendly.

Chain restaurants comfort the weak eater, who wants to know that they can get the same Grade F quality meat, soaked in butter cream sauce, wherever they travel. It can be scary to sit down in a foreign country to eat the local cuisine, which could be all kinds of awful things like vegetables or fruit.

Nothing is supposed to be friendly, or easy to use. Life should be a constantly escalating series of challenges that wears you down to the point that the next minor obstacle that comes along will kill you. When things are difficult to obtain, people appreciate them more, but chain restaurants comfort people with the security of crappy food, everywhere they go. Nobody wants to try anything different because it might taste icky; even though I said that Moose Testicles was just a comical name for Orange Sorbet in chilled beef gravy. These marketing ploys are absurd, especially when accompanied by faux jousting and a Steve Perry tribute band called "Excursion."

Sex Mahoney for President

Lots of whiny liberals will tell you that, in any competition, participation is the real joy, while a lot of blow hard conservatives might agree with the Vince Lombardi quote “Winning isn’t everything, it’s the only thing;” however, hardly anyone ever mentions how fun it is to not try and mock both the losers, for their inadequacy, and the winners, for their pedestrian accomplishments.

Games were better during childhood, when, if I was unhappy with the result of a contest, I would viciously beat my opponent, usually my younger brother, administering noogies, Indian burns, and wedgies. People expect adults to behave like good sports and not throw things at the other players; it’s even frowned upon to taunt someone when they’re losing.

There’s no better way to make a man feel big than to kick someone while they’re down. Not only will a loser be too dejected to fight back, but it also awards the satisfactory feeling that is usually only obtained when stealing candy from small children.

For the last twelve years, the Republican Party has been kicking the Democrats pretty hard. In public, the Republican Party acts as if it was the sore loser, but in private, when no one is around, they like to kick the Democrats good and hard. It could have given the Democrats character, or at least made them worthy of respect, but instead they shriveled up like cowards and whined to the press about being bullied. Unfortunately, beating the Democrats in elections seemed to be the only thing at which Republicans are good.

You can’t trust politicians. The harder a politician works to do anything means less time that the particular politician has to kiss babies, hump war widows, and have paraplegic chariot races with their aides, before a press conference; therefore, the people most capable of being elected are the ones least qualified to serve. Apart from their political ability, when you consider that anyone with the slightest hint of scandal is usually crushed in political contests, not only are the election winners unqualified, but they haven’t even had any life experience.

Looking over history, it’s easy to see that war causes massive migrations in human civilizations. The only things politicians do, during these periods of upheaval, are to create panic through their incompetence, hurt a lot of innocent people, and make everyone afraid of nothing at all. Putting your faith into a politician is like hoping an alien abduction won’t end in an anal probe, except that an alien is sticking something up your ass to scientifically study the genetic mistake that is homo sapien, while the politician is fucking you in the ass to satisfy their own, fragile ego.

There isn’t a government alive that can handle itself in a crisis; vain, sheltered, and grossly incompetent people make up governments. Make sure that you’ve got plenty of canned food, water, shelter, and ammunition now, because, when the zombies attack, you may have to repopulate the earth.

Sex Mahoney for President

Gray days are the best.

There's nothing nice about the sun. If you're the kind of person that needs proof that God exists, look no further than the sun, because it is an amazing object; however, if the sun proves that God is alive, it also proves that God is a jerk, because only a real jackass could make a world with alcohol and pervasive, early morning bright light.

Gray days are nice because you don't have to worry about the harsh rays of a deity's love, but they also have a strange psychological effect on people like when a close relative dies, or one of their favorite TV shows goes off the air.

People stay inside on gray days. Delivery services may be backed up, but most places are empty because the rain keeps people in their homes. Even though most people drive to an indoor location for most of their leisurely activities, the saturation they will experience on the walk to and from the car is enough to dissuade them from leaving the house. The wise consumer can exploit this knowledge and receive first class service at otherwise crowded locations.

Zoos, amusement parks, and swap meets are all much nicer when the sky is gray because those places are generally empty of their usual patronage. Sure, there may be some naysayers, who claim that it's no fun to walk around the zoo in the rain, but they're not thinking economically. With less people at the park, a patron waits less time to see an exhibit; therefore, for the same amount of money, it is possible to get even more zooey goodness.

In this world, there are many attractions that seem too expensive for an ordinary Joe Olive Garden and Betty Wal Mart to afford, but that's only because of the high price of luxury. When a person is willing to sacrifice their comfort, the price level of even the ritziest adventure dramatically drops.

If a person lacked the funds to go to Paris for some authentic French foie gras, they could just kidnap a hobo, keep them tied up beneath a highway overpass, and force feed them scraps from the garbage. It may lack the Parisian ambience, but it's still chock full of wholesome liver goodness. If liver doesn't interest you, you can replicate the experience of seeing the inside of a castle by having yourself thrown in prison for the weekend.

Even the most boring situations become exciting and alive in the presence of a real troublemaker.

There's something funny about old racists. Not that racism is funny, lord knows that nothing less than watching your mother take a cumshot from the mailman or accidentally dropping someone else's baby, can make a room more uncomfortable than when some numbskull busts out the old fashioned racism. Plus, George Orwell was right when he talked about alliances changing, so old racists help us remember all kinds of outdated prejudices that we have forgotten.

Once upon a time, racism was like sex and politics, everybody talked about it; however, nowadays, racism is a lot more like breathing, most everybody does it, but nobody talks about or pays it much attention.

There are a lot of folks out there who tell you that there's nothing funny about racism, but those folks have a problem understanding funny. When you look at the right way, there's very little about racism that isn't funny... except for the murder.

If you think about it for a while, racism makes perfect sense; people from different social backgrounds have erroneous preconceived notions about people who live differently. There's nothing inherently wrong with that, most people in Europe think that Americans walk around the streets of New York firing automatic weapons and shoving donuts into their mouths, while most Americans believe that Europeans are... well, if they knew what a European was, they'd probably have some preconceived notion right back.

The humor in racism is not in the rhetoric, but in the people. Racists utter wonderful quips like: "I'm not a racist, I just hate Swedes" or "I have no problem with Latvian's, I just wouldn't want one to move next door." Then there is the racist belief that, no matter what, there is nothing that can shake a particular belief; just as the anti-racism folks can't seem to find anything funny in racism, the racist folks think that their hatred is natural and beyond external influence.

The anti-defamation crowd will get up in arms when I show the foul side of an Irishman, but those anti Irish racists will think it's hilarious, so there's obviously humor in racist situations; conversely, the biggest, meanest, Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan would change their tune if Halle Berry showed up at their double-wide trailer looking for sex, so obviously, racist beliefs are situational, just like any other irrational behavior.

The funniest thing about racism is the strict control on language that both sides of the aisle impose on free speech as if a redneck is less of a racist for simply saying "whore" as he rapes a black woman, late at night on a back country, instead of saying "nigger." It is equally funny when racists use malleable, denigrating names to rob particular groups of their identity and the downtrodden appropriate those names as a symbol of pride.

Probably the funniest thing about racism is that racists hold particular beliefs that are passed down from generation to generation on faith alone; racists meet with other racists

to sing songs about racism and tell stories about various racist events in the past; racists act violently towards particular outsider groups; racists teach their racism to their young children; however, racism is, for some reason, less respected than religion. They share a lot of the same irrational beliefs, and both groups justify their views with faith alone. Racism has not perpetrated half as much pain, suffering, and downright despicable acts as even the most benign religions.

Since there's people out there who feel that religion should be taught in school and play a prominent role in US government, then there's no reason why they shouldn't bring back a little of that old fashioned racism right alongside with it. Unless, the religious agenda has always been to bring back that old fashioned racism, in which case, American fundamentalism makes perfect sense.

So the next time you're in church, liven things up a little, set that giant crucifix on fire and tell them Sex Mahoney sent you.

Sex Mahoney for President

You never see eatin' quality roadkill in New Jersey anymore.

It wasn't too long ago that you could take a shovel and a pail down to the highway and pick up dinner for two, but it's hard to find sizeable, fresh animals these days.

People say that the wildlife has up and left the area, but if you want to find some real fresh roadside meat, then you should head to Iraq.

It makes sense that, during a war, the number of unclaimed human bodies exceeds the removal capacity of competent authority; therefore, there must be thousands of corpses ready for eating in Iraq, since American authority is about as competent and reliable as a child molester at the Ice-capades.

There's no reason why eating humans should be taboo; it's all that sissy, left wing, pussy rhetoric that stands between you and a decent meal.

Think about it.

There's a good chance that, right down the street from your house, there's a prime piece of real estate, chock full of wasted bodies. Not only could the land, on which a cemetery sits, be used for necessary developments, like new golf courses and mini-malls, but just a few rump steaks from every fifth corpse could feed New York City for a year.

I'm a slimy guy. I've slept with girls whose boyfriends and husbands are overseas making the world safe for democracy, I've taken money from various charitable organizations, right now, I'm sitting outside your house and waiting for you to go to sleep, so I can steal the copper wire and tubing buried inside your walls. It may seem like I have no scruples, but there are some things that are too scummy, even for me.

Grieving people can be talked into just about anything (and there's nothing hotter than funeral home widow double stuffing) and the vultures who recommend that the deceased get a wake, a burial, and a headstone, are not only depriving needy families of a good night's meal, but they're siphoning money from the third most gullible people after Hum-V owners and late night television consumers.

If you don't believe me, then go see if you can't get laid at a funeral; you practically have to fight off depressed girls with low self-esteem.

Instead of wasting perfectly good dead bodies by burying or burning them, we should put dead people to use. America is sitting on a gold mine of alternative energy; all we have to do is learn how to run automobiles on a corpse-based fuel. This kind of radical thinking is bound to meet with a ton of opposition, but the nature of its opponents reveals a lot about the value of pursuing such a goal.

Most of the people who want their bodies to go to waste are intensely religious, and religious people are the primary source of more bad ideas than all the bureaucrats in

Seven days she'll be coming

My mother is a light sleeper.

Perhaps she sleeps softer these days, but, when I was a child, she would start at the slightest noise; there were many times she caught me trying to sneak out of my room.

My wife, and several other women, with whom I've been fortunate enough to share a bed, share this characteristic, which leads me to believe that all women have remarkably good hearing or guilty consciences.

I asked my wife about it today. She told me that her mother was also a light sleeper, and, just as she said it, her father's girlfriend startled us, because she too has woken up and gone to the fridge for some water.

The more we talked, the more we disagreed, and soon we were arguing. I don't remember if it was about Babe Ruth's career homerun to strike out ratio or the order in which Sheryl Crow released her first singles, but a married couple that talks too long is bound to get in a fight.

When my wife told me that I should find other sleeping quarters, I resolved to cheat on her at once and went, post haste, to a nearby bar.

I met a nice girl; she wasn't terribly bright, but she was friendly enough and I convinced her to get in the car and take a ride with me. Imagine my surprise when, in a dark alley behind a Floridian Quiznos, she tried to give me a handjob.

I used to know a guy who loved to show his dick to people. There's not a person I've met who has known this guy more than an hour before seeing his penis, men and women alike. In a way, I admire that kind of honesty, particularly with women and, under the right circumstances, a greeting like that might take some of the pressure off awkward introductions, but I'm usually in favor of people exposing their genitals. At the very least, it was very uncomfortable when you introduced him to your parents.

This poor girl I met in a Floridian bar was a lot like my friend, it seemed as if she was a primitive creature from some bygone epoch. I politely asked her to get out of the car, and left her in the parking lot of a mini-mall. It's not that I don't appreciate the gesture of a handjob, but it's rather impersonal, and I'm an expert at it myself. I once won a contest.

Women seem to think that, with the right kind of direction, they might become experts at stroking cock; however, in all my years and travels and countless hours of pornography, there is not a woman, in all of Christendom, who knows what they're doing with their hand on a penis.

Nothing is more frightening than dating. I've met some of the people out there, and they have strange, incomprehensible behaviors. They hear about people like me and feel safe that they made the right choices in life. Dating doesn't make a lick of sense; why waste all that time on someone when they might be lousy in bed.

I went home to my wife. She didn't mind about the handjob thing once I let her burn me with a cigar six or twelve times; she's good like that. In the end, it was my fault that we had a fight in the first place.

See, I asked my wife a question, and we started talking, which led to arguing. The key to a successful relationship is to avoid arguments at all costs. You're bound to fight with the person with whom you spend the majority of your time, because every person has a unique little tick that is bound to drive anyone crazy. There are little jobs and systems and rules and nonsensical things that we do to pass the time, and, on a long enough time frame, anything can become annoying. I once dated a girl who hated the way I chewed.

The only way to avoid arguing with your spouse or significant other is to ignore them unless it's time for a meal or recreational intercourse. I'm not saying that I make my wife cook, she's terrible at it, but it's better to eat in company than alone; it helps with the digestion. I am also not saying that I am only with my wife to wallow in sensual delights; she has many other positive qualities, such as the ability to ignore me for long periods of time.

And, like I've always said, "It's better to have sex in a bed, than get a handjob in a parked car."

So, to any people out there who are having a hard time with their live-in, give it a chance; relationships require patience and distance. If you're not willing to give your love a second chance, then the next person you meet in a seedy, Florida bar might be me.

Sex Mahoney for President

How to score a ballgame

Adults don't want to be the bad guys.

All children are heroes; adolescents just want to be liked.

Children grow up with dreams of greatness; they dream of becoming professional athletes, firefighters, police officers. Especially in America, where children still believe that miracles are possible, that anything can happen; after all, if the Boston Redsox can win the World Series then all bets are off.

Unfortunately, the future does not look bright for the American child; they are drastically falling behind the world community to the point where it's ability to stay semi-respectable is dependent on first and second-generation immigrants.

Since I was fortunate enough to spend some time in Korea, it's easy to see why the United States cannot compete with the single-minded dedication of the Eastern world. When I read about American citizens like Dylan Harris and Eric Klebold, Jeffrey Weise, and Dedrick Owens with body counts in the tens and single digits; however, a Korean college student managed to take out some thirty people at a college in Virginia.

It wasn't always like that, Americans used to have that spark in them, like Brenda Spencer who shot up an Elementary school because she was bored on a Monday.

A friend of mine pointed me toward a website that had some articles about Korea, specifically the Democratic People's Republic of Korea's attempts to start a communist uprising in the Republic of Korea by hiding soldiers in decoy fishing vessels and deploying them on a beach near a farming village. The farmers, armed with clubs, spears, and I assume flaming torches, since that is what angry mobs always seem to carry; fought back a group of North Korean soldiers to the point that the commander gave an order to kill themselves rather than be captured. When some of the North Korean soldiers refused, since the South would give defectors amnesty, the commanding officer started shooting his own soldiers.

Most of the history books I read say that China and Japan would frequently employ Koreans when they needed a particularly vicious torturer. While I was in Korea, a man killed himself to protest the proposed Free Trade Agreement with America.

To give you an example of Korean sensibilities, and

demonstrate the difference between our culture and theirs, I direct you to the following examples. For those of you at work, don't worry, you don't need to listen to this.

American films are bloodless glitter fests, where inhuman monsters or faceless meat bags are shot, sliced open, or stabbed.

The art and stories of a society constitute its culture, and reveal great truths about the people who tell them. Much of what we know, and almost every religion, is based on the stories that people pass down through the generations.

Our stories are getting worse.

American stories reflect the language with which they are told and people have done their best to make the language soft, to take away hard words; the kinds of things that could possibly hurt people.

Back in the 1930's, the Hayes Production Code stated that, in movies, directors could not show someone being shot in the same frame as the gun that shot them. Today, people cringe from words as if bullets can be stopped by limiting your vocabulary just like they can be softened by cutting from a shot of a person firing a gun, to their victim slumping to the ground or falling off a roof into a horse trough. Even the verité style of reportage like they had in Vietnam has given way to a news media that makes a quietly agreement with the government not to show disheartening things like dead bodies and coffins so that people can watch American Idol without worrying about an ongoing war.

It's even so bad that I find myself in a terrible position where I have to defend Don Imus, because even an idiot knew that he was a racist scumbag, and he continued to make broadcast after unfunny broadcast without any problems until he slips up and says the wrong thing. Don Imus not saying "nappy-headed hos" makes Don Imus no less racist than he always has been or is right now. Radio DJs are about as Popsicle stick-esque humor as you can get and they have spent the last thirty years perpetuating only the most stereotypical and cliché humor that you'd usually expect from a minstrel show.

So maybe Imus deserves to be fired, but that still won't solve the problem because the problem is people and fashions may change but people don't. Human beings are animals, and they instinctually afraid of different looking animals.

When I read that a Korean shot up a school and killed thirty some odd people in Virginia, it doesn't bother me, because that's what human beings do, and if it's a tragedy and shouldn't have happened in Virginia then it shouldn't happen anywhere for whatever reason, but generation after generation, soldiers come home from war, praised as heroes and kids who shoot up their schools are called psychopaths. You wouldn't think it, but killing has rules just like golf.

Besides, the Asian countries are going to control the majority of the world and it's resources within the next fifty years; America is in its last throes, so now is the time to live it up. We've seen the first wave, where a delusional dynastic leader engages in a pointless war of aggression and over extends their country's military. It won't be long before the plagues come, they'll be just like "Dancing with the Stars" but more evil. All we have to do is stop all this petty squabbling and say what we mean, tell the truth; then we can have some real fun.

The clock is ticking, the future is now; the Boston Red Sox won the World Series, and it's going to be a wild ride.

That's why I'm proposing a national stoned day; a day when everyone gets a day off of work, and all the government weed it will take to keep them retarded for sixteen hours, the length of an average day; I'm sure the DEA has plenty stashed away somewhere. Not only will it help people to unwind, but it will also give everyone a moment to reflect on their lives and the fate of their country. At the very least, it will prevent school shootings, since all the children will be at home getting stoned with their parents, and they would be too lazy to shoot anyone even if classes were in session.

For the federal government, I'm proposing, on that day, that all the congress people, Supreme Court justices, and executive employees gather in the capital building, as if for the State of the Union address, to get completely, and irrevocably stoned. When they have all had their fill, that's when we take the exhumed bodies of every American soldier killed in Iraq and dump them on the floor of the House.

Some of you might be a little squeamish about desecrating the bodies of fallen soldiers, but don't worry, I've got a strong back and I'm willing to do all the digging.

It only seems fair.

In the meantime, this is a message to all the children out there who don't read this blog: It's time to step up to the challenge, to do your part. We can't keep letting the foreign kids make us look bad.

Sex Mahoney for President

I am dreading the disease but El Paso's on its knees

If you ask around, everyone will tell you that there are a lot of stupid people in the world, but I guarantee that you won't meet any stupid people.

Sure, you may think they're stupid, and many other people may agree with you, but there's not a man, woman, or child on this planet that would introduce themselves and tell you that they're an idiot.

It's pretty safe to assume that we're all idiots and treat ourselves accordingly.

In that case, I am willing to give up my long-standing defense of citizens owning guns except in very strict circumstances.

If you live within one hundred miles of any other human being, there is no reason why you should have a gun. People who want to hunt are free to do so with spears, bows, halberds, and maces that they have used for centuries to pierce and club whatever animals taste the best (or are easiest to catch which is the same thing if you look at it right).

Not that gun control can ever put an end to gun violence, but if the only people who had guns were one hundred miles away from other human beings, then they would have to really want it to go on a shooting spree or even rob a liquor store. There's only one reason why people should ever own guns and that's for making sure that the government is doing it's job, but ever since Charles Guiteau ruined it for the rest of us, the authorities get all up in arms when you point a gun at an elected official; who knew that it was a crime to "attempt" to kill someone.

Now, a part of me, the fun part, would like to see everyone with a gun. It would be hilarious if they were issued, standard, with every automobile, because I believe in the all or nothing approach to most problems. It's an easy way to handle any situation, either everybody gets some, or nobody gets any. Like when you were a child and one of your siblings got some kind of special candy on Halloween and your parents took it away rather than have you fight over it; which, it turns out, is just a cruel ploy to steal candy from children; so, anyone who tells you that parents have unconditional love for their children is lying, because it's not love when you're willing to take someone's kit-kat bar.

And why would someone lie to a child to take a piece of candy? It's not like the child can stop an adult from doing whatever it wants. Whenever I see bratty children on

television, the ones who won't listen and appear on talk shows, I'm reminded of all those cruel and wicked parents who sell their children on the streets of Bangladesh or Manhattan. Even the most resourceful child is no match for a healthy and committed adult. Parents shirk from outright thievery for the same reason that people invent lies that make them feel better about taking staplers and making free copies at work.

Nothing makes you feel like more of an adult than a gun, and when people start feeling like adults, they invent little lies to justify their rash behavior; therefore, I think it would be a whole mess of fun if every human being on earth was walking around packing heat, like it is in the movies. Of course, I'd probably be one of the first people to go, but at least I'd get to see the first wave of violence.

But we're all idiots. We engage in dangerous behavior that will eventually kill every human being on this planet and probably over something as trivial as to who invented pizza. It's much better if we don't have any guns, because none of us can be trusted. We human beings have taken every opportunity for advancement and used it to create Jesus nightlights and God Rocks (think pop rocks except, you're just supposed to keep them in your mouth and have faith that they'll pop but nothing ever happens). For all our civilization, it took us hundred of thousands of years to figure out that dumping our shit into our water supply might be unhealthy.

It is unrealistic to demand that everyone have a gun, and it's equally unfair to say that only people who live one hundred miles away from other human beings can have a gun; so, there is a simple test that we can employ and thereby make sure that everyone who wants a gun (even small children) can get one if they're willing to work hard enough: make your own. If you're willing to make your own firearm, then you can have as many as you want, even carry them around in public and call yourself the King of Naples.

There's no surefire way to prevent people from using guns to do bad things, but at least it will take them a few years of blacksmith training before they climb a bell tower. We may still be idiots, dangerous idiots, but at least no one will be able to say that we're lazy.

Sex Mahoney for President

She'd like to put you in her zoo right between the
canaries

Florida is a hot state.

It may seem obvious that a place so close to the equator would be much warmer than New Jersey or Korea, but I'm always surprised at exactly how much hotter Florida is compared to any of the pleasant places where a human being can choose to reside.

While many of my northern contemporaries have a southern prejudice, I harbor no ill will to the people who reside south of the Mason-Dixon line and I know that they are no less intelligent than their northern cousins; however, after living for so long in a place where the hot, relentless sun beats down for what seems like seventeen hours a day, it makes sense that a person's critical faculties will no longer be able to process information as well as someone who lives in a sane environment. That's why you find so many bible-thumping creationists in the south, the sun has baked their brains and the humidity has rotted their common sense.

Take a look at any population map and you'll see that human beings are not much different from common bacteria, fruit flies, or alligator; large population centers lie near major sources of fresh water. The further away you go from one of these places and the population thins out to the point where people have no other option but to marry their close relatives who then give birth to flipper footed children.

Cold weather is necessary for intelligent life. A species that can survive through a long winter is tough, hard, and ready to take on any challenge. Down in Florida, if I lie in one place with my mouth open, I can catch more than enough insects to sustain my lifestyle.

When I was seventeen, I must have done something wrong, because my parents punished me by taking the whole family on a trip to Disney World. I don't know if you've ever been to Disney World, but it's the most poorly designed theme park after Herpes and Mugging Adventure, otherwise known as Newark, New Jersey.

The Disney theme park, like most other Disney products, is specifically designed for children, but, because it's in Florida, it's so hot that only warped children would enjoy being dragged from crappy attraction to crappy attraction for twelve hours a day so their parents can justify the arm and a leg they charge to get in (half a leg off after 4PM and during Craptasiafest). I didn't see a single happy

patron inside Disney World; however, the people who work there put on large, fake smiles and talk to you like it's your first day in a class for emotionally disturbed child rapists, which makes them seem so out of place they may as well be a homosexual New York born, Jewish lawyer defending the Scottsboro boys.

It's no wonder that people down here were willing to vote for George Bush Jr. twice. It makes perfect sense. If I lived in Florida, I would also vote for the presidential candidate most likely to incite nuclear war. Sure, I'd die a horrible death, but that's so much better than living in Florida.

I can't even imagine the thought process that was involved in the first people moving down to Florida. "You know honey, our house is really nice, but there aren't enough bugs around here and it's so cold in the winter. We should move somewhere where it's hot all the time, and humid; then we'd never have to shovel snow again. But it's not good enough that it's hot all the time, to be a real paradise, let's make sure it's in the middle of a swamp and right in the path of every tornado and hurricane in North America; otherwise, it's just not worth it."

To those of you who live in Florida, I'm sorry for whatever crime it was that you committed, but if you chose to live here, then there is irrefutable proof of intelligent design, because a loving God would never inflict that kind of torture on anyone.

Just nine more days.

PS After a period of rain, Florida has considerably cooled, and become quite windy which is much nicer than oppressive heat and stifling humidity; also, we went to a baseball game today. It doesn't matter where you are, it's impossible to not enjoy yourself when you're watching a ballgame.

Sex Mahoney for President

Get your hands off of my woman motherfucker

There's nothing harder than being an adult when your parents are around.

Even the most stoic and mature among us turns into the same sniveling, whining, bed wetting brat they were when such things as bed times and spankings were a lot less fun than they are now.

I don't know about you, but I have an awkward relationship with my parents.

It seems like a lot of people are close with their parents; they do things, talk to, and generally enjoy the company of their parents.

I'm never sure what to say to my parents, because I spend most of my time talking about drugs, fucking, or fucking on drugs and those aren't the kinds of things that you want to talk about with your mother. Of course, I'm excluded those of you who have hot mothers, in which case, I have no problem talking about, offering, or engaging in narcotic facilitated sex with them.

Children accrue such a debt towards their parents that, even if they wanted to, there is no possible way to repay. Freud even wrote about children wanting to repay their parents to assuage some of the guilt that people feel once they come of age and realize the enormous sacrifice that parents make to have children. Think about it, eighteen years of your life (minimum) and thousands of dollars to produce someone who, most likely, won't appreciate a tenth of your suffering until it's far too late. Of course, there are those children who realize, as children, how important their parents are and want to be around them all the time, creepy, little bastards who are socially inept and harbor Oedipal fantasies.

I've met people who make multiple calls to their parents daily, and I've met people who haven't spoken to their parents in months... sometimes years. Some parents couldn't be bothered to talk to their grown children, while I've met other people who get nervous when lunchtime rolls around and their forty year old son has only called twice.

Like all relationships, both parties have certain needs and boundaries; however, unlike most of your friends, who get a letter and a picture of your spawn at Christmastime, your friends didn't bail you out of jail in the middle of the night that time you stole a police car and drove around getting free food at local drive-throughs.

The obligatory part of parent/child relationships really turns me off; if you don't want to talk to your parents, then you shouldn't because it spoils the time you spend together. Email is wonderful for this purpose because it saves you the trouble of real time interaction and you can browse through pornography while you do it. If either of my parents took a more active interest in pornography then we'd probably see each other more often.

I like seeing my parents from time to time, but that doesn't mean I want to see them every day and I know that they don't want to see or hear from me all the time; they have their own things to do. It's healthier for everyone if we do it that way.

Then there are people who get nervous when they're too far away from their parents. Take a look at most of your friends and relatives and I'll bet they live within an hour's drive of at least one of their parents.

I was walking through a department store today, and I saw a shirt that read: "You're never too old to be Daddy's girl."

Never mind the sick images of alpha male sexuality and pimpism, that tee shirt conjures up, think about daddy's girls for a minute. Momma's boys are a little sad because they are usually feminine men who, if they don't want to sleep with their mother, at least want to stick their heads partially back up the birth canal for some emotional comfort.

Daddy's girls are another story altogether. I don't care what kind of relationship you have with you father, daddy's girls conjures up images of weak women dependent on a strong male to handle all of modern life's difficulties. Yet, I saw a whole stack of shirts bearing that slogan and several others that referred to the wearer as a daddy's girl while I'd be hard pressed to find, except in the most bizarre German fetish shops, to find a shirt that proclaims the owner to be a proud momma's boy.

Gender roles are, by and large, a bigger crock of shit than pills that will regrow hair or make your breasts larger and daddy's girls are the worst kind of female stereotype; so bad that I would rather see a large nosed Jew giving a 87% interest loan to a watermelon eating black man than see a girl walking down the street wearing a shirt that says "Daddy's Girl" on the front.

I don't blame women for this phenomenon. Most men consider themselves so lucky that they can convince one woman to talk to them that, when they have a daughter, there's nothing they wouldn't do for their little girls.

Or maybe it's just that, once their little girl grows up they'll have to deal with scumbags like me, who want to pump them full of drugs and ejaculate on every square inch of their bodies at the very minute they turn sixteen, father's want to give their daughters at least one man in their life who won't stare at their breasts and treat everything they say like a joke.

Either way, when I see someone wearing a shirt with the words "Daddy's girl," it doesn't matter what their parents intended, I know that the wearer is the kind of girl I can get to do very degrading things. The kind of things she won't want to tell her parents when she makes her afternoon phone call.

Sex Mahoney for President

To the master bedroom where the vampires feast

You never see eatin' quality roadkill in New Jersey anymore.

It wasn't too long ago that you could take a shovel and a pail down to the highway and pick up dinner for two, but it's hard to find sizeable, fresh animals these days.

People say that the wildlife has up and left the area, but if you want to find some real fresh roadside meat, then you should head to Iraq.

It makes sense that, during a war, the number of unclaimed human bodies exceeds the removal capacity of competent authority; therefore, there must be thousands of corpses ready for eating in Iraq, since American authority is about as competent and reliable as a child molester at the Ice-capades.

There's no reason why eating humans should be taboo; it's all that sissy, left wing, pussy rhetoric that stands between you and a decent meal.

Think about it.

There's a good chance that, right down the street from your house, there's a prime piece of real estate, chock full of wasted bodies. Not only could the land, on which a cemetery sits, be used for necessary developments, like new golf courses and mini-malls, but just a few rump steaks from every fifth corpse could feed New York City for a year.

I'm a slimy guy. I've slept with girls whose boyfriends and husbands are overseas making the world safe for democracy, I've taken money from various charitable organizations, right now, I'm sitting outside your house and waiting for you to go to sleep, so I can steal the copper wire and tubing buried inside your walls. It may seem like I have no scruples, but there are some things that are too scummy, even for me.

Grieving people can be talked into just about anything (and there's nothing hotter than funeral home widow double stuffing) and the vultures who recommend that the deceased get a wake, a burial, and a headstone, are not only depriving needy families of a good night's meal, but they're siphoning money from the third most gullible people after Hum-V owners and late night television consumers.

If you don't believe me, then go see if you can't get laid at a funeral; you practically have to fight off depressed girls with low self-esteem.

Instead of wasting perfectly good dead bodies by burying or burning them, we should put dead people to use. America is sitting on a gold mine of alternative energy; all we have to do is learn how to run automobiles on a corpse-based fuel. This kind of radical thinking is bound to meet with a ton of opposition, but the nature of its opponents reveals a lot about the value of pursuing such a goal.

Most of the people who want their bodies to go to waste are intensely religious, and religious people are the primary source of more bad ideas than all the bureaucrats in Washington DC. Think of all the very fun things that religion tells people not to do: adultery, idol worship, homosexual murderous adultery. Whenever a preacher tells you not to do something, chances are good that it's pretty fun.

Life is transient. Each of us only lives for such a short time that it's very tempting to think that a memorial will give us the closest thing to eternal life as we're ever going to find on earth, but religious people already believe in heaven, so leaving a marker behind is just hubris, even Jesus didn't leave a grave at which people could worship, or verify the truth of all that poppycock written in the bible. Your family might visit a tombstone for a few years after your death, especially if you were young when you died, but even if you were famous, the only people who come to remember you probably already heard about you through something other than your grave and it's pointless to have your physical remains slowly decomposing underground so slack jawed yokels can come to smoke point nearby and remember all the wonderful whatever you might have created.

When everyone you know is dead, chances are good that your grave will go unvisited for years, unless some curious university student is doing a paper on cemeteries or local teens come to have sex in peace. When you have a funeral, all you're really doing is leaving your family open to have horrific ghouls prey upon their liquid assets and inconveniencing all your close friends and minor acquaintances.

Maybe that's what it's all about; perhaps as a person gets close to death they think about ways they can screw over the people who go on living. I don't want a funeral; I want six of my closest friends to bury me in an unmarked grave in the woods, or leave me tied to a stake in the desert so carrion feeders can pick my bones clean; however, if I was going to have a funeral, a wake, and all that garbage, I'd want to die on a Thursday, so that people have to give up their Friday and Saturday to come look at my dead ass and tell each other how life-like I look.

Either that, or I want to be stuffed and mounted in a girl's

locker room.

Sex Mahoney for President

Perhaps it's just the passage of time, but it seems like music used to be a lot better than it is now.

Or so I thought.

You see, for the last several months, I have downloaded and sorted through thousands of songs, the top 100 songs to be exact, from 1950 to 2006.

Washington DC. Think of all the very fun things that religion tells people not to do: adultery, idol worship, homosexual murderous adultery. Whenever a preacher tells you not to do something, chances are good that it's pretty fun.

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Sex Mahoney for President

Is it just me, or have the rest of you been getting a lot more myspace spam recently?

Either I've suddenly become very popular with a lot of webcam girls (maybe they're reading my blog) and people who can make me a lot of money, or webcam girls and conmen are a lot lonelier than I ever would have guessed.

I wouldn't mind so much, but myspace's mail and friend request interfaces suck. I spend a lot of time deleting.

It's enough to drive a guy insane.

I used to get messages from people, inviting me to read their blogs, but I don't get those anymore; I guess people are doing a lot less writing these days; instead, they spend their time undressing for strangers over the internet and taking money from old people.

The sad part is that I no longer know who genuinely wants to be my friend, and who just wants my money. In real life, it's much easier, because the people who want my money can see me, or smell me, coming from a long way off and I look, or smell, like a person who doesn't have the kind of money that's worth stealing, by which I mean small amounts in the single digits, or decimal points.

There is a solution; I could make my profile private, but there's something ridiculous in that. Ever since some stupid thirteen-year-old girl got herself raped and murdered (it's always the victims fault, isn't it?) every monkey asshole and their ape-like cousin has started using a private profile. Don't ask me why people would go through the trouble to put lots of personal information and pictures of and about themselves in a large public forum only to restrict access to people who already know the kind of information you put in an internet profile; I'm just an idiot.

If you've got a piano to sell, or maybe just want to give out guitar lessons, there's no better way to let people know about your product or services than by posting a flyer in a public place, especially if you cut little strips at the bottom of the page so people can rip off copies of your phone number; I guarantee it will help your business, or everything will stay the same, either way, something or nothing will definitely, most likely, happen. The only problem is that there are a lot of creeps and weirdoes out there who will take your number and call you for things unrelated to guitar lessons and your crappy furniture, which is why you have to protect your privacy by not putting any contact information on your flyer; your message will still get out there, but only the resourceful will have a chance to purchase your undesirables.

Having a private myspace profile makes about as much sense as posting an untraceable flyer in a public place.

I'd like to have a private profile, but it seems so cowardly, like I'm afraid of deleting a little spam or telling fourteen-year-old boys that their bands suck. I've never thought twice about hurting a child before, so I'm not likely to make the switch. To all of you, the

ones of you who have private profiles, you should be ashamed of yourselves; don't you know that there are creeps and weirdoes out there who want to see that picture of you and your friends playing virtual pickle swallow from your trip to Disney last year. That and, with a private profile, no one will know what kind of people you want to meet.

I know it's a pain in the ass having people sending you messages about the kick ass new songs from their genitals and the enormous size of their band; if you're not already used to people advertising in every available moment of your public life, then you haven't been looking at the bottom of the urinal close enough.

I try to write four blogs a week; sometimes that happens and sometimes it doesn't.

You might think that, being out of work, I have endless amounts of time in which to commit my various deeds, but unemployment is a lot more demanding than you might think. I don't know where ordinary people find the time to do all this stuff.

On an average day, I spend a few hours writing, no more than four. That's the bulk of my work for the day. Currently, I'm working on a new book, which is why my blog production has been so low, but that's partially a lie.

See, I consider myself a writer, and writers like to do anything except write. Personally, I love to play video games and masturbate, which are a lot more fun than writing any day of the week. I hardly ever ejaculate, and I've never gotten the high score, from writing. Even my blogs, which are the best read of all the things I write, only manage about a hundred views per post, if this were Pac Man, that wouldn't even get me past the first stage on most tries.

Just now, after I finished that paragraph, I went outside and gave my mulch pit another turn. It didn't need it, but turning rotten organic matter is even a lot more fun than writing.

I shouldn't say that, writing is a lot of fun, and I enjoy doing it, but it's work, just like anything else. I'm sure than even the most nymphomaniacal porn star has days where they don't want to put anything else up their ass. I can dig that; there are only so many things I can put inside my ass in a day.

To top it all off, it's so hard to be productive when you've got diarrhea. I've been shitting green liquid all day.

I only write about four hours out of the day, I spend the rest of the time reading, which is just as important as the writing because without the reading, there wouldn't be anything to steal for the writing. The two greatest writers in the history of the world worked just like this, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky; one would publish a chapter from their book, and the other, who would be in the middle of gambling or having sex with peasants, would get excited and write the exact opposite in the next chapter of their book.

So, my blog output was very high for the last few months because I wrote my blogs at work, and the only thing a writer likes doing less than writing is office work; however, I'm working on a new novel, trying to get the old one published, working on a series of short cartoons, reading several novels of varying lengths, and playing a full season of major league baseball as the 2005 LA Dodgers.

I also try to read as many blogs as I can. I subscribe to every blog of everyone on my friends list and anyone who subscribes to my blog. It's only fair that, if I expect other people to read my crap, I read their crap in return. It takes up a lot of time.

In the next two weeks, you will see one of two things happen. Either I will post more blogs, or I will stop commenting so much on yours. If that happens, please don't get angry, just send a letter to management and let us know how we can serve you better. If all else fails, then enclose one eight by ten picture of yourself engaged in an act of penetrative sex and send it and a self addressed stamped envelope to:

PO BOX 773
Toregeson, Utah, 84579

In return, you will get a one of a kind Sex Mahoney baseball cap and vibrating ball gag*, personally signed by an employee of the Playtime, Inc. customer service department..

Have an orgasm by the end of the day today.

*baseball caps may contain flesh eating bacteria, ball gags should not be used on humans.

Sex Mahoney for President

I'm never sure how to act around other people.

Part of me would like them to get naked and touch my genitals, but when I mix with strangers, they usually yell at me for putting my genitals near their hands or annoy me with their requests for me to take off my clothes and touch their genitals.

Sometimes you just can't win.

Even if they don't want to rub privates, you'd think that it would be all right to just sit around and talk to other people, but they always want to talk about themselves when I only want to talk about me. I can't spend too much time with someone before we run out of things to talk about, and I start making jokes. Sometimes my jokes are funny, but most of the time they're just off color; it makes people uncomfortable.

Normally, I'd just move off to a cabin in the woods to masturbate and smoke myself to death, but even I get lonely from time to time and there are no prostitutes in the woods.

Not that I can sleep with any prostitutes now; for some reason, my wife has got this weird idea that prostitution is comparable to infidelity. I suppose I should break up with her, but that poses all kinds of problems.

It seems that once you throw your lot in with someone, you should stick with them. Even if that means trekking miles into the wilderness to pan for gold, rob the tomb of an ancient king, or bury an accidentally killed stripper. Of course, there are plenty of situations where following a friend can get you tied up and gagged wearing all kinds of leather; so, there doesn't seem to be an easy way to draw a line.

Breaking up with my wife would leave me available to sleep with lots of single women, but it's getting harder to lure eighteen year olds into unmarked vans than it used to be; they don't even seem to want candy or to help me find a lost puppy anymore.

From my point of view, it seems like an uncomplicated argument, but don't forget that my wife is an autonomous being all on her own. She can do all kinds of things on her own, like feeding herself and renting "The Simpsons" on DVD; it's very impressive. All my arguments depend on her wanting to stay with me; perhaps she's tired of me and wants to have sex with lots of single women, too. I might even be standing in the way of her dreams to become an Olympic curling champion, not that she's ever expressed any interest in curling, and, like me, she despises Olympic athletes for their courage and determination.

The important thing to remember is sex. It doesn't seem that important, but married people can forget how hard it is to have sex when you don't know of or live with someone who wants to have sex with you; it's hard to get strangers to stand still at bus stations long enough to finish and churches are a lot less friendly today than they used to be. In today's political climate, I can even imagine little Catholic children who have trouble finding a priest who welcomes their coy behavior and salacious, sacramental

dress for fear that they will one day end up on the evening news with their cassock over their head as they walk into the police station.

Either way, I never know how to act around people, and the longer I spend with one person, the more patience it requires to put up with my shtick. It's not that I don't want to share the benefits of my friendship with everyone; it's just that most people don't like the stains I leave on their furniture and clothing.

In the meantime, if you're looking to rub some genitals, then feel free to get in touch with me anywhere.

Sex Mahoney for President

I'd like to have an orgy.

Sure, I've had sex with two or three other people at the same time, but I'm talking about the kind of orgy where there are bodies and limbs and genitals flying everywhere; the kind where you have dodge flying sperm like you're in a shooting gallery.

I've got a wild, sexual imagination and, in my head, I have visions of grand debaucheries with exotic, attractive members of both sexes; however, in reality, when you meet swingers and the orgy crowd, they are often very different from the fantasy. Most of them are skinny loser guys like me, and, of the few women that attend, there is a better chance that they escaped from a government pharmaceutical testing lab than stepped off the pages of a Sears Catalogue. Plus, besides the chronically ugly and hopelessly creepy whose reproductive juices would coagulate in the hard to reach places on your body, there's lots of pressure to perform.

Right around the turn of the millennium, I was friends with this girl and we had plans to rent out a big hotel room so we could have the biggest (and first) orgy of the new millennium.

Suffice to say, no matter how much I'd like to have an orgy, it sounds a lot better than it ever could be.

Europe is much the same.

All that history and culture seems really great in books, but in reality, it's a place, just like any other.

I just got back from an extended trip to the continent, and I've got to say that I'm unimpressed. I'm not hard to please; I mean, I'm the same guy who changed his opinion of IHOP when they introduced the never-ending stack of pancakes and I can rarely pass a novelty, jumbo-sized candy bar without getting a little wet in the crotch; however, when all is said and done, Europe has got nothing on a four foot Twix bar.

I threw up three times in Europe; maybe that's why I didn't like it that much. I hate to throw up and I'll use all my energy to keep myself from doing it. The first time I threw up because German beers are twice the size of your head and just as alcoholic; technically, I threw up three times that night, but since I threw up the same materials and because the vomit was induced by the same source, I only count it as one. If you've vomited fourteen inches of wurst and a pound of sauerkraut, it can be interesting to see the mess in the bottom of a toilet, but I was drunk, so I didn't appreciate it as much as I should.

The second time I threw up, I wasn't even drunk. I suppose that, in a way, I was drunk, not from alcohol but from fried food. For one whole week I ate everything deep-fried in oil that tasted like a lamb had sex with a fish. I couldn't even make it to a toilet; I threw up on the side of a dirt road, about a hundred meters away from a field of sheep and some

angry goats. It was there the next day when I walked past, and I was sober enough to check it out, but vomit is never as impressive the next day as it is when it's fresh. That was in Amsterdam. I'm glad I was able to get stoned after that. It's much easier to feel good about yourself when you're stoned, even though you might have chunks of bile covered french fries stuck in your nose.

The last time I puked was in London. I don't know why I puked; I wasn't that drunk and I didn't feel sick; maybe I just wanted to see what it would be like to vomit up fish and chips.

I guess that I'm just not the biggest fan of vacations. I haven't taken a proper one since 2001. I don't work very hard, or all that often, so it could be argued that I'm always on vacation, but I do work hard on my books, movies, and whatever other medium I want to spoil with my filth.

On the plus side, I have now had sex in fourteen countries (fifteen if you count Scotland and England separately). On the down side, I spent a month traveling around with little to show for it than a few memories.

I forgot to mention that vacation is a lot like summer camp, or at least what I assume summer camp is like, because I've never been to summer camp. I have been on vacation, a number of them, and they always feel a lot better when they're over than they do while they're ongoing. Right now, back in America, Europe seems like a magical place where I had a lot of fun, but over there, all I could think about was getting back here.

Vacations are also a terrible strain on relationships. After 44 consecutive days in each other's company, I don't think my wife likes me any more... and she didn't like me going into the trip. I haven't been insulted like that, or called a douche bag so often, since my grandmother died. On the other hand, I now have a profound respect for my wife, who, as it turns out, knows hundreds more card games than you would ever expect. I have visions of her chain smoking cigarettes in a dark bar, sometime in the distant future, where she'll tell people about the loser she married a long time ago, in between taking their money.

There were times when we were friendly on this trip, including a wonderful day in Brussels when we went to the four best french fry establishments in the Western world. It was raining very hard at the time, and I had a clear, plastic garbage bag for protection. People looked at me like I was crazy, like they had never seen a grown man walking around in a garbage bag before.

The garbage bag was actually a lot nicer than most of my clothes. I was terribly underdressed for Europe, even the bums scoffed at me, and a mugger was going to rob me of my shoes, but after taking a whiff of them, said that he'd rather go barefoot. I did bring one nice pair of clothes with me; I wore them to a club in Scotland where a lot of people were dressed up. I don't know why people wear nice clothes to nightclubs; when sewer workers go down into the pipes, they put on overalls to protect their attire, but

women and men get all dolled up just to have cigarette ash, alcohol, and semen poured on them to bad music.

I met a lot of nice people on the trip. I hope I hear from them again, but in all probability, we were momentary friends. I'm no good at keeping in touch with people I've known all my life, let alone some girl with whom I spent seven hours on a bus to London, talking about candy bars.

I don't think I'll go on another vacation for a while, at least as long as it takes for me to have an orgy. In the meantime, there's a lot of work to do.

Sex Mahoney for President

When you spend most of your time engaging in an activity that doesn't generate any revenue, it's fair to say that you are a rabid enthusiast.

Personally, I don't understand that logic, since any activity for which your participation is compensated financially seems less wholesome than something you do for fun; for instance, if you're a prostitute and you really like having sex with unattractive, and abusive, strangers, then the money is immaterial and you'd probably do the same thing even if it wasn't your job; however, if you're the kind of person who hates sucking dick, especially in the backseat of a '88 Ford Escort while the person whose dick is being sucked cries out "It's my life now, Daddy," the fact that you are paid to do something you hate makes it seem a lot less honorable.

With six billion people in the world, it seems unlikely that there are enough jobs out there for everyone to do what they want (I mean, how many chief hydroelectric engineers does one town need?). That really sucks for many of us, the mediocre, who comprise up to 90% of the world's population. We were never meant to be Goulds, Einsteins, Hawkings, or Lyells; we sit at desks and fill out forms until one of those esteemed gentlemen, or someone much like them, builds a machine that does our job for us. There are people out there with valuable, necessary jobs, but chances are good that if you're reading this, or writing something much like it, then you don't have one of those. Gould, Einstein, Hawking; they didn't need money to do their work, they would have done it anyway (not Lyell though, he was a greedy, manipulative, and spiteful bastard) because they loved to do it and it came naturally; I'm sure that any of us could be a physicist, if it paid enough.

The benefit of all this specialization is that it leaves a lot of empty space for the rest of us to kill time before we become word food or soylent green. Some of these jobs, while necessary, aren't special at all (how hard could it be to throw garbage into the back of a truck); sure, someone needs to do these dirty jobs, but we could all take turns if it really came to it. Some of the jobs actually are special, like the person who decides what to do with all that garbage, but there are relatively few of them compared to the rest of us; there's certainly a lot more garbage men. Besides, in a country like America, where everyone has a car, doesn't it seem strange that you pay taxes for something you could easily accomplish yourself? Every town has a dump where they take your garbage, why not take your garbage there directly and put little signs on your front lawn that invite your garbage men to go fuck themselves.

We should have backups for a lot of these necessary jobs, hell there are six billion of us, so why not get organized and create a hierarchy not unlike many government institutions. Ordinary citizens will have to spearhead this reorganization since you can't trust governments to do anything that has a specific, definable, practical outcome. With four or five people able to do the same job, then only one of those people has to work while the other four are free to pursue other, creative avenues. The best part is that you would only have to work 1/5th of the year, and the rest of the time, you'd be on vacation. Just to be fair, the shifts would rotate, so sometimes you might have to work for 146.1 days straight, if the chips fall just right.

Modern society is so much of a joke that you can't look at it without laughing. All the materials we need to survive are just sitting around, for free, and we're too stupid to realize what to do with them. The whole concept of modern society is a little like being born inside an amusement park, except, instead of roller coasters and funnel cake, you pay taxes and get prostate exams. The only thing I can't figure out is whether the people enforcing the rules are the same as us, they just don't yet realize that the rules are as arbitrary and meaningless as anything written in Mad magazine or the bible (Notice that Mad magazine gets capitalized, that's because the bible isn't protected against copyright or trademark infringement). It seems like the people enforcing the rules are aware of the arbitrary nature of their systems, since they flout the rules all the time, but then again, if they didn't at least partially believe in them, they wouldn't enforce them in the first place.

Of course, that's just my crazy theory, maybe the people in charge are actually aware, but they enforce the rules because they like making people crazy.

Of course, we couldn't pay these people anything.

I know that might make them susceptible to bribery, but money ruins things, just look at what it's done to music, movies and sport. Besides, if we pay them, how would we know if they really want to perform those duties, instead of being in it for the money.

The rest of us will be free to drink and paint and dance and sing and write and play and smoke and fuck for ten months out of the year.

Sex Mahoney for President

I usually don't think about farting in public, other than a facile attempt to keep it quiet.

In some cases, I should probably exercise more caution, like in a train compartment, an elevator, or while receiving a proctologic exam.

One part of me just wants relief from searing gas pain, but the more sadistic side enjoys the wrinkled noses, gagging, and praying that accompanies my best fart related work. Either way, I enjoy farting to the point that a clinical psychologist might classify me with some disorder and prescribe medication to help my unhealthy fascination. I'm sure that I'm not alone in my infatuation, but if they were holding auditions for someone to fart professionally, like in a commercial or song, I'd go. I wouldn't get the job, but it would be a lot of fun to try.

The thing about farts is that they smell so potent at the time, and they're the kind of thing that should make a big impression, but, just like their smell, they quickly fade. Part of me wishes that I could bottle my farts and save them for special occasions, but it feels better when they're natural and unique; collecting farts would cheapen the whole thing.

I feel the same way when I go somewhere and take pictures. Instead of collecting valuable memories and filing them away in my sieve-like head, I'm trying to bottle farts; and they never smell as good the day after.

So when I got home from Europe, and people asked me questions about my trip, I was reluctant to answer them. Pictures are an easy way to get out of answering questions about your vacation, but they're so god damned boring that I don't want to inflict that kind of punishment on anyone. On Sunday, we went to my cousin's apartment and took turns looking at vacation pictures. It was nice, just highlights. ESPN has got at least one thing right.

It seems like the modern era is a time of collecting. We take pictures and videos and audio recordings of ourselves and keep them in boxes, as if they were presents for whichever relative, or garbage man, comes to empty out your house after you die. Maybe we're all convinced that, by saving all these pictures, we can hold onto a point in time that has long since passed. I always see people reliving their precious memories after viewing a picture from that time in their life.

These pictures are precious to us. When I take out a picture of that twelve-year-old girl, on whom I had a crush at the same tender age (I don't keep pictures of my current twelve-year-old crushes, too much material evidence), I remember all those sensations that I associate with her; the way her hair smelled, the curve of her breasts, the way she could take a fist; however, when other people look at the picture, all they see is a twelve-year-old girl with a boxer's face and bad fashion sense. It's all right though; pictures, just like farts, only smell good to their owner.

About a year and a half ago, I threw out all my old pictures, I think. They might still be kicking around somewhere, but I have no idea where they are. I wanted to save them, at

the time, but then I just forgot, or got stoned, and it never happened. I don't miss those pictures; I keep the good parts in my head.

I don't know why I hang onto these memories; any lessons they teach can be easily replaced with various television and novel representations of the same scenes, and I've got more than enough porn for masturbatory purposes. Still, I can't let go of all these pointless memories.

In a way, pictures make more sense than memories, because I'm inclined to remember how that twelve-year-old girl, in her ripped bodice, swooned in my arms as I swung us off the pirate ship, on which she was held prisoner; after which, we made love on the rocks and I came on her face. Most of that previous sentence is probably not true, but if I remember it that way, then it is to me.

It's a good thing there isn't a picture of my early sexual development with that twelve-year-old girl; sure, you wouldn't be able to smell the fart that I accidentally deployed in her face when she had my dick in her mouth, but you'd see the disgusted look on her face, plus, it would be considered child porn, and I don't want to fuck with that.

Sex Mahoney for President

I haven't been writing as much as I usually do.

Sure, I've been masturbating a lot more often, but I'm also doing other things that occupy my hands without leaving sticky messes on my belly or people asleep at airports. For the last week and a half, I've been working on a new cartoon, a music video. It will be the longest thing I have ever animated, and it probably won't be ready for another month, at least.

In the meantime, I'll continue to write at least two or three pieces a week and, in August, there will be three more parts of my Airport Security cartoon.

Hopefully, this will all lead up to a thirty minute short film that I'll produce in the fall and a feature length film for summer 2008.

Driving on acid is easy, just keep the car on the highway, don't laugh, don't fart, and don't sneeze

Walk ten blocks in any direction, and you're sure to meet someone who has a story for you.

You may not want to hear the story. You may have no interest in the person. You may be out for bread and milk. You may be en route to kill yourself.

Either way, walk ten blocks in any direction, and you'll meet someone with a story.

Everybody has a story, that's what makes us unique and beautiful snowflakes, but not everyone wants to share their stories with you. Your friendly neighborhood policeman will probably not tell you about the time that he accidentally shot a four-year-old black child, stuffed her body into an empty oil drum, dumped her body in the Hudson river, and shot the oil drum full of holes when the air trapped inside prevented the body from sinking; however, the same policeman will gladly tell you about the time he caught a man who tried to rob a bank with a note written on personalized stationary. It's a funny world.

I've got my stories to tell, but I try to keep them to myself these days. When I was younger, my stories were very important because they defined me as a person, but, nowadays, being a degenerate, jobless, pervert is more of a liability than it used to be in high school. It's a lot more fun to listen to other people tell their stories.

In the course of a human life, chances are good that some terrible things happen; even in very young children, there are decent odds that they've experienced a traumatic event. Talk to anyone long enough, and you're going to hear that story; they probably love to tell it; however, there's a greater probability that they'll tell you a story of something that happened to them, rather than something they did to someone else.

Ours is a culture of pain. We love to show off scars and wounds; wax poetic about old girlfriends and long lost crushes; and tell about our friends' misfortunes. It harkens back to the old days, those shamanistic times, when women put fishes in their vaginas so their husbands would love them forever masturbated into bridges so they wouldn't go limp on their wedding nights; we love to talk about our misfortune because we think that, by talking, we can somehow ward off bad spirits.

How nice it is that people, in their quest to stave off injury, keep their darkest, most secret, fears, like the purloined letter, right out in the open for all to see. They might be crumpled up, and cast aside, as if they didn't matter, but they're sitting out for the attentive observer.

On their own, these revelations do nothing for us, but, they are keys to unlocking deeper secrets.

When people tell you about their misfortunes, they leave out those circumstances in which they were the perpetrator, because it's much better to have people perceive you as a sap than as a villain, and, really, no one ever believes them self a villain. Hitler probably congratulated himself every time he remembered to hold a door open for someone and thought that he'd still get an annual parade, even if he lost the war.

Everyone has a story, but they're prepared material, like listening to a cruise ship comedian tell stolen jokes about their wife or doctor or prostate. The real stuff is buried under years of bad report cards and broken dishes your parents never found; the real stuff never sees the light of day, except maybe on a therapist's couch or a bar stool. Everybody has stories, but we're more interested in their secrets, especially when it's a celebrity.

I've never understood the celebrity worship culture in which I live, but I'm a slave to it the same as anyone else. Sure, I only scan the celebrity gossip to see who has a new sex tape available, but I'm no better than some sixty-year-old bible thumper sitting by her radio, unable to turn away and expressing fresh outrage at each attack on family values.

In some ways it makes sense, this celebrity worship, because everyone lives a boring, sedentary life, and we live vicariously through the fabulously wealthy actors, actresses, sports stars, and cable television news pundits that fill the gossip pages. Most middle American housewives aren't getting double teamed in the middle of a Wednesday afternoon (at least not the ones I've tried to double team) but they love to read about it in People or US Weekly or Celebrity Crotch Shots (I prefer the latter). Plus, as an added bonus, we can read about people screwing up their lives and feel better about our own lives, which we've screwed up beyond repair. It doesn't matter if your children have unprotected sex with winos underneath a bridge because you're too proud to tell them you love them when Paris Hilton is going to actual jail for committing a crime and no one knows who is the father of Anna Nicole Smith's bastard child.

It's true, celebrities are rich, but all the money in the world doesn't make a clock turn any faster. They still have to find things with which to fill their time, and there's only so

much drinking, fucking, and model ship building you can do before getting bored. When you have a lot of money, you can pursue diverse recreations; but the caveat of being a celebrity is that there's no such thing as privacy when you're trying your hand at ice sculpting or gangbangs.

Sometimes, it seems as though the celebrity gossip network was invented to cover the lives of Lindsey Lohan and others of her ilk; however, there were celebrities before Lindsey, and more will come after. Some of those old celebrities are still alive; having their secrets exposed didn't kill them; it drove them to obscure locales like Omaha, Nebraska, sure, but those that pass do not do so because Kitty Carlisle said they had sex with sheep.

I wish that everyone were a celebrity, both because I like to see people suffer from the same punishment they inflict on others, and it would be nice if everyone had their secrets exposed in print. It doesn't matter where you live, people are the same everywhere, and people love to talk; whichever deep, dark secret you would never tell anyone is someone else's cocktail story; for instance, though it mortifies you to even think about it, your attractive, female, cousin thinks it's hilarious that you put a hand in her skirt at my Uncle Gilbert's wedding.

The town gossips know all of your secrets, and, in the dark areas, the details, they make up what they don't.

So what if you accidentally killed a guy, would it hurt if you told someone?

Our secrets are nothing. Secrets are dreams from a past that will never return, and secrets fester in the dark, just like moldy clementines. Keep a secret bottled up inside for too long, and it's bound to start eating away at those memories, the nice ones, like the time the door to a women's locker room accidentally got stuck while open or your car broke down and you caught a ride into town with the Swedish Blowjob and Street Luge team.

The next time you walk ten blocks, and you meet someone with a story, don't just keep quiet, tell the person a real secret, not one of your prepared ones. You'll feel a lot better for it... even if the cashier at your local supermarket doesn't know how to respond to your confession that you once rummaged through a pile of laundry to find a pair of panties that may or may not have belonged to Delta Burke.

At least they'll have a nice story to tell.

Sex Mahoney for President

Let's all get drunk tonight.

We can, after all.

To be fair, it is a Monday, but that's no reason why we can't tie one on and get up for work in the morning. We don't do anything important, and nobody works until after lunch anyway.

Anyway, it's the summer. You can get drunk on a Monday if it's in the summer.

It makes sense. When the sun is out later, the day lasts longer, relatively speaking; so, it's not a problem to get drunk any day of the week... so long as it's summer.

Taking that logic one step further, and it's safe to assume that, as long as the sun is out, drinking is yes.

Of course, people can't just walk around drunk all the time; nothing would get done because everyone would be busy either harassing strangers or vomiting; therefore, it makes sense that liquor stores close early enough that people who have yet to drink all their booze are not drunk enough to drive drunk.

But the option is there.

Yes, if you're a millionaire, or a hobo, there's nothing to stop you from drinking from morning till night except for the liquor store's early closing time. If only there were a way to get things from a liquor store after it closes, without having to break in. I guess it's a good thing that, whenever I'm in a liquor store, I try to buy as much booze as the shocks in my car allow me to bring home. You just never know when you're going to run out, and the religious conservatives that run this country limit our access to booze at certain times of the day.

Of course, I can't drink on the street, except maybe if I put my drink in a paper bag, but even that can be an invitation to a ticket from over zealous police officers; I can't get too loud when I drink, because it might disturb my neighbors; and I can't go up to my roof, at night, and shout drunken epithets to my alien overlords because there is no such thing as alien overlords... any aliens that come to THIS planet do MY bidding.

I don't care for drinking, but I do it... everybody else is doing it. Even though I don't like it, I generally have a good time while drinking.

The thing about drinking is that it's a social activity, and I hate mixing with people. Sometimes it's nice to go to a bar and pay four times what I would at home for some atmosphere, or at least one or two girls who don't know to keep their legs together in short skirts; however, I really hate that I have to get drunk in the company of strangers, listening to crappy music.

Using Myspace is a lot like drinking. Most of the people on the site are assholes with an inflated sense of their own accomplishments (By the way, when this is over, remind me to tell you, again, how great I am... jerkass) who look a lot better when you put on your Myspace goggles; and, sure, you'll get laid, but the ladies and men you meet over the computer are about the same as the ones you'd meet in a bar. I'm told that the important part of Myspace and bars is the getting together part, but I can't figure out how anyone is supposed to meet anyone in either.

Not that I know how to meet someone anywhere, but as long as my dealer keeps me in good supply of Rohypnol, that's not a problem.

Alcohol is one of those things that the government, and most of the people around, want you to use responsibly; for instance, it would be irresponsible to get really drunk and run down children at a kindergarten graduation. Booze companies tell you all the time: "Please drink responsibly." We should.

That's the funny thing about responsibly; it's one of those slippery advertising words. The last time I checked, responsible meant the person or agent acting as a catalyst; for instance, I am responsible for typing up this document, but I am not responsible for killing off all the Cherokee. If I got behind the wheel of a car, while drunk, I would be responsible for that collision with the hot dog cart, even if I wasn't responsible for all of those hot dogs mysteriously vanishing before the police arrived, no matter what that lying hot dog vendor says.

I am also responsible for my drinking, since I was the one who lifted the cup to my mouth, and, as long as I drink from the glass by myself, like a big boy, I will drink responsibly. The one thing I won't do is wait to sober up before I drive home. The bars around here close at two, and I usually take the long way back. It's riskier because I attract the attention of a lot of cops, but, on the plus side, the midnight streets around my house are virtually free of small children.

There weren't many small children in the streets at 3 AM to begin with, which is why it doesn't make sense that people confine their drinking to the evening hours. There's a lot of insolent children out there who think that they can wander into the street at any time, for any reason. Join me this afternoon; have a cocktail, and then let's go toddler hunting.

As an American, it is your duty to exercise your rights. Which reminds me, can you hang onto a gun for me? Just for a couple of days. Until the police finish searching my house.

Sex Mahoney for President

You don't get any wiser as you age, but, for some reason, people are more inclined to listen to you.

It only works up to a certain point, after which, people go back to ignoring you the same as they did when you were a child.

It's disheartening.

Throughout the course of human history, the person with the most knowledge about a crucial subject is swept aside in favor of someone a little older, or younger, or more personable, or just plain crazy. On the other hand, if you're a young idea man, write your ideas down and put them in a file cabinet until you're in your thirties; no one will give you the time of day before that... unless your idea starts making money, then they'll flock.

A few months ago, I was talking to this English chap; he maintained that curing polio and diet Pepsi were worthy human achievements and that human beings were better than other animals. I told him that human beings were much worse than other animals, since a tiger will rarely kill to acquire mineral rights or impress a girl and that very few human achievements serve anything other than humans.

Of course, why should human beings help any of the other animals? We barely help ourselves, and who says that the strong have any obligation to protect the weak.

Lead, follow, or get out of the way... right?

My grandfather used to say something relevant to the situation, but he was so old that I never paid attention to anything he said; I probably wouldn't remember it anyway. I don't feel bad; when I was five-years-old I saw him changing the gasket on an Amana refrigerator, and I tried to tell him that it would be more cost effective to replace his old fridge with an energy efficient one, but he told me to go fuck myself.

If you look at a map of human population densities, you can see that, like mold and mosquitoes, human beings arrange themselves in easy to access to places by large bodies of water; sure, there are some hardy humans who brave life in harsh and bizarre places, like Kansas, but watch the movie "Jesus Camp" or read a book on US politics since 2000 and you'll see what happens to people who live out there for too long.

Thankfully, all of those Jesus whackos will alienate their children, like parents are wont to do, and grow so old that no one will listen to their wild theories about the age of the earth, partial birth abortions, or the evils of homosexuality anymore, but, in the meantime, they're of the appropriate age that people take them seriously.

Strangely, the Jesus freaks are of the same political ilk as the people who, for years, have told us that we need to pull ourselves up by our bootstraps and that we need to learn how to fish so we can feed ourselves forever; a message at odds with the Christian selflessness

or “pussitude” as it is called in certain circles. Anytime you argue the importance of feeding starving children with these folks, they try to tell you why it’s wrong to deny someone their right to own a big screen, high definition TV and jet skis.

To put it simply, their quest to teach self-reliance is really just a complaint against welfare.

I can understand why someone would dislike government welfare; in a way, welfare recipients are only a few steps above a legless Vietnam veteran begging quarters outside a 7-11. I don’t know if you’re the kind of person who’ll put some change in a bum’s begging cup, but sometimes I will... if the bum puts on a good act.

You can make the argument that other animals exhibit the same type of warlike behavior found in humans because it’s true. Chimps and ants wage war against their neighbors for reasons not much better than the ones for which we wave flags and die, and if we invent things like vaccines and diet cola just so we can be healthy enough to kill other humans and sell the survivors tasty beverages, then we’re not much better than the animals we disdain by calling uncivilized. The thing about animals is that they take care of their own if they can; sure, a lion might pick off some of the old, young, or infirm, but that’s only if they wander off from the pack. To truly say that we humans are somehow better than animals, we have to stop patterning our behaviors after them, and part of that includes making sure that every person on Earth enjoys a level of comfort somewhere between Levittown suburbs and Harlem projects. Call me a socialist if you like, but as long as some of us are prospering, we’ve got to take care of the weak ones.

That’s the whole reason for having a civilization.

I’d love to see civilization fall and have bands of vicious warlords wandering the land, demanding tribute from cowed populations without guns or balls, but if we’re going to have a civilization, I thought the whole point was to protect those who could not otherwise protect themselves.

And I’m not talking about fetuses; because if there’s one thing the world doesn’t need, it’s more children. It’s not like there’s a child shortage in the world. If you want a kid, keep your condom on, keep swallowing your birth control, and adopt a child from someone who can’t take care of it, particularly if you’re opposed to abortion.

You can’t tell people to consider adoption, if there’s no one willing to take the mewling little shit factory off their hands.

It really makes me sad to know that there are people in the world who can’t take care of themselves, but not so sad that I’d ever do anything about it; that’s why we have government, to do all of those things that we want done, but don’t have the balls to do ourselves, like tell our neighbor to keep the noise down, stop our boss from taking our pension and fleeing to the Caribbean, or build bombs that can turn anything to smithereens.

Go ahead and laugh at me now, someday I'll be old enough that people will take me seriously, and then you'll all pay. Actually, you don't have to worry. I plan on abusing my power to torture geriatric Jesus freaks, sitting in nursing homes, listening to Pat Robertson's respirator keep him alive through the 22nd century.

Sex Mahoney for President

It's hard to advocate a particular position without sounding like a jerk.

The minute you pick a side, you go from being whatever it is you are to a cheerleader for a particular cause; there's nothing more odious, both because doing nothing is always better than doing stuff and people with causes are the lamest of the lame, like door to door Mormons, but with less dignity.

I'd like to overcome my pride and be one of those people who believe in things, but there's nothing worth believing. Even the best of people will let you down; whether it's a senator from Louisiana who preaches family values while sleeping with prostitutes or a beloved public figure disclosing their strange relationship with marsupials.

My wife and I argue about this all the time. She's got this strange idea that going to a prostitute is cheating and demeaning. She says that sleeping with anyone while you're married counts as cheating, even if it's with a prostitute, and she thinks that it's belittling to pay someone for a service she provides for free.

Either way, visiting a prostitute has certainly landed this poor senator in trouble.

I mean poor when I say poor. I won't be diplomatic. There are some people who are just asking for it. Take the President. If I saw him on the street, I'd probably grab him by the lapels and beat and him senseless with every one of my major appendages and vital organs. Not because I disagree with his politics or his actions as commander in chief, he is the one in charge, and we did technically elect him; I'd like to kick his ass just because I can't stand listening to him speak without being reminded of a woman with whom I used to work.

I've never met anyone less suited to a job than this woman. She was so stupid that she would blatantly do something and then immediately deny it, like the way your father used to look under his chair, pretending as though a duck had run by him when he farted. Luckily, there were security cameras pointed at us all day long, and I could show this woman tape of her various forms of incompetence; however, even when faced with video evidence of something she did wrong, she would deny ever doing it. It was daunting. That's how I feel about the president. He lies and then lies to cover up the lie. It works for sitcom actors trying to handle a date with two different women at the same time, but, from the mouth of the president, it's a little like watching your grandmother fuck a donkey in Tijuana.

I can hate the President because of his constant lying. You can't hate a politician for their party alliance anymore than you can blame the moon for pulling on the tide.

If the situation were reversed, I don't think the President would be so kind to me. That's all right. I'm a nice guy. I can't expect everyone to be as wonderful as me... at least that's what my mother says, but she has no reason to lie... I already gave her the antidote.

The politician in question, this Louisiana senator who slept with a prostitute, he's a republican, but, in a time like this, party affiliation means about as much the price of legumes in Bordeaux. Here's a guy who's getting into trouble because he liked to fuck hookers and we should all stand up to support him. After all, if he met the right woman, on the right night, in the right dark alley, they'd be able to have all the sex they wanted. He could even buy her all the presents in the world, but the moment he gave her money for fucking, state law would regulate what had previously been free to give away.

It doesn't make sense that a US Senator would visit a prostitute in the first place. If I, a skinny, unattractive, Jew with a little dick and one ball, whose greatest joy in life is to avoid gainful employment, get stoned, and sit in front of a computer for eight to ten hours a day writing crappy stories and making shitty cartoons, can find a woman who will not fuck me for free; then it seems like someone with such a prestigious job would have no trouble; unless he was into something weird like testicle stomping or chicken fucking. Then again, I've never had the kind of money that Senators get paid through their salary and illegal kickbacks; maybe it's just a lot easier to pay to put your penis inside something warm when most women require a lot of money, time, and pointless getting to know you talking.

The thing is, people are generally smart enough to avoid killing themselves, and the ones that can't do that one simple thing, staying alive, probably aren't adding to the gene pool so much helping to create a bell curve. For every Bruce Springsteen and Billy Ocean, there are a few thousand poor souls who don't know better than to keep their dicks out of pool filters and vacuum cleaners.

The government is there to make sure we don't do stupid things like feeding reconstituted cow shit to the animals we eat and then spreading the fecal disease to our crops so that people get meat poisoning from eating spinach. When it comes to things like paying for sex, taking steroids to hit homeruns, and smoking whatever gets us high, the government has to let people do whatever they can to dull the pain of a slow and exhausting march towards the grave.

Paying a girl to cover her face with your semen is far less demeaning than many of the things that we do for our daily bread, especially when compared to the dehumanizing rigmarole that is the US Senate. I'm sure it tastes much worse to take money from lobbyists that want to use anti-terrorism technology to increase the sale of Drake's Cakes in key demographics.

I suppose it doesn't matter if it's against the law or not. The laws of a land reflect the will of the people more than all the flag waving, John Phillips Sousa marching that goes on in the news and on the campaign trail. The Senator will most likely receive no real punishment for his misdeeds more brutal than the court of public opinion that looks at the poor hypocrite and thanks god that someone else was uncovered while their own sins stay hidden.

That's why we can't pick sides, and speak in absolute terms; under the right set of circumstances, the best of us could turn cannibal and the worst of us could become a leader. Stranger things have happened. The important thing is that we stay ready to change and never forget to laugh at ourselves along the way. After all, the game of civilization goes on no matter what any one of us does, and some people forget that there's so little time to do as much smoking and fucking and writing as logic, and your body, will allow.

Nobody ever wins at life; we all shit ourselves at the moment of expiration.

If you have trouble remembering why all human beings are ridiculous, make a video of yourself masturbating, put "Green Onions" by Booker T and the MGs in the background, and mail a copy to <link>. Trust me, it will be hilarious.

Sex Mahoney for President

I love smoking.

There's no greater sensation than pulling a stream of hot, fresh smoke into your lungs and letting it sit there while your alveoli soak up tobacco or THC or both.

Of course, there's a psychological attachment to the act of smoking and, if the same benefits came in another form, for instance, shooting liquids into your asshole, they would not be as palatable.

I grew up with icons of the silver screen puffing away on cigarettes, and they looked cool doing it; sure, maybe if I grew up watching Cary Grant and Humphrey Bogart putting turkey basters into their rectums, I'd now sing a different tune.

The getting high part of smoking is the only thing to which I'm attached; if I could get high from putting a turkey baster in my ass, then I'd probably do that; hell, I'd do just about anything to get high... just so long as it's cheap.

While there are many who enjoy the inflated sense of self worth and erratic mood swings associated with alcohol inebriation, I like to get stoned and sit on my keister, with my head wrapped inside a warm blanket of indifference. It doesn't really matter what it takes to get me there.

Actually, it does.

The worst thing about drinking is how much of it you need to do. During the year I spent sleeping in a ditch, my tolerance rose to such heights that I would often wait around gas stations to suck the gasoline drips off the threads on people's gas caps; or, if I was really lucky, catch a few drops of falling petrol from the nozzle as it went back into its holster. Even then, I had to keep up a good pace, on slow days it was almost impossible to get blitzed.

Sure, getting drunk is fun, and it does make me ten times as attractive to members of the opposite sex, but it takes so much work and the payoff is paltry at best. Getting stoned is nice and easy, just 0.13 to 0.3 grams of crumbly, flaky leaves, and I'll think anything is hilarious for the next two to four hours.

My cat is the same way. I have to be ever so nice to her all the time, just so I can get a little bit of petting time; if I kick her, or swing her by her tail, or starve her to make her vicious for her fights against other cats, then she makes me pay for it by giving me the silent treatment. Very often, after a night of drunken debauchery, I'll find my cat huddling in some small corner, spiting me by crapping herself in terror and nervously chewing off her fur.

That's one of the many things I love about my wife. I don't have to try with her. She's content to let me wander off and play in my own filth for days, just so long as I make

good with the husbandly duties every so often. If there wasn't a woman like my wife, I'd be gay.

The men out there will know what I'm talking about when I say that, no woman can suck dick half as good as your local hobo or highway rest stop bathroom attendant, both of whom are usually male. Nothing against women, mind you, but they don't have the same kind of intimate relationship with their genitals that men have with theirs. It's not hard to see why, if women spent more of their time with their hands on their junk, they'd probably have penises, too. That women's reproductive organs are on the inside of their body is no surprise, and it leads us to an important anthropological discovery: men have been masturbating longer than women. It explains so much, like the lower IQ and stronger forearm muscles that men possess.

Right out of the gate, man on man love has an advantage not enjoyed by consensual heterosexual sex because the average man is better at handling a penis than even the best women. Even when watching professional pornstars practice their pornographic arts, it's rare to find a woman that knows what they're doing, and it's the pornographic equivalent of having the Loch Ness monster inseminate your unicorn if you see a female pornstar that's good with a penis.

I know that some of you will say that, after Traci Lords, the game changed; women spent time studying the subject and mastered the manual masturbatory arts; however, when you look at all the steroid abuse scandals that have rocked the porn world, it's not hard to see that all their hard work has made no difference at all. Some pornstars spend their whole lives learning their way around a cock. For one, Julia Ann, who started work in the industry back in the early 90s, it took almost twenty years to learn how to give a decent blowjob, and she sucked dick for a living... every day.

As much as I love my wife for her infemininity, she's still a woman, and it's always tempting to cast her aside and go back to the world of men. After all, the sex is much better and the annoying conversations are virtually non-existent; but men have bad packaging. Women are covered in soft flesh. If you're really lucky, you'll find a girl with two big, fat sacks of soft flesh hanging off her chest; of course, if you're one of the unlucky guys that gets saddled with a human woman without fleshy, fat sacks there is still hope, they'll usually let you do things to their butts.

Most of the time, a dick doesn't know the difference between this and that. Hell, under the right circumstances, it can feel pretty good stuck in between anything: a latex glove full of warm Vaseline, two unwitting ladies on a crowded bus, or in a greased up hole in a tree. My tree fucking aside, it really doesn't matter where I stick my penis, because, with the lights off, it could be in anything.

We don't lightly make our decisions to fetishize a particular object. As children, we sit down with a book of possible life outcomes and carefully weight the benefits and drawbacks of every lifestyle choice; only then are we prepared to determine the course of our sexual lives.

Of course, we're too young to know any better, and I don't just mean back then. Right now, you are younger, and therefore more foolish than you will be at the end of this sentence, right here. When you're a kid, you don't know the difference between anything; kids don't know what they want to put in their mouths. Hell, some foods are on or off limits just because they look weird, just think of most children's abhorrence of dog meat and their love of squeezable yogurt; how is a child like that supposed to know whether or not they want a dick in their mouth.

Some parents try to get their children accustomed to dick early, by taking them to see bully preachers or on tours of the IRS; however, there's no better way to let a child figure out what they want than by telling them constantly. That's how my parents raised me and I turned out fine. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to smoke, brood in my darkened room a little more, and then find some parents to enlighten.

Does anyone know where I can find Bratz cigarettes?

Sex Mahoney for President

I want to eat a squirrel.

Squirrel meat is very greasy, and it tastes awful, plus, there is very little meat on squirrel bones and what meat there is, is usually diseased.

Still, I want to eat squirrel meat.

Unfortunately, the town where I currently live has some silly laws against hunting squirrels with dynamite... something about scaring little children, or disemboweling them with debris, really has the town father's panties in a bunch.

I don't understand that kind of thing. The meat is freely available to anyone with the wherewithal to get it, so why should that kind of thing be illegal?

I asked some local police officers if it was some crazy, liberal prejudice against killing cute things, which could be argued since, unlike most people, when I look in a squirrel's eyes, all I see is unadulterated evil and vicious mocking; however, the cop said that it wasn't safe for me to go traipsing around town shooting things and dynamite was right out of the question; so, even if there were cows, pigs, and chickens wandering the streets of my tiny, suburban home, flouting authority and being unruly, I would not, legally, have permission to kill and eat said livestock.

It's enough to make a guy want to move to Texas.

Sure, I enjoy my cousin fucking-free life and high school education, but, in a place where you can't hunt wildlife in suburbia, it doesn't seem worth it.

On the other hand, I can go out and get all the free pussy I want, but the second I try to pay for it; I'm breaking the law.

For all their talk about making the marketplace free, the Republicans continue to push deregulation of their favorite businesses, while increasing the amount of regulation placed on things like drug trafficking, thievery, and prostitution. You might think that drug trafficking, thievery, and prostitution are not regulated, since they are illegal industries, but that's just what regulations are, forcing businesses to production standards.

In the criminal world, the regulations are essentially stacked against any drug that doesn't have severe side effects, come in individually wrapped packaging, or cure things that weren't diseases five years ago. Criminal regulations force criminals to operate within certain guidelines just so long as they avoid the attention of the police.

The important difference between criminal and legal regulation is that the police are actually looking for criminals, and there are enough police to find at least a few of the dumber criminals. When it comes to regulating legal businesses, under the best of circumstances there are only three or four inspectors to cover everything. It's as if they

took an eighteen-year-old kid, strapped him into a police uniform, gave him a badge and a slinky then sent him to patrol Times Square circa 1974.

As a money saving strategy, it's much easier to pass regulations than to enforce them. Just take a look at the Mianus Bridge in Connecticut, which was long overdue for an inspection when it collapsed; the inspectors didn't know that the bridge was going to collapse because there were only three such inspectors working for the state at the time, and they were busy inspecting the states three thousand other bridges. That's why the government passes laws to outlaw things like using human meat inside hamburgers, but doesn't pay people to go make sure that hamburger makers throw away the batch of ground beef that Ernesto fell into at the processing plant.

Prostitution seems like the hardest thing to regulate, since there are so many instances where it might seem like men are paying for sex; for instance, my mother always taught me that it was polite, after sex, to leave before the woman woke up, and to pin some money to pillow, or leave it on the nightstand, on the way out. If you leave your wallet at some girls house, and it has money in it, aside from doing something as stupid as letting her find our your real name and have access to your credit cards, does that count as prostitution if she takes the money out and never gives it back. To me, that seems like plain robbery, but that's the difference between a lawmaker and me, they carry around fake wallets.

Criminalizing prostitution puts us on a dangerous, slippery slope. Taking a woman out to a nice dinner becomes a very tricky proposition when prostitution is illegal, because, if you pay for her, fuck her, and never call her again, a clever lawyer can make that into trouble.

Besides, who are men to tell women what to do with their bodies? If a woman wants to fuck twenty guys a night for a hundred bucks, and one black eye, a load, then she should be able to take all the loads she can handle, especially in a country where you can have a fetus sucked out of you through a tube.

I'm calling on all women to help me protest this egregious injustice against femininity by going out tonight and having sex for money. Not only will it show those patriarchal pig dogs that you mean business, but it will also be an opportunity for you to dress like sluts, which, as I can see from every female Halloween costume, designed for girls aged twelve and up, is every woman's fantasy.

Only please, don't charge too much; I'm on a budget.

Sex Mahoney for President

Desire.

You never can tell what a person is willing to do until you give them the right motivation. Under the right circumstances, you might just kill one of your parents, or eat the flesh of a child, possibly your own; hell, if you're trapped on a snowy mountain and that little bastard happens to die, you owe it to his memory to devour his body.

I try to keep my desires simple: jerk off a little here, write some self-indulgent crap there, maybe eat a peanut butter sandwich every now and again. The important thing is that you fill your life with as much of what makes you happy as you can get your hands on; that way, you can suck all the fun out of it while there's still time... you never know when you're going to get hit by a bus or raped to death by zebras.

The thing about desire is that some things can get old real fast, and there are some desires that we can't satisfy at all. I love to look at naked men and women having sex, the more amateur the better. Ever since the Paris Hilton video, I've developed quite a taste for night vision fucking, maybe it recalls those happy times, as a child, masturbating to scrambled porn. Unfortunately, there's a dearth of night vision videos out there, and the police made me hand in the goggles I got from an ad in Field and Stream.

Lately, my desires have been pushing me to make cartoons, which is a lot of fun, but takes up a lot of time, and that's the catch with your desires. It's not enough that you can't fulfill some of your desires, but some of them conflict with other ones.

I'm sure that early man, shortly after the invention of fire, or the wheel, started playing some kind of game, painting on cave walls, banging rocks together and inventing rock and roll, or just beating the shit out of helpless small mammals. At first, our early man might love the pleasures of kicking recently domesticated dogs and thank the wheel for making it possible, but, soon afterward, cursing all his time spent making, fixing, and transporting things by wheel instead of playing the Waldstein Sonata on quartz and mica.

If someone is separated from their object of desire, or struggling with two conflicting desires, they need to find some release.

Desire breeds so many things, and very few of them good; it's no wonder that most of the world's major religions' ideal is a person who can overcome desire.

It's not so much that people can't handle their desires, but, sooner or later, they realize that it's much easier to take what they want rather than work for it; working, after all, is for suckers. That's how governments get started, the moment that people realize that taking from others is easier than finding your own. Unfortunately, every so often, the government takes too much of its citizens resources and the people start to get restless. Luckily, it is precisely during those troubling times that people get a chance to indulge in one of their favorite desires, arbitrarily killing undeserving strangers.

War is a great release for everyone: the politicians, who like to pretend they're in charge, get to stand in Dr Strangelove-esque planning rooms and watch high ranking generals and military contractors demonstrate the killing capabilities of all kinds of horrific weapons; while the people, who like to pretend they're good, moral, and decent, get to kill, rape, pillage, and engage in all those other activities associated with warfare and military service, like patriotic songs, USO shows, and rampant, closeted homosexuality. Human beings will never give up war, and I hate to use the word never because nothing is forever, but I have no compunctions about saying that human beings will never give up their love of killing each other.

I love to hear people talk about the honor of serving in the military, as if there is such a thing as honor in general, and among soldiers in particular. With the right amount of optimistic thinking, even the lowliest jizz mopper can find the noble side of their profession.

One of the most basic human desires is to escape from that ever-present fear of death that flavors our lives. Even I, who laugh in the face of all authority, can't help but feel a little afraid that I will, one day, die. I want the party to go on forever.

While I can't achieve immortality, I can inflict pain on other people so that I can delude myself into thinking that I'll never die; and there's no better way to inflict pain on other people than to go to war, dehumanize them, and rape the shit out of anything that moves.

I don't condone the actions of the United States in Iraq, but I understand why it is necessary for people to fight and die for causes in which no one really believes.

If the wife won't fuck you, if you turn every one of the business ventures your father sets up for you into a steaming pile of shit, if you're not all that bright to begin with, and if your vice president is always giving you noogies and indian burns; sometimes, you just gotta get your kill on.

The problem with Iraq is that America is dishonest about what it wants from the relationship, and that always leads to darker problems. My wife knows that I only want her because she ties me up and beats me black and blue with her enormous breasts, but if, like other men, I tried to act sweet and sensitive in order to get her give up the goodies, she'd see through me like cellophane.

Maybe it's just me, but people seem pretty transparent most of the time, when they should just have the balls to come right out and say what they mean. When I tell my wife that I want some big titties in my face, there's no way to misinterpret that statement; when George W Bush says that Iraq poses an imminent threat to the US, that could mean anything. You have to look past the words to find the desire. When George W Bush says that Iraq poses an imminent threat to the US, it actually means, I can't wait to kill some brown people and take their oil.

It doesn't sound as nice, but it's honest; at the very least, it's a lot less creepy than when Cheney says it and he really means "Genocide makes my vice presidential dick hard."

The sad part is that Bush really doesn't care about the war, or soldiers, or September 11th, or family values, or any of the other heart string weights he struts out whenever his corporate masters demand a new bill that gives them mineral drilling rights in the Rainbows and Fluffy Bunnies National Park. If Christian evangelists suddenly decided that abortion was not only okay, but actually fun, you'd see Bush on a stage, surrounded by children, old people, soldiers, and the one black Republican from whichever state in which he's appearing, punting dead fetuses into the crowd.

Cheney would probably still give him noogies.

Sex Mahoney for President

I like Lindsey Lohan.

I haven't always liked Lindsey Lohan; in fact, if you asked me yesterday, I would have said that I hated Lindsey Lohan; not for any good reason, just because I did.

Lindsey Lohan didn't do anything wrong to me, and I sure like to masturbate to pictures of her stumbling around drunk with her tits falling out, but, before yesterday, I didn't like her.

Not that I would have gone out of the way to do Lindsey Lohan any harm, but enough that, if we met at a party, I'd sleep with her as soon as possible.

It may not seem like much of a punishment to you, but, if you're reading this and you don't understand what kind of punishment my loving is, chances are good that we've never been in bed together.

I like Paris Hilton, as well, and not just because she made a hardcore sex tape – although that helps a lot – but because she, like Lindsey Lohan, was railroaded by the justice system. My wife says that Lindsey Lohan and Paris Hilton deserve to receive harsher punishments because of their celebrity every once in a while to make up for all the times that they get out of trouble because of their celebrity.

Nobody should ever go to jail; they don't deserve it. Even if George W Bush himself went to jail for the war crimes he has most certainly committed, he wouldn't deserve it, because there's not a human being on the face of the planet who has the right to incarcerate another human being. You'd have to have pretty big balls.

We're all idiots, at best. Sure, we may have our occasional moments of genius, like when you guessed the answer to final Jeopardy, or accidentally blurted out your ex-girlfriend's name in bed and punched your new girlfriend until she passed out so she wouldn't remember; however, there are an equal, and usually greater, number of times when we hit out heads on cabinet doors we left open, add four and four to make nine, or accidentally blurt out your new girlfriend's name when you're in bed with your ex.

In all our moment, genius or idiot, we make a lot of mistakes.

We drive through traffic lights because we're running late to work, we leave our children inside locked cars in the height of summer because we'll only be in the grocery store for a minute, and we give aid and comfort to America's enemies because we don't realize that the suitcase the nice stranger asked me to hold for him, at the airport, has a bomb in it.

Still, there's nothing that can't be forgiven.

The more you punish someone for a crime, the less likely the person is to feel remorse. We have all experienced a moment when we've done something wrong, to a family

member or loved one, and, when they find out about it, either do nothing or don't care. Oh, how it eats at us, keeps us awake at nights, and interrupts our autoerotic activities. If only they would yell at us, or hit us, just to get mad in some way would ease the guilt that we feel for perpetrating such a terrible act.

Of course, human beings are irrational creatures, and any rationalization we have for doing anything almost always comes after the fact, when we've had to time to think of reasons why we had to sleep with our wife's grandmother, because there really was no other way. A person who makes a mistake obviously doesn't feel that sorry, because otherwise, they wouldn't have done it in the first place. The guilt only comes later, and I've got a sneaking suspicion that most people don't feel guilty because of what they did; instead, they feel guilty for not feeling guilty, or, in cases where our wives have caught us with their grandmothers en flagrante delecto, we feel guilty for getting caught.

We try to hide our guilt, but it shows in so many different ways that everyone does their own thing, but there are plenty of people out there who feel so guilty about what they've done that they attack people who do the same thing; that's why you see so many closeted homosexual anti-queer campaigners making their careers on hate mongering and fag bashing, and losing it all when the press finds out about the gay party boats and Barbara Streisand fan conventions. The bigger the criminal, the more likely they are to prosecute someone for simple offenses, just to assuage their guilt.

I probably wouldn't care one way or the other about Lindsey Lohan if people weren't so happy that she's getting into trouble, at least not until she made a celebrity sex tape. I can live my life without paying any attention to Lindsey Lohan, or any other celebrity, for that matter, and so can you.

Any time you feel your life getting so boring that you want to read some celebrity gossip, go into your boss's office and make a pass at him or her. It will be especially fun if your boss goes for it, and, at the very least, it will be interesting to get the first hand experience of a sexual harassment suit if your boss can't take a joke. Hell, if you're really hard up for seeing people in misery, just microwave up some popcorn and sit on the side of a busy highway; chances are good you'll see at least one accident.

So Lindsey Lohan drove drunk and accidentally crippled a child, he probably shouldn't have been standing on the sidewalk anyway; and does it really matter that she tried to tell the police that the cocaine they found in her purse didn't belong to her; in a similar situation, I might say the same thing. All the punishment in the world won't make Lindsey Lohan feel bad about what she did, only that she got caught. To truly change her behavior, we need to be there for Lindsey Lohan, to support her no matter what she does, to make sure she doesn't get into trouble, to take naked pictures of her with my dick in her mouth while she's sleeping.

In short, she needs a friend, and I'd be happy to fill that hole.

Everybody loves sharks, and what's not to love.

Sharks are masters of their underwater domain, and, except for human fishing and pollution, sharks live long, full lives, merrily chomping away at seals and surfers with blubbery fins.

More importantly, sharks seem like bad asses, and most people like to think they're badass.

Shit... honky mothers tryin' to act like they all Biggie Smalls when they all Martin Winkerdale.

In a world where a falling brick or runaway gangbang could kill you at any moment, who wouldn't want a mouth full of replaceable razor sharp teeth with which to cut through your enemies?

People love to watch sharks, just look at the box office receipts for Jaws 1 through 4, the straight to video Shark Attack series, and a whole week of Shark programming on TV appropriately titled 'Shark Week.' Sure, people love to watch sharks, but throw them in a tank with a few sharks, and they weep like little babies until you remove take them.

→ PS, for those of you who have never seen Shark Attack 3: Megalodon, here's a fun clip for you <object width="425" height="350"><param name="movie" value="http://www.youtube.com/v/1nzd0R_OeOc"></param><param name="wmode" value="transparent"></param><embed src="http://www.youtube.com/v/1nzd0R_OeOc" type="application/x-shockwave-flash" wmode="transparent" width="425" height="350"></embed></object>

People want to be predators; they eat their steaks bloody, practice their thousand-yard stares, and tell themselves that they can take on anyone in the room. Sure, they don't eat bloody steaks everyday like they do low sodium, high fiber bran flakes, but it's best not to think of things like that while your mouth is full of bloody flesh.

Being a predator is no small shakes, you get to kill whomever you want, you never have to work, and people give you a nice mixture of healthy fear and morbid respect. It's a lot like how politicians see themselves when they're not running naked around their office, hoping they catch their eighteen year old assistants by the time the viagra kicks in.

There are so many deadly and uncontrollable forces in a human beings' life that it's easy to see why people turn to drugs, religion, and unspeakable sexual acts with fish. The idea of being a predator changes all of that, it releases people from the fear they feel when they're caught out walking in a bad neighborhood after dark; they don't want to jump when they hear a sudden noise, or clutch their purses when they see a group of young men, but they do it all the same.

Action, detective, and romance thrillers abound with super masculine types who play by their own rules, no matter what it takes, to get the job done and other generic motivational catch phrases. For the discerning viewer, there are stereotypes of good and evil persuasions to satisfy their empowerment fantasies.

The problem with all these stereotypes is that human beings are only human beings; we're omnivores, and poor ones at that since most of our food is served to us on Styrofoam and plastic wrap. It's no wonder we have to invent wars to make ourselves feel manly when we spend the rest of the time satisfying our hunger with bags of funions instead of the raw flesh of a fresh kill.

On one hand, I feel bad for the sharks, being overused as a metaphor like that; it's just not right. They didn't ask for it, and we, people, have thrown it on them as if they deserve to suffer the humiliation of being compared to us. Even the best of us is not as morally superior as a shark; I've never heard of shark priests touching little sharks, or shark arms dealers instigating a land war between shark Liechtenstein and shark Austria, and no shark has ever come to my door asking for money for their shark god.

If anything, sharks should remind human beings that all our civilization and sophistication are an accident that makes us no better defended against a shark than that shark would be if said shark could operate a spear gun and invent some kind of ship for hovering above human inhabited territories.

It's all just a matter of time before some animal species figures out how to take apart an m-16, or better yet, use a gun that actually works like a Kalashnikov, and lead the march against humanity. We'll be powerless to stop them, just look how we fall to pieces when a bear wanders through someone's flower garden in the suburbs; can you imagine the chaos that would follow a shark led squirrel suicide brigade along every coast line in the United States?

We, as people, have got to stop all our silly arguing about abortion, environmental control, war, terrorism, bestiality, pedophilia, and movie copyright violations; to focus on the important issue of eradicating nature before it can eradicate us. We have to fight them in the wilderness, so we don't have to fight them in the cities.

This War Against Nature's Killers, or WANK, is the defining fight of our generation. We must not ignore the gathering threat. Facing clear evidence of peril, we cannot wait for the final proof, the smoking gun that could come in the form of a shark-shaped mushroom cloud. From this day forward, any government that supports, protects, or harbors nature, in any shape or form, is complicit in the murder of the innocent, and equally guilty of terrorist crimes.

Get out of the house now. Write letters to your government and demand that they increase coal burning power stations and deregulate nuclear power plants; a little leaking radiation ought to take care of nature nicely; unfortunately, that is not enough. On a personal level, we have to do everything we can to pitch in; burn your garbage, recycle

nothing, never wear the same clothes twice, and buy yourself the biggest car with the worst possible fuel efficiency.

While these steps will take care of most of nature, it is imperative that a special hit-squad strike-force against the shark population before they crossbreed with dolphins and learn how to organize. Let Steven Spielberg take care of it, he seemed to do well killing sharks, and he even turned a profit while doing it. If he's busy, I guess we can always just let poachers keep cutting off their fins for rare dishes and leaving the sharks to die in the water.

Sex Mahoney for President

Part of me is a little disturbed that the US government needs to keep so many secrets from us, since we're the ones who are supposed to be the government; but, then again, since a talking politician is a lying politician, maybe it's better that they don't tell us what they're doing. Sure, they may be torturing prisoners and spying on each other, but at least we're not lying about it.

You don't see too many coming up with good puns anymore.

Every time a high school athlete shows enough promise to play professional sports at a young age, there are a few stick in the mud commentators who say that the kid would be better off in a university. That's a fat load of bullshit. The only people who learn things at university immigrate to the US from Asia, everyone else is there to score pot and find fat girls with self-esteem for one-night stands.

So many people get uptight when you punch a woman in the face, no matter how much she was asking for it.

Children are adorable, there's no arguing that, but babies are fucking hideous. Apart from their birth canal shaped heads, they twitch like winos and stink like librarians. They don't even make good drinking buddies.

It seems that panicking women have only recently started putting their unwanted babies in dumpsters. I wonder where they stashed the baby corpses before then.

It's no coincidence that the most religious sections of the population also buy the most lottery tickets.

Anyone who has ever argued with a comic book geek knows exactly why religious fanatics get so defensive about the bible; superman could totally kick Jesus' ass.

The people who believe in the absolute truth of the bible are also the one's who refer to soap opera characters by their fictional first names.

It doesn't matter how bad you dance if everyone nearby is drunker than you.

The more expensive the food at a restaurant, the smaller the portion you receive. A two hundred dollar steak is about the size of a dollar bill, just as thick, and only has one type of meat; while a McDonald's hamburger is filled with thousands of different kinds of animals, most of which are now extinct.

It is the ultimate hubris to have your own children. There are plenty of orphaned children in the world that everybody can have one if they want, and the best part about children is that there will be more of them where these ones came from. My father used to tell me that my brother and sister were there to take my place if I behaved badly or started boring him.

Anti-abortion activists are so picky. Sure, you'll see them stand outside abortion clinics, but you'll never see them at chicken farms. Chicken abortions seem to be a-okay to the religious crowd. That's why I've never understood why abortion was such a big deal, just this morning I had a cheddar cheese and mushroom abortion and no one seemed to care.

The alleged "War on Christmas" is really just a ruse, created by toy makers, to make people feel like they have to buy more toys for their ungrateful children. I don't blame them; they have to do something with all those warehouses full of unwanted furbies.

It seems like parents have been getting the short end of the Christmas stick. They're the ones who have to do all the shopping, all the decorating, and all the cooking, just to make their children happy. In the interest of fairness, parents should give their children an itemized bill, perhaps tack it to the wall next to their bed, so that the kids will know exactly how much love their parents won't give them for the next twelve months.

Christmas is the one holiday that is all about children. Have you ever seen a childless house around Christmastime? It's as beautifully bleak as a Eastern European Gulag.

The real problem with America is not that the adults are poorly educated or inbred, but they're the grownup reality of spoiled children. Kids in America have it too easy; instead of learning valuable skills like sneaker construction or knife fighting, they're sitting in soft, cushy schools. There's no shame in using child labor. If it wasn't for all those brave, little souls, America, Britain, and France wouldn't be the places they are today. It's time to ask our government to remove those silly restrictions on child labor, so we can bring jobs back to America, where they belong.

It's about time that parents started earning a profit from their otherwise useless progeny.

Sex Mahoney for President

I try not to argue with people, but when you've got crackpot views like I have, you tend to get in a lot of arguments.

Just the other day, I was telling my wife about the time that I had sex with her cousin while she was asleep in the waiting room of the group home for mentally retarded adults where her cousin lived, and you wouldn't believe how mad she got. I always thought that the rule was: "Retards don't count."

Ordinarily I don't like to use the word retard because it unfairly stereotypes people with learning disabilities, but it's not my fault that they voted for George W Bush twice, and it's not their fault either. Tax cuts and homosexuality are too attractive and frightening, respectively, for people of low intellect to avoid.

To me, calling them people of low intellect is far worse than calling someone a retard, since that kind of PC language demeans us both. My wife has taken to saying things like "people of color" which is really only one preposition away from saying colored people, and no self respecting white person would ever use that phrase in this day and age... at least not without looking over their shoulders to make sure no one but their intended audience was listening.

The strange thing is that people seem to think of political correctness as a recent phenomenon, and while it may be in name, bland, inoffensive speech has been around since before you or I even knew the true purpose of sexual organs and referred to them by quaint names like winky and snickerdoodle. For those of you who have never seen Lawrence Welk, imagine puppy dogs made of gumdrops and rainbows, sweetened with good cheer and some of the best accordion music you've ever heard.

Personally, I like the accordion as an instrument. My dream band would include an accordion, as well as a banjo, a set of bagpipes, a mandolin, a theremin, four country bluegrass guitars, and the 1986 New York Giants playing the world's largest triangle. I would love it; it would be so awful.

The world is full of bland, pointless, banal humor. You can find it on prime time television, greeting cards, and Popsicle sticks everywhere. Vaguely, the outlines of a joke are apparent, but nobody laughs. Like everything else, it is a marketing ploy to convince people to part with their hard earned money on bland, pointless banalities instead of the really cool things that explode or come with lots of porn.

It's all about breaking down the metaphor.

Why waste your time watching a movie that shows the same boring love story you've seen a million times over, when you can watch hardcore pornography that cuts out all the useless time people actors spend talking.

Fucking is our primary goal as a species. We're never going to figure out anything if we're not fucking, and, based on the number of human vermin crawling over the spoiled

parts of the globe, we're doing plenty of fucking; we're even good at, as long as you don't ask our partners if they're satisfied. If you leave people too long without a really good fucking, and they start acting out in strange ways. Well, really only one way. Fighting. People, as a whole, if they're not fucking, they're fighting. The more time that goes on, the more sick and monstrous ways we invent for fighting so that it's not even remotely fair to the victims of war, rage killings, and thumb wrestling.

Wherever there is fighting, there is obviously a shortage of fucking. Not surprisingly, America, as one of the least densely populated countries, seems to do a lot of fighting and, I can say as a longtime resident of the country, there is a shortage of fucking. Not behind closed doors, plenty of people are fucking in their bedrooms, tying each other up and beating the shit out of their loved ones until they beg for mercy, going ass to ass with double sided dildos, and licking their partners eyeballs; however, there isn't enough fucking in the public sphere.

I blame Bill Clinton. If he had acted like a man and shrugged off his blowjob as if it was just something men do, instead of acting like a bitch and trying to cover it up, things would be moving a lot faster.

Not only would prime-time, hardcore, television pornography get people fucking a lot more than fighting, but it would be a hell of a lot better than the dreck they're trying to pass off as entertainment on the airwaves. I even heard that the government's doing away with broadcast television, so everyone has to pay for such quality programs as "American Idol," "American Idol with Freaks" "Dancing American Idol" and "CSI: Traffic Violations Unit."

Don't get me wrong, I'm not a pussy, I don't mind a good fight now and again – it's good physical exercise and hand to hand combat with another person is very life affirming – but we've become so blinded by the fight that we can't see the companies that keep it going to move their products. All of the 24-Hour News Networks are guilty of fanning these flames to further the political agendas of their corporate masters, and we're left to swallow the crap because people pay to be democrats or republicans and nothing in between.

It's about time that everybody stops fighting over trifles before we let some overzealous asshole do something really stupid just because he believes that abortion is a sin. I don't think Bush has it in him, although he has surprised me in the past, but that doesn't mean some worse turd nugget isn't down the road, waiting for their turn to have a finger on our button. Empires in decline have a way of placing bad people in exactly the right place where they can do the most damage.

Okay, so conservatives get to keep their guns, but then they have to give up the death penalty; it's just not fair to let people have guns and then punish them for using them. People buy guns to kill things, not to use as coat racks; plus, we're just too stupid to be trusted with the death penalty; I know that every person reading this has, at one time or

another, walked right into a glass or screen door; that automatically disqualifies you from deciding whether someone lives or dies.

There's been enough blandness and soft talk; it's time that we get frank with each other right now. Trust me, I've been in this kind of situation before, and all it leads to is a really bad hangover, and a whole digging a hole for a stripper corpse.

What's the point of arguing anyway? No one ever wins an argument, you just get tired of talking about it and either forgive the person or carry a grudge until you or your adversary is dead.

Come on, America, that stripper is somebody's drug addicted mother.

Sex Mahoney for President

For some reason, if you own a pet, the most likely time that animal will bother you for attention is while you are masturbating.

Most of you will shy the animal away; some will let the dog or cat linger for a few licks. One percent of you will blow your dog until you both get off.

I'm not here to judge you. What you do to get off is your own thing. Frankly, I've never understood why bestiality was illegal. Human beings have such a warped morality. If you can kill a cow to feed your family, there's no reason why you can't fuck one as well.

Of course, scientists believe that most sexually transmitted diseases crossed over from animals to humans on long ago lonely nights, so maybe it's a good thing that people don't fuck animals; however, condom technology has progressed to the point where I wouldn't worry about screwing a chicken anymore.

They don't tell you these things, like that chicken fucking bit, in health class, but a smart kid can draw the right conclusions, so I can understand why the religious right doesn't want proper condom use taught in schools. Why, with a condom on, it would be okay to fuck just about anything, even your own family members.

I can understand the stigma against bestiality and incest in practical terms, but morality for moralities sake just doesn't make sense; plus, we have to shift our morality as society evolves because traditional morality doesn't fit with modern living. Sure, there are some things that carry over, like a ban on killing, but we've got to come up with new rules all the time.

Unfortunately, we, as people, are too stupid to realize something is a bad idea until someone gets hurt doing it; therefore, by the time we make a law or a commandment banning a certain activity, it's far too late to stop the people who have already started doing it and like it so much that no dictum will convince them to stop. Plus, we people are so contrary by nature that, once something is verboten, we'll do it for the sheer thrill of breaking the law. Sometimes, at night, I run back and forth across busy streets, five feet outside of the crosswalk; it's exhilarating.

Laws make sense for a bunch of rag tag stragglers wandering around in the desert, like the first, mythical lawgivers; however, for people in this day and age, universal morality is about as useful as a DVD player would be to Moses and Aaron.

I've heard a lot of religious types say that morality would disappear if there were no religion. That is the biggest load of bullshit I've heard since my last girlfriend told me we couldn't have anal sex because of her rectal polyps. People would still be nice to one another, even if they didn't waste an hour, and 10% of their gross income, in church every week and rough sex in the colon is the best way to deal with polyps*.

I don't know about you, but I've got a conscience; it is radically different from most of society, but it's there nonetheless. I feel bad when I hurt people, and it has nothing to do with religion.

If you take it from their mouths, these religious types are vicious sociopaths just waiting for the walls to come down so they can rape, pillage, and plunder everything they can grab. Morality doesn't work like that. If your good behavior is dependant on rules, then it's only a matter of time before something bad happens.

The world's best protections are no better than one of those little signs that advise suckers to stay off the grass. Surprisingly, I have not yet encountered a cult that prays to the stay off the grass sign, but I'm keeping my eyes open; maybe, if no one else does it, I can start my own stay off the grass cult. There's a lot of money to be made in religion.

Criminal law is the only instance in which I ever see harsh applications of morality. I'm not talking about those crazy laws like strippers having to stand a certain distance from customers, or alcohol prohibitions after certain hours, but violent and property crimes. If I stab and rape someone, I'll be treated much worse than if I invent a device that dices onions but accidentally stabs and rapes people while operating. In the former instance, I'd probably spend five to fifteen years in jail, but in the latter, I'll only have to pay a small fine and put a warning label on my product.

Legislators can't legislate morality anymore than police can enforce it. Sure, murder is an easy crime because it leaves a lot of garbage behind and starts to stink after a few days, but the police can't even stop that; for all the law enforcement and draconianism in America, people are still murdered every day, but what about the other crimes. Because I do it in the middle of the night, my jaywalking goes unnoticed.

The end user controls morality. The person standing above the eight-year-old girl, wiping the blood off his dick on her favorite teddy bear, has to choose whether to kill the girl, thus eliminating the chain of evidence, or to let her go so she has to live with the traumatic memory of watching a man staple his penis to a rabid wolverine and a stained teddy bear.

If you're the kind of person that can look someone in the eyes and still do horrible things to them, that's your morality, like those religious folks who don't feel bad about making their thirteen-year-old son masturbate with a Brillo pad, to learn about the horrors of masturbation. Some people can think for themselves, and know when they're hurting someone else; morality is when they choose to continue or stop.

I wouldn't worry about the chicken. Semen probably won't affect the taste.

Sex Mahoney for President

A lot of people ask me why I want to be a writer.

Well, that's not true, no one has ever asked me, but if they ever did, I'd have an answer all ready for them.

That's the thing about life; the more you plan something, the less likely it is that you'll ever use that plan. It's terribly depressing. We're all doing to die without doing what we really want.

If you ever want to be happy, you have to give up, compromise, and let your dreams die.

It seems contradictory, but, in reality, the harder you try to achieve a particular goal, the more that goal will recede from your grasp. Scared your significant other is thinking of leaving? Lock them in the closet, and they'll leave you as soon as they are physically able. Worried your children are having unprotected sex when your back is turned? The more you keep your watchful eye on them, the worse things they're doing when your vigilance lapses. It's an axiom as old and cliché as old, cliché axioms get; if you love something, let it go.

People put too much emphasis on desires they can't fulfill. When we're hungry, we can eat; when we're horny, we can fuck; however, when we're anxious that we're getting older without accomplishing anything, there's nothing a damn thing we can put in our mouths or genitals that will satisfy the urge.

In the hope that it might help you, those wayward souls who have sunk so low that you find me entertaining, here are some simple tips to help you simplify, and improve, your life.

Don't change your underwear everyday. Your genitals produce a fine bouquet that is both attractive and irresistible to the opposite sex.

...

That's really the only advice I know to give, and it doesn't seem much like advice so much as a guide on how to be a bum. People don't really need a guide on how to be bums; sure, they might not automatically know which dumpsters contain the freshest food, or which of their underage neighbors have the smuttiest children, but that's the kind of thing that people are better off learning as they go along. If you give someone too much information about being a bum beforehand, the disease, alcoholism, and police beatings might scare them away.

Let's face it, there are some things that man was not meant to know, like how women can flip their hair back like they do in beer commercials. It may not seem like an impressive feat to us gentlemen, but all women are born with that knowledge stored somewhere inside their estrogen.

I blame a lot of people's problems on religion. If it weren't for two-penny conmen dressed in holy habits, people might give up on this idiotic idea of heaven and focus on the here and now. Religious defenders point to the good things that religion does, like give people hope and take 10% of your gross income, but that's a bunch of malarkey.

You can say the same thing about rape.

Even though everyone can agree that rape is a bad thing, while someone is being raped, they're usually filled with hope that the rape will soon be over. So you see, religion is no better than rape.

When it comes down to it, religion is just a big book club. People align themselves behind their favorite characters; argue against people who prefer other books, and, most importantly, have never actually read the book they like so much.

The worst part about religion is that it is the major cause of war throughout history, and even if it didn't directly cause the war, religion is right there to justify it so the soldiers don't feel bad about murdering people.

Thankfully, I'll be dead before the holy wars begin between those who follow the messiah Kirk and those who worship the Picard but think that Kirk was just a minor prophet.

The thing that makes the least sense is the religious right's insistence that abortion is wrong. I don't understand that at all, and that contradiction is enough to prove that even the most devout religious person knows, in their heart, that they are wrong. Any religious person, who tells you that murder is wrong because it says so in the Ten Commandments, forgets that there are hundreds of other commandments, not just ten.

That the Ten Commandments were pared down from the much larger lists they occupy is proof enough that religious people are insane. Each of the major, Judeo-Christian, religions has a different version of the Ten Commandments; sure, the versions may seem like remixes, but they are indisputable proof that the bible is no more the word of God than the sound of my butt cheeks flapping as pressurized gas passes between them will be the next number one single on the Billboard charts.

Right now, there are more than a dozen publishers who print different versions of the Christian bible and each of those versions can't be the indisputable word of God. Just think, if a typo in the bible goes unnoticed long enough, then it too becomes the grammatical error of God. In a thousand years, Christians might end their Sunday services with a reading from the gospel of Mrak.

So, anyway, why would religious types want to ban abortion? Babies are the most pure creatures on Earth; the Vatican even did away with Limbo so that people didn't think their unbaptised babies were spending an eternity in vast nothingness. If babies are so pure, then any dead baby must go straight to heaven. The religious right shouldn't try to

stop the abortion of unwanted or unattractive fetuses, they should be lining women up and telling them that killing their babies is the best way to make sure they go to heaven. The next time you put your feet in the stirrups and feel the cold metal sliding into your uterus, remember, you're not killing your baby, you're keeping it pure.

Unfortunately, the more I rail against religion, the more those religions hunker together in opposition to me. Fortunately, I'm only one man, and most people don't pay me much attention.

So that's what I tell people who don't ask me why I want to be a writer. I belittle their beliefs. I wonder why more people don't like me. It's probably because I defile their attractive siblings.

Sex Mahoney for President

I love Greek mythology.

I can tell you who saw Diana bathing, and why the land of Ireland is cursed with his black blood for all eternity, and I can tell you which kings were killed by which queens and how their bodies were desecrated by which types of mythological birds. Some of the best, dramatic triads and dyads come from Greek mythology. It's fascinating reading.

I can't tell you that I know anyone who believes in the veracity of Greek mythology.

I have met thousands of people who believe the Christian stories.

Not the early, Genesis, stuff, but the things that come later, like Jesus and the forty thieves, or the new adventures of Peter and Paul; I have met very few people who doubt such phenomena as evolution while believing in a world wide flood and all of humanity coming from a single couple who was banished from a magic garden for eating forbidden fruit, and whose way back into the garden was barred by a pair of cherubs brandishing flaming swords.

I doubt they exist.

I just don't have the kind of faith that would allow me to believe that there are such people in the world.

Don't get me wrong, there are plenty of good parts to the bible, but there are plenty of good parts to the "Da Vinci Code", and that couldn't convince me that Dan Brown is anything close to resembling a good writer.

I tend to come down pretty hard on religion, and it's a sad thing since there are so many people in the world who I generally like and respect, that fill their heads and hearts with so much religious phooey. It really doesn't matter what people believe, and I believe that people are free to believe whatever they want, just so long as charlatan hucksters aren't allowed to exploit that belief and fleece old people out of money they need for things like medicine and coffin rental.

The bad part of religion is the groupthink and churches that go along with the best-intentioned religious beliefs. Even the poor old Dalai Lama only wants his country back so he can return to the days of Tibetan slavery and vicious, religious rule by zealots of all varieties.

If there is such a thing as God, some omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent being, then the chance that God provided humanity with stories and a set of rules for living neatly bound in a book or a rich, oral tradition is about as likely as you giving your real name to someone you meet in a bar while your wife is out of town – by the way, my wife is out of town, so if I see you in a bar, my name is Frank Earnest.

I always feel bad when I make fun of religion, because religion is so old, clunky, and open to attack that it's like kicking retarded children down long flights of stairs. Ordinarily, I only like to boot semi-retarded children who are foolish enough to trust me, which is why I can't teach in America anymore, so you can see why I would feel bad when I, or someone much smarter than myself, picks on religion.

If God is omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient, that means that God is in everything, so a preacher who serves out bowls of split pea soup to homeless people is doing God's work just as much as a child molester who likes to see how many butt plugs they can stick in an infant's rectum. God is in the anti-abortion protester just as much as the doctor who performs the abortions. God is a US soldier, serving in Iraq, and God is Osama Bin Laden.

God is in everything you do, whether it's throwing yourself off a building, or taking pictures of your daughter's friends after their slumber party has passed out; therefore, if God does exist, everything is permissible. I can pee in your pancake batter, and you can teach my children what the word creampie means.

Personally, I don't think God exists, which is why humanity needs to step up. If there's nobody out there making sure that twelve-year-old girls don't get raped (a rather recent trend, not the raping, people have been raping twelve-year-old girls since the dawn of time, what I mean is that it only recently became a crime) then we're the ones who have to make up all these stupid rules to keep everyone safe. Actually... isn't that what we do now? There are plenty of laws in the bible to which people adhere, but there are just as many others that have fallen out of fashion.

For instance, "If his offering is a burnt offering from the herd he must present it as a flawless male; he must present it at the entrance of the Meeting Tent for its acceptance before the Lord. He must lay his hand on the head of the burnt offering, and it will be accepted for him to make atonement on his behalf. Then the one presenting the offering must slaughter the bull before the Lord, and the sons of Aaron, the priests, must present the blood and splash the blood against the sides of the altar which is at the entrance of the Meeting Tent. Next, the one presenting the offering must skin the burnt offering and cut it into parts, and the sons of Aaron, the priest, must put fire on the altar and arrange wood on the fire. Then the sons of Aaron, the priests, must arrange the parts with the head and the suet on the wood that is in the fire on the altar. Finally, the one presenting the offering must wash its entrails and its legs in water and the priest must offer all of it up in smoke on the altar – it is a burnt offering, a gift of a soothing aroma to the Lord."

Now, I don't know about you, but I don't like to splash so much as dribble the blood of my sacrifice against the altar at the meeting tent.

Either way, God can't be proven or disproved, so, if there is a God out there, why don't we leave all the judging, and other unpleasentries, to God; that way, we can focus on having fun doing all the things that we should do while we can, because we don't know if there is, or you can do them, in heaven.

We can do the one thing that God, in all God's thousands of years of existence, hasn't been able to do; we can be nice to each other.

And go read some Greek mythology at your local library. It won't help you get laid, but it will help you forget that no one wants to lay you.

Sex Mahoney for President

If you live long enough, you're bound to see everything.

The lion lies with the lamb and all that. Ex-terrorists will receive medals and former freedom fighters will be tried as war criminals. Food will become healthy, then bad for you, and then healthy again. The government will eventually stop stealing your money and give back some of it.

In the meantime, it's easy to forget that these things will happen, but they will, if you're willing to wait long enough.

Eventually, network television will air hardcore pornography at least five days a week.

When people forget that eventually every possible outcome will eventually occur, they start to get frustrated and turn to various distractions where they can vent their frustration.

The uniquely human aspect of those distractions is that we use them to remove ourselves from humanity as a whole and do terrible things to each other. You'd think that early civilizations, endowed with the gift of a written language would have looked around and said, "Hey, you know most of us die from strange diseases when we're in our forties, we should do something about that before we get back at that other city who called our God a pussy." But no, people spent thousands of years killing each other over religious disputes because they didn't know that they could make themselves live longer. If human beings started out with the intention of building a society to help people live longer, we'd all be dead and apes would rule the planet.

People got together and formed societies for the sole purpose of attacking people in other societies. I imagine that the early years of civilization were a lot like playground fights that start small and eventually bring in every friend within earshot. Somehow, despite all our attempts to stop progress and make sure that humanity would never survive, we survived and now we've got all this extra time on our hands that no people have ever had in all the history of this world.

Unfortunately, we're too pussy to go whole hog with the cloning thing yet, so there are still a few of us who have to perform the arduous duty of keeping the species going. It's not a pleasant job. Once you have kids, they have to consume your whole life, because you're suddenly responsible for someone other than yourself, but, what parents of young children often forget, children will eventually grow up. If you live long enough, you'll see everything.

The little baby who was so stupid that it couldn't even shit in a box, like a cat, will one day grow up and learn to shit in a bowl instead. Parents forget that sometimes, and they do crazy things like run away to Vegas, drown their kids and blame it on a black man, or take pottery classes at the local community college. Being a parent is like taking a service industry job, for instance, being a politician. When you're elected to a public office, you're a servant of the people and not the other way around; children often forget,

because their parents control the money, meals, and beating, that they hold the real power in a family.

Just like running for public office, becoming a parent means a careful eye on your finances and an end to any of you, or your running mate's, freaky sex interests and drug filled fantasies.

Some people forget that they are working for their kids, because they don't want to admit that they're trapped in a job; you can't quit being a parent. The worst part of it all is that, once the kids grow up, they'll want to have all the kinds of fun that you had to give up just to get elected, and it royally pisses off some people. They try to control their kids' behavior; the kids end up acting out even more in response, have kids of their own through acting out negligence, and, in fifteen years, resent their children for having the kind of fun that led to everyone having kids in the first place.

It's a vicious cycle; and, if you live long enough, you'll see everything.

The large breasted girl you once heard announce to a room that she would "swallow all the cum in the tri-state area" will grow up to have children and forbid her daughter from wearing a skirt that's just a little too short. The guy who grew up with a fitted baseball cap plastered to his head, swilling beer in a frat and raping girls on the weekend, will pat his son on the ass when he goes out to do the same thing, but send his daughter off to reform school when she wants to get her labia pierced, all while doing his best to chat up his daughter's friends when neither his wife or daughter is around.

People with kids sometimes forget that the party will wait for them. They take it out on the rest of us, forming parent action committees to protect children from hearing violent rap lyrics, or seeing movies that show bush, but it's been said a thousand times, and couldn't be more true, parents are responsible for what their kids see; if they don't want their kids to listen to, or read, something, they'll have to be more entertaining. Kids don't want to sit around drinking beer or snorting coke off a stripper's ass, and it's their parents' job to keep them happy. Kids are the customers, and the customer is always right.

So let your kids listen to music you don't like, watch movies that show people fucking or saying the word fuck, and other things that adults don't let kids do. Don't pimp them out in beauty pageants, or force them to relive your failed dreams of athletic glory, and stop forcing your religion on them, god damnit. For all their other faults, the Amish have it right in letting their kids go wild before accepting the Amish church, it gives them a chance to get their ya-ya's out before deciding to grow a beard and call themselves Hezekiah instead of H-dawg.

Come on parents, I told everyone that if they lived long enough they'd see hardcore pornography on network television.

You don't want me to look bad, do you?

Sex Mahoney for President

I almost made it all the way home tonight.

It's been raining in the area, so I haven't gone out in days; not that staying indoors is, in any way, novel, but the rain has kept me inside, despite an actual desire to go out.

The whole train ride home, it was thinking about raining, and I made it about ten minutes away from the train station before the sky opened up and drenched my dumb, skinny ass.

When I got off the train, before getting drenched, but pretty sure that I was about to get soaked; I saw a cab, but it didn't say "taxi" on it, it said "car service" and my cheap brain was adding up the cost of a cab ride plus the extra tax for having the word service printed on the side. In the end, I walked past the car, deciding to chance it with the rain. Hell, I had a raincoat, and I'm a relatively young, hearty, if slightly effeminate, male.

About halfway home, I was so wet that I stopped in a Holiday Inn and used their payphone to call the same guy I walked past at the train station. I ended up shelling out nine bucks for a cab ride, but I can console myself knowing that if I hadn't walked half way before calling a cab, it might have been eighteen.

It's not enough to love life in the good times. If I had walked home from that train station on a clear night, I'd probably have grumbled about it all the way back home, but, because it was raining, I felt a little better. There's something wrong with me, because when most people are happy, at weddings, dancing at night clubs, when their child ISN'T eaten by wolves, I'm usually depressed; however, when most people would be miserable, like walking along the side of the highway at two in the morning, in the pouring rain, I'm one happy motherfucker.

I've recognized this phenomenon in myself before, and it manifests itself in strange forms. I like black jellybeans, economy cars, and girls with low self-esteem, the very things for which most people settle, are exactly what I want.

It's not hard to do.

Most people tell you that they love life, but that's a crock of shit. Laughter is one response, sure, but most people approach life with the kind of caution that's usually reserved for items left too long in the fridge. Life is pain, death, loss, failure, disappointment, and disease, for some reason, these things make people sad, but we experience them a lot more than the phenomena that make us happy. On one hand, it seems sweet that the brief moments of happiness are so sweet, that we should enjoy them before God or fate or an errant missile takes it away from us. On the other hand, if we just learned to get happy when something bad happens, pretty soon it will give us pleasure instead of pain.

Life isn't some play put on for our amusement, we have to live it, and when someone wants to turn it into a drama, we're all forced to act in it. Everyone has their expectations of how a drama is supposed to turn out, but you can't expect people to fulfill their roles

or stay true to them. If you're about to do one of those cry for help suicide attempts, you had better hope that I'm not around, because I won't try to talk you off of the building. I'd laugh at you and call you a pussy until you came down. Most importantly, I'm not here to be anybody's "soul mate."

I don't care what kind of strange play they've invented in their heads, but most women I've met believe in some ridiculous thing called love, and they want to talk about their feelings in regards to that subject. Most men just want someone to tell them what to do and take care of them while they eat salty junk food and flirt with young secretaries at work. On one hand, women turn men into impromptu psychiatrists and men turn women into their mother's. Either way, it's creepy, but it's a lot less weird to sleep with your psychiatrist than it is to fuck your mom.

At some point in time, women grow up and men don't. Men never have a moment where they have to accept real responsibility for anything; they're like playful wood elves, merrily sticking their penis anywhere and everywhere, while other people have to handle the consequences. Women reach a point in their lives where biologically, not to mention emotionally, they have to be ready to birth, protect, and raise a child. Men slowly become more and more ineffective, until finally they have to take a pill just to get an erection. I've met eighty-year-old women who, after removing their dentures and lubing up like a bobsled race, are ready to fuck twenty four hours a day.

I used to think that the best way to get married would be to sign a binding ten year contract to someone you really hated, because then there's nothing to do but grow to like each other. To you men, start loving your woman, because no matter how much shit she gives you for being a slob, for not spending enough time with her, for setting up that hidden camera in her sister's bedroom, she's doing you the very great favor of putting up with you. Women, give your men a break because they still love you despite all that shit you make them do.

Either way, there's no more time for imagining ourselves as actors in some grand theater, we're monkeys who like to fuck each other. Men have created this enormous global play, where they kill each other and act hard to cover up the fact there's a woman somewhere who knows that they pee sitting down or have a two inch cock. Women have created this romantic drama where they make a choice between the man who loves them but excites no passion, and a swarthy looking guy with a twelve-inch cock.

We men have done everything we can to keep women from realizing exactly how little they need us by locking them away at home, telling them they couldn't vote, and making it okay to rape them just so long as they were married to someone who made less money than you or negligent about watching that no one puts roofies in their drink. Still, women don't need men. As the two sexes age, women have to become hard, because men just can't do it anymore.

That's why bible thumpers in Hattiesburg, Mississippi oppose things like abortion, fertility research, and cloning; once women realize that we're just holding them back,

men are finished. They'll keep enough of us alive, on a farm somewhere, so we can produce enough sperm to keep the species alive and without flipper feet, but our time is limited, and we know it.

Of course, they won't kill us off and throw us onto sperm farms, if we would only stop being the douche bags that we are and act nice to our women. I ignore my wife most of the time so I can write these infantile blogs and make stupid cartoons; most of the time she doesn't care, because she's become a hard nosed woman; the kind that doesn't take any shit and can take on any mother fucker in the room. There's still a little bit of a girl left in her, so sometimes she won't confront a person, but when she's pissed off, at store clerks or government employees, she becomes a full force, raging bitch hurricane. I'm actually afraid of her.

I could never be with any other woman beside my wife. I could sleep with them, but they would take one look at this unwashed, jobless, pervert and spend all of half a second deciding that they're not going to drink so much from now on and that they need to get away as soon as possible. My wife looks past all that, and is still kind enough to fuck me. Sure, she insults me as she does it, but she still does it, that's the important thing.

Someday, she's going to realize that she can do a lot better than some skinny, pencil dick Jew and trade up. The only thing I have going for me is that most women settle for the men they get, and it's almost unheard of to see a man marrying up. Women always have the option of finding a better guy, but are kind enough to marry our loser asses anyway.

It's time for us men to relax. We're finished. Our time is up; no matter how your woman treats you, it's always better to swallow your pride and have some big ole' titties in your face than to pull on your dick alone in a dark movie theater

By the way, Shrek 3 was terrible.

Sex Mahoney for President

I'm not a champion pool player.

Every once in a while, I win a few games, but that's neither here nor there. It doesn't count if you just hit the ball as hard as you can and then hope it goes in.

Sometimes, I'll go on a tear and win a bunch of games in a row. Recently, I was in Florida, at some cokehead's house, and he had a sweet setup with a bar, big screen TV, and a pool table. I listened to him talk about how good a pool player he was, and then I challenged him to a game. He liked to play nine ball.

There's no better pool game than nine ball.

Nine ball is a lucky man's game.

I'm a lucky man.

I've never won the lottery, and I'm not married to a wealthy dowager with poor health, but I've got better luck than just about anyone I've ever met.

Some of the time.

The problem with luck is that luck only lasts for so long before you get a run of bad luck. When you've got good luck on the up swings, you get equally bad luck on the down swings.

I've met a guy, with had better luck than I, who constantly received windfalls and death threats. I heard about a time that he went on vacation with friends, got separated in a big city, spent the night in a soup kitchen/shelter, and found someone to give him a ride all the way back to New Jersey. The very next day he was struck by lightning.

My wife hates my luck, especially when we're playing pool. She's a lot better than I; it infuriates her when she carefully measures the angles of a shot and still misses while I close my eyes, shoot using a piano leg, and accidentally miss the cue ball but still manage to pot everything on the table.

It's not just pool, though; I've had incredible luck all my life. I was born to mediocre parents. While some of you may think that's no great shakes, mediocre parents are the best kind to have; they don't push you into boring activities like beauty pageants or musical theater like good parents, and they don't sleep with your friends like bad ones. Mediocre parents, the kind who put their heads down and do the job of raising a child who doesn't scream in restaurants, embezzle the town's treasury, or rape your daughter, are the best kind of parents in the world.

I even have a wife who still finds me sexually attractive – okay, that might not be true, but at least I'm still a warm dick to her.

I'm a pretty lucky guy.

Luck doesn't come easy. You have to work it to have good luck. It's not like you'll be diddy-bopping along the street and luck will suddenly jump out of the sky and land on your face like a sky-diving nymphomaniac, the truly lucky know that luck needs some finesse, some style, or it will leave you when you need it most.

That's the real trick about luck, nine times out of ten it will leave you when you need it the most no matter what you do, that's why the two George Bushes were elected a total of three times and why the New York Knicks haven't won a championship since 1972; so you can never rely on luck. Relying on luck keeps casinos in business and brothels well staffed.

Knowing when to recognize, and capitalize, on luck is the key to being lucky. Whether it's a stock tip overheard while you're taking a shit at work or the girl you're about to fuck leaving the room long enough for you to set up a camera with night vision; luck is all about being in the right place at the right time and knowing when it's luck knocking at your door.

Good luck spotting requires a discerning eye.

Sometimes it's easy to assume that you've stumbled into a spot of good luck when an attractive woman stops you on the street and tells you that she wants to fuck your brains out; however, thirty minutes later, when she has your wallet, the keys your car and her husband is putting the finishing touches on a expressionist painting called "Black and Blue" that used to be your body, you'll realize that what you've discovered is bad luck by the barrelful.

I make no claims to great luck, that's reserved for serial killers and professional film and television actors, but I do get a lot of little luck. I find pennies in almost every gutter I inspect, I haven't had my ass kicked in a long time, and I've got more porno than that at which I can shake a stick. Plus, I've been blessed with knowledge of the correct usage of the English language.

Make no mistake, each of my lucky attributes come with a hefty price. The pennies I find are the only income I've made in the last six months, I haven't had my ass kicked because I gave up sleeping with other people's daughters in favor of other people's leftovers, and my knowledge of the English language has estranged all my friends. There's nothing wrong with that much porno.

I beat that cokehead with the pool table, big screen TV, and passion for nine ball. Beat him three times in a row. He never stood a chance, trying to beat me at a lucky man's game.

Patience is the only requirement for that kind of luck. If you're willing to wait long enough, anything you can imagine will happen. You wouldn't believe how excited I get when my wife walks by tall cliffs or Lindsey Lohan gets arrested for drunk driving.

Sex Mahoney for President

There's always someone or something to do.

I always hear people say that they're bored, that there's nothing to do. If you've ever experienced these feelings, head down to your local hobby and craft shop and look at the people buying model cars and ships; you may still be bored, but you'll feel better about not being a geek.

That's unfair to say about people who build model ships, part of me has always wanted to build a model something; however, it seems so lame, that I can never bring myself to do it. Why build a model car when you can go to any junkyard and build one that actually drives.

Work on a real car, read every book, watch every movie, see every painting, and fuck every body that you've always wanted to read, watch, view, and fuck but never had the time to do it. When you're finished with all of that, if you're still bored, then go develop a healthy drug addiction; doesn't have to be anything hardcore, like heroin, go get addicted to Flintstone's chewable peyote.

I'm rarely bored because I always have something to do. Obviously, you can only masturbate so many times in a day before it starts to hurt and chafe, so I fill the rest of my time with writing these blogs, animating cartoons, and applying lotion to chafed areas of skin. If you have a computer - and if you're reading this, it's safe to assume that you do, unless you're my one Eskimo reader who gets his daily sex blog carved into a piece of ivory - there's no reason why you should ever be bored. Every great book ever written, from Aesop's Fables to Zagreb Zshnitsitlin's Zecrets of Ze Zebra, is available for free on the internet.

The important thing is that you focus your boredom into an area of healthy activity; too many people want something to do and get involved in the civic organizations that are tearing America apart by the taint. If you're bored, don't protest outside an abortion clinic, go out and have protected sex with as many men and women as you can; even if it's against your religious beliefs to have sexual fun, you're still preventing the people you sleep with from sleeping with other people who, being the product of crappy, conservative, religious schools and institutions, catch pregnant because their abstinence only health classes taught them nothing about proper condom use.

I've never understood abstinence only education. The best way to not get a sexually transmitted disease is to avoid sex until marriage, unless the person you're marrying already has an STD or is sick enough to poke holes in your diaphragm and replace your birth control pills with tic tacs. If conservative Christians want to institute mandatory abstinence only education, then I want abstinence only driver's education; hey, the only way to completely avoid traffic accidents is to never get behind the wheel of a car.

With all the crap passing itself off as entertainment, it's no wonder that people are bored. When corporate recording artists pass off the same twelve songs as a new album and Hollywood's idea of an original concept is to remake a movie that's less than thirty years

old. Watching television or reading a magazine is like sitting through a time-share presentation in Stink Water, Florida. There's no reason to pay attention to a program, even if it's only twenty-two minutes, if it's just a commercial for some product that fulfills no necessary niche. Sure, my eyelashes are curlier than they've ever been and I've been using my super knife to cut through cinderblocks left and right, but it hardly seems worth sitting through twenty-two minutes of crap and the one good joke that appear in every episode of Friends just so you can hear about new low rates for your mortgage or the latest development in chainsaw technology.

This is the future; we don't have to look out for it coming anymore, because we're here, this is it; when the clock struck twelve midnight on December 31st, 1999 we left the past behind forever. We have met the future, and he is us.

There's no need to sit back and let big corporations entertain us. There's plenty of stuff out there from the time before media became bland and unoriginal and, when all else fails, make some of your own.

It's true that the audience for my particular brand of insanity is rather small; however, I don't write, film, or draw anything for YOUR amusement. I do it so I can read and watch the things that I think are funny, the things you don't see on network television, which you can now do yourself, by visiting The Adventure of Sex Mahoney: Sex on the Web website, where you'll find enough media to keep you entertained for hours. Sign up for service now and you'll receive a free insult, from me, Sex Mahoney.

Offer exclusive to US residents, local laws and tax apply. The Sex Mahoney corporation is not responsible for any free thought or bowel movements that may occur while visiting The Adventures of Sex Mahoney: Sex on the Web website. Possible side effects include nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, death, and ejaculation. Please consult your doctor if death persists for more than seventy-two hours.

Fuck boredom. There's always someone or something to do; it doesn't matter how ugly, fat, or retarded the person you're fucking to kill time, it's still better than building model ships.

Sex Mahoney for President

There are certain things you shouldn't say, if you want to remain in good standing with polite company.

Don't talk about religion, politics, or sex; they make people uncomfortable.

If you never talk about something, you don't have to think about it; therefore, it doesn't exist and you're free to exercise your peculiar brand of prejudice in the privacy of your own home or local voting station.

Unfortunately, all the polite society in the universe doesn't make the unpleasant things go away, it just pushes them into the dark corners of the house where they fester.

Sometimes, I can see their point.

I watch a lot of porno.

I don't watch as much porno as I once did; there was a time when I had porno playing in my apartment at all times. Some people found it endearing, others refused to come within fifty feet of me. I met one of my ex-girlfriends while watching "Debbie Does Dallas."

There's nothing wrong with porn in healthy amounts, but, if you watch too much, you start sizing everything up like its pornography. I can't even walk down the street without looking at everyone as if they exist for my scopophilic amusement. It doesn't matter who the person or what they look like; if I ran into your grandmother on the street, chances are pretty good that I had a fleeting picture of your grandmother and twelve dancing cocks pirouetting around my noggin.

If you don't count all the people I've fucked, there haven't been that many people who have seen me fucking; for that matter, I haven't seen that many people fucking. Sure, I've seen a whole lot of porn; I've probably every major male and female performer of the last forty years; however, that's such a small section of the population that I may as well have not seen anything.

Dating would be a lot easier if you could ask people for that kind of video resume before agreeing to a date.

When you go out with someone new, you could spend months getting to know them before you feel comfortable enough to rub your genitals against theirs, but that seems ridiculous. We're human beings, we're at our best when we're rationalizing decisions we've already made, that's why most relationships start out strong and then go south real quick. Our hormones make it possible for us to get close enough to other people despite their many obvious faults, and all the rest of that crap gets filled in later when we've fucked ourselves out. Starting out strong in bed is the only way to ensure that you've got a good relationship. It doesn't matter if you're dating a jobless loser who lives in their mother's basement at the ripe old age of forty, just so long as they can get the fucking done.

So often, fucking is downplayed because of parlor room conventions that require us to refrain from speaking about dicks, pussies, assholes and tits; however, there are few things in life more vital to our survival as humans and our fucking skills do us no fucking good whatsoever.

I've been on a million job interviews that would have gone a lot smoother if the interviewer would have bent over like their desks (or conference tables) like I asked them to do, instead of calling the police like I hoped they wouldn't.

Every area of life could improve if we'd just fuck out way out of them. American troops would not be in Afghanistan and Iraq right now if George W Bush and Osama Bin Laden had challenged each other to an endurance fuck-a-thon instead of blowing up innocent people. I'd certainly pay a lot more attention to politics if CSPAN broadcast House of Representatives Legislative Group Gropes.

Imagine a drunken father, causing trouble at his son's soccer game, chasing the referee around the field with his pants down instead of starting a fight.

Serving in the military will only be slightly gayer than it already is if soldiers, instead of trying to kill their enemies, ran around trying to fuck them instead.

While it might seem like this is a radical idea, it wouldn't be much different from the way things are now, only without the metaphor.

I've got no use for polite society; we parted ways a long time ago. People should be free to talk about and do whatever they want. There's no reason why we should take toast and tea when we can put our time to a better use, like hanging around planned parenthood offices to find girls who are looking to make some quick money.

Polite society wants to push fucking into a dark corner and forget that it ever existed, but we're all sexual creatures, we live to procreate; everything else is window dressing. That's why I never cry at funerals. There's no reason to be sad when there are still plenty of things in which to insert your penis.

Sex Mahoney for President

Each of us gets smarter with every minute we're alive.

As with any rule, there are exceptions, but that's one maxim that holds true a greater portion of the time. If you have any doubt, then you have only to recall that there was a time when you were perfectly happy to shit in your underpants and cry until someone put a new pair on you. For those who require further proof, take a look through your old things and find some poems or short stories you wrote when between the ages of twelve and fifteen.

I'll bet there's more than one person reading this who is nervously thinking about a Captain and Tennille 45 recording of Muskrat Love - hidden in a sleeve for something respectable in their mother's basement - hoping that no one ever finds it.

That's the tricky part about getting smarter with every minute is that you're constantly dumber than you're going to be.

It makes it very hard to choose, knowing that you'll be able to make a better, more informed decision immediately after you decide. Some people are so stunned by the weight of that conundrum that they freeze up and go into nervous twitters; that's where advertising comes in.

Part of the reason that you read so much time travel fiction is the deep seated belief that, if we went back in time, our knowledge would help us improve our station or, at the very least, our choices.

Unfortunately, it's too easy to forget that each of those choices, which seem so easy to us, who live in the future, occurred at a specific moment in time, under specific circumstances that led to the moment of your choice. When you look at it like that, it seems a lot less free and more like destiny, as though you were brought to that moment to resolve some kind of personal drama. It's no wonder why some people believe in God, if you can't see the difference between fate and coincidence; it's easy to believe that some entity is guiding the events around us.

The more closely you look at the events leading up to a decision, the less it seems like free will and more like duress; the more you look at singular events, the more free a decision seems since it is independent of the time and circumstances under which it was made.

For instance, it might seem like I acted under my own free will when I loaded the dead stripper into my trunk or the time I had sex with your mother - at least that's how it has seemed to the judges presiding over those cases - but the truth of the matter is that I had no choice but to put the dead stripper in my trunk because I had to transport the body somehow, and your mother would have been fine if she relaxed like I told her, but she's the one who insisted on trying to take two cocks in her pussy at the same time, besides, your father was out of town, and your grandmother told me she had other plans.

What I mean to say is that we're walking around in a dangerous world.

Since we're all getting smarter all the time, that means we're learning, and one of the things you learn, as you grow, is who are your friends and enemies. The nice guy you met at a bar, or the pretty girl you picked up at your friend's wedding, seem perfectly nice at first, but, two to six weeks later, the first signs of syphilis say differently. The righteous asshole at your place of employment actually plays a pretty mean bass guitar and would be perfect for your office band.

The first time we meet these people, we develop preconceived notions as to their personality and, quite often, our first impressions turn out to be wrong.

Right now, while you're sitting at your computer, invisible enemies surround you. You think they're your friends because you exercise poor judgment, and, in time, you will learn their true evil nature; however, because you're your dumb, present-day self, you think they're your best friend.

It's not too late to undo the damage you've already done. Start treating people like garbage before they get the jump on you. If you have any doubt that the person perhaps wasn't your enemy, treat them like a dick for a week and see if they don't start acting differently when you're around. Next time, exercise better judgment

Not me, of course, I can instantly tell everything I need to know about a person within five minutes of meeting them and I'm never wrong.

I mean, I could be wrong, but I am one hundred percent sure, that, right now, at this moment in time, I'm one hundred percent right and always will be.

Sex Mahoney for President

All the classical authors agree that spring is a time of rebirth.

Spring is a time when everything that has a usable cock tries to stick it into something receptive.

I've never been too fond of the spring, since it heralds the end of my private world.

In the winter, people stay inside their homes and warm themselves with glasses of warm brandy and the drunken accidental conceptions that follow; I have the whole world to myself. When the weather warms up, and people leave their homes for the first time in months, pudgy and pale skinned, I retreat to my private quarters, black out the windows, and wait for everyone to go back to sleep so I can play again.

I spent the weekend with one of my closest friends. We went to the zoo. It seems like a wholesome activity until you get to the zoo and see all the adolescent girls, forced into attendance by their parents, testing the limits of poly-cotton blends with their bulging, developing breasts. I know that most girls finish developing pretty early, so it's unlikely that a sixteen-year-old has developing breasts, but since they're the youngest legal ones I can buy on the open market, I've got to keep that denial going just long enough to finish myself off in the zoo bathroom.

There's no better reminder of the freshness of youth and the rebirth of spring than the soft breasts of a sixteen-year-old girl, at least, that's what I imagine when I close my eyes. Since I was too stupid to actually get a sixteen-year-old when I was sixteen, and too impatient to get one once I was eighteen, I don't know that I've ever slept with a real sixteen-year-old. Now that I'm in my twenties, it's getting close to being creepy.

What the classical authors don't tell you is that the spring's first growth, all those lovely flowers and pretty colors, eventually bring summer's friendly visitors, the mosquito, the horsefly, and mildew.

The same thing happens to sexuality as you age. What was once so hot that you could charge people to watch turns into something so ugly that it makes Julia Roberts look attractive. Even I, the great porn guru of central New Jersey, feel cold fingers wrap around my heart when I think of the unpleasantness of senior citizen pornography; I still watch it, but, like those German shit eating videos, I like to show it to other people for the shock value more than I like to waste tissues.

It's not bad enough that we lose our attractiveness as we age, but it's coupled with the startling realization that our dreams of replacing John Bonham are about as likely as a black or female president of the United States in 2008. Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton could shit out bricks of pure heroin, but white folks are only tolerant if there is someone around to observe them doing so, and since we can't put Snoop Dog, or their wives, into the voting booth with them, don't expect any miracles.

We're all getting older, we're all uglier than we used to be, and we just realized that the job we took to pay our bills is slowly turning into something called a career; at this point it's hardly necessary, but there's also the spirit crushing revelation that we're only getting weaker, sicker and more incontinent until we finally collapse in the bathtub, shit ourselves, and die with liver spots where sixteen-year-old girls once longed to kiss.

Given all of these terrible things, is there any logical reason why marijuana should be illegal?

As long as you know ten people, and don't live in a walled off religious community, you can rest assured that at least one of them smokes weed. Even the government, while maintaining a strict tee-totaling stance, turns a blind eye to marijuana; otherwise, they would never let companies make so many different kinds of snacks. Why would we need fourteen different flavors of Doritos if everyone wasn't stoned all the time?

You can't even be a decent crime lord just from selling weed, because no one would respect a mafia don who walked around all day with red eyes and a tube of ready to bake chocolate chip cookie dough.

Some people might call me crazy, but I think that the US government keeps marijuana illegal because of a backroom deal they struck with prison wardens. In order to keep dangerous, violent criminals from going nuts in the stony lonesome, a steady flow of inmates, arrested on marijuana possession and distribution charges, constantly refreshes the prison's supply of fresh rape victims.

Eventually, the US, and the rest of the developed world, will stop all this nonsense and legalize marijuana. Later this year, I'm set to testify before Congress about my feelings and I think they'll take kindly to my plight.

You see, I'll tell them, I'm going to need some marijuana, because I really want to fuck a sixteen-year-old, and there's no way I can listen to one talk without being stoned. With a girl in her twenties, it wouldn't be a problem, because I could just shove my dick in her mouth and shut her up before I got bored or angry, but sixteen-year-olds don't know enough to let someone they just met do that.

I don't think Congress will buy it, but I'll be happy just so long as I get to sit at that long table, lean into a bank of microphones and say "shove my dick in her mouth" on C-SPAN; I've always wanted to do that.

Sex Mahoney for President

Without going into too much detail, let me sum up the problem by saying that I made a mistake.

I didn't know what I was doing. Ordinarily, I'm on guard for such things, but my internal censor was off having coffee somewhere.

Maybe a part of me wanted to do it.

I think that's the real truth; part of me wanted to do it, so I did it, even though I knew it was a bad idea at the time.

Again, I don't want to bore you with details, but suffice to say, when someone asks you if you like a small change in their personal appearance, you say yes.

Of course, by asking the question in the first place, people are inviting the negative responses that get them so riled up; just as a part of me wants to tell them how I really feel, a part of them wants their worst fears confirmed.

Denial is an easy thing to fake, but in the great wide world, there are so many doubts to face and it's always beneficial to have some support.

Think back to your earliest playground days. Most of the time, children fought small skirmishes of information against each other as the children who believed in Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, and the reality of professional wrestling lined up to face the kids who knew that mommy and daddy deliver the presents, the Easter Bunny gets sick when you put chocolate eggs in his ass, and professional wrestlers are not only faking it, but also swishy like three dollar bills.

There's no arguing with kid logic that wholeheartedly believes in the veracity of professional wrestling, because it is a logic based mostly on faith. You can't shake faith from without; any attempts to disrupt it are met with fierce aggression that binds whatever force created that faith into tighter units.

Children have an idea that strength in numbers creates the validity for an argument when faith alone cannot convince the skeptics of the inherent correctitude of their opposition. When you live in a world of adults, whose numbers seem impossible to combat, safety in numbers is the best defense.

Adults never grow out of their childish ideas, they just change the face of opposition, so that it's not adults of which they're afraid, but mysterious forces without faces: "them."

We're all afraid of something, and most of us can't put a finger on what it is that scares us. Even if every Muslim terrorist in the world was rounded up and executed tomorrow, it wouldn't take long for American people to replace them with something else. It took less than a decade for terrorism to replace communism as the new "grave" threat to life and

liberty, and it's a good thing, too, before that they best we were able to come up with was abortion and gays in the military.

The people who feel most set upon by outside forces are usually the ones who are bringing those forces to bear on others.

The white slave owners of the south thought that they're freedom was being impugned. The Ku Klux Klan kept a vigilant eye for attacks on white women by blacks, and George W Bush thinks that terrorists hate America because it is free.

The person who accuses the loudest points the finger of blame at themselves.

That little thing, the thing of which we're afraid, it's just a little thing called the truth, and when you listen to it, it turns out to be not so bad. Certainly, it's no worse than you imagined it to be.

Maybe you don't love your children as much as you like to think you do, certainly you don't love them enough to tell them the truth; however, show me a parent that can sit their child down and say, "look, Daddy was drunk and Mommy didn't have any lube for her asshole, so Daddy came in her snatch" and I'll show you a kid who will grow into a well rounded individual.

For the record, if you are reading this, I did not say that you were a whore, just that your new outfit and makeup made you look like a whore; there is a crucial difference. So, grandma, please forgive me, and call me when you're not mad anymore.

Sex Mahoney for President

I like eggs and chickens.

Eggs can be used, in conjunction with flour, sugar, and peanut butter, to make cookies and other delicious treats.

Chickens are delicious when plucked, roasted, and covered in hot sauce. I hear they're fun to fuck, too.

The thing is, as much as I like eggs and chicken, I can only have one because I only have one chicken. That chicken keeps me well supplied with eggs, but every time I kill and eat a new chicken, it stops laying eggs for some reason. Now, government scientists have told me that once a chicken has been killed and eaten it is no longer capable of producing eggs, but I don't trust scientists ever since they said that the Earth is 4.6 billion years old. Everyone knows that God and the Fox network created the Earth five thousand years ago to fight the Herculoids and hordes of hideous homosexual islamocommunazis.

Still, they might be on to something. I diligently pick every chicken's bones, flesh, and internal organs from my stool, but all my best efforts to put the chicken back together have failed.

I came to the conclusion that it's better to eat eggs all the time.

Unfortunately, I hate eggs. Fried and on a sandwich, with some chicken breast and bacon, eggs are all right, but I don't like them florentinized, hard-boiled, enomeleted, or benedicited.

I do like abortions. I figure that, as long as I have to eat something I loathe, it's not so bad as long as abortion is still legal.

I don't like children, so I'm all for any method of legally killing them. One day, I'll get my bill passed through congress and we'll be able to see orphan gladiators, but until then, abortion will have to do.

I know that some people are opposed to abortion, but that's not a problem. If you think abortion is wrong, then don't get one, which is easy since most of the people opposed to abortion are men and they don't need abortions anyway... well, they NEED abortions, but not in the same way that women need them. Women need them to save their lives and prevent them from having rape babies; men need them to get out of child support payments.

There's no bigger group that should be all for abortion than men; however, they're so stubborn about protecting their holy seed, and controlling women, that there's a lot of contention in that camp.

I understand why women are half and half on the subject; women want to make sure that everyone else goes through the pain of childbirth like they did, and people with children

are always trying to convince others that having a family is a magical experience (all the while sniggering behind their backs at how stupid those fresh, doe-eyed, newlywed faces look when they buy every word of it).

One of the arguments I've heard against abortion is what I call the "Einstein Theory." If abortion is legal, then what if Albert Einstein gets aborted by accident. The religious crowd likes to use Jesus in place of Einstein, but that's much easier to refute. If Jesus is really an agent of God, then the abortion his mother gets is all part of God's divine plan. The Einstein argument isn't hard to dismiss either, because for every Einstein that gets sucked out his mother's uterus, there are probably two Hitlers, three Jeffrey Dahmers, and at least one George Bush (some women still drink while they're pregnant). The Einstein argument cuts both ways; sure, we may abort Einstein, but if abortion is illegal, then the mother and father, potential Einsteins in their own right – although much more likely two people who were too drunk to get a condom in time – will be forced to take care of a mewling little brat that belongs in a medical waste bag New Jersey landfill.

Some people say abortion is murder... We murder people all the time. Soldiers coming home from Iraq are praised as heroes depending on how skilled they are at murdering people. Conservative religious fundamentalists clamor for murder, some want to instate the death penalty for drug dealers and homosexuals, liberal peaceniks clamor for more police to murder the minorities that want to date their daughters.

There are opponents of abortion who say that it is irresponsible to use abortion as a form of birth control; however, if you're rich enough to afford an abortion every time you catch pregnant, you already have enough money to do whatever you want anyway. The only people who use frequent abortions as birth control are the very people revered as hometown heroes in anti-abortion communities. Speaking of which, I wonder if Britney Spears has a new album coming out; I heard an advance track on the internet, and her new single "Oops, I'm an Unfit Mother" kicks ass.

I'm never going to have children. Any woman that I get pregnant will have an abortion. If they contradict my wishes, I have no compunction about drowning, in a bathtub, any fetus that manages to dodge my repeated coat hanger attacks.

In the end, it's better to eat the egg than to kill the chicken.

Hopefully, we'll soon be able to eat human eggs for breakfast. We're going to need a lot of them, so get hatching, ladies.

Sex Mahoney for President

I like the smell of farts.

While the smell of flatulence may offend the untrained nose, the fart connoisseur's discerning nose learns to overcome this repulsion and recognize the hidden beauty in the only true form of natural gas.

There really is nothing like a good fart.

Perhaps my love of farts stems from my body's need to compensate for draconian punishments; when I was a child, my father would punish me with farts.

We had a small bathroom in my house, slightly larger than a phone booth; it was big enough to hold a toilet, a sink, and standing room for an audience of one. Whenever I got too mouthy for my father's taste, he took me into the bathroom, put me in the corner and shat away. The punishment was rarely used, and more of a joke than anything else, but it helped me to appreciate the piquant aroma of a good fart. My father was one of the world's greatest farters, and his legacy will go unnoticed only because of a deficiency in professional farting competitions.

Most people like farts, they just don't want to admit it, to others or themselves; plus, most people don't know that they like farts because they find the smell so odious... when it comes from someone else; in the privacy of their own bathroom's, there are few olfactory treasures they admire with the same vigor.

Unfortunately, someone who can only recognize the beauty of their own farts misses out on the awe-inspiring potential of their friend's, neighbors', and coworker's gas.

The same thing happens in politics.

I don't like writing about politics because it bores me. I like dabbling in the political arena, but only because I'm two steps shy of going completely insane and I don't want children. People with kids can comfort themselves with the delusion that their children will carry on their legacy, mostly their prejudices, after they are gone, despite my personal observance that the only time children seem interested in their parents is right before they change their wills. I won't have children, so leaving my mark in politics seems like the best way for my insanity to live on after I'm gone.

I also like to piss off people. Nothing enlivens my spirits like making someone so mad they want to kill me.

Politics is a lot like farting because its main contributors are people filled with so much noxious gas that only smells good to the people producing it; however, unlike farting, politics produces very little valuable substances.

Recently, within the last twenty or so years, there has been quite a battle between the forces of American liberalism and conservatism, with both sides yelling nasty things

about the other sides' mothers, or claiming that so and so "sucks the root." The battle between liberal and conservative ideologies is hardly a new one; governments all over the world, throughout all history have had this argument. Conservatives dislike the way things are running, because they want things to work like they used to, at some mythic point in the past. Liberals want to change the way things work because there are problems in the system that they think they can fix. Moderates just want things to stay the same as they are. Unfortunately, conservatism fails to account for the specific time and place in which former practices thrived, liberals don't understand that any problem they solve will engender two new problems from the cure, and moderates are pussies. Pick a side.

Growing up, I shrank away from most of the day's conservative tenets because they seem so hateful. Conservatives didn't want gays fucking or joining the military, women aborting fetuses, or white children buying black rapper's tapes. Conservatism is all about ruining the party. If you're the kind of person who will place a call to the police about your neighbor's noisy, Saturday night, party, then you might want to check out conservative politics.

What I didn't realize, as a child, was that liberal political ideology, while appearing vastly different from its conservative brethren, is the same fucking song with a disco beat. Liberals will call the police and fink on your party as well, but they do it for different reasons. While a conservative might object to a party because it is hosted by one of those fagosexual communists (who didn't invite the conservative, but that has nothing to do with it), a liberal might object because they don't want uneducated, beer-swilling rednecks befouling their tolerant community. In either case, both sides of the political spectrum are deeply invested in making sure that you don't have a good time.

Neither conservative or liberal persons deserve blame for their lack of fun; government is essentially creating laws to make people behave the way you desire, and nothing is more antithetical to fun than telling people how they should behave. Politics, the mother from whom modern democratic governments were born, has the equally fun task of telling people how to think.

Fun is doing your own thing, being your own boss. People tell you how to think and act at work every day; your family forces you to think and act a certain way to ensure their survival, prostitutes make you put on condoms before they suck your dick; everyone is trying to tell you what to do. The political news industry that has sprung up in recent years broadcasts other people's opinions twenty-four hours a day with tailor made opinions for their viewers. Fox News' slogan should be "We report. We decide. You observe."

Conservatives are a little more honest about their goals, just not the methods they use to achieve them; liberals are more open about their methods, but lie about their goals; however, neither side has a monopoly on lying. Liberals create low-income housing to support minorities, and keep them out of their own neighborhoods. Conservatives want to bolster family values, so they criminalize homosexuality.

The important thing to remember about politics is that everybody is out to get as much for themselves at everyone else's expense. Criminals have been doing this for years, except there it's called stealing. When the people elect you, it's called fund raising.

There's only one reason, and one reason only, to get involved in politics. When chicks think you're into their cause, you can get a lot of pussy... a lot of pussy; that's why I'm more liberal than conservative; conservative girls are just as freaky as their pierced, liberal counterparts (the kind that Bill O'Reilly calls moonbats, as if there's something wrong with the moon, hey, provides light at night, douche bag), but they're rarely ever on the pill and it's a bitch getting them to take an abortofacient – if they put up too much of a fight, you can always tie them down and scrape their uterus with whatever you have handy, but it's much easier the other way.

I'm putting out a call to all my liberal and conservative friends. Stop your useless fighting. If you disagree with someone, keep it to yourself. For all your vitriol and efforts to change the world, the only thing you're doing is supporting a bunch of thieves. The government, from community to federal levels, is comprised of people who are too stupid to produce anything valuable or get real jobs: police, firefighters, soldiers, mayors, governors, aldermen, presidents, the whole lot. These people make their living by stealing or begging from honest, hard working, tax payers. When you get your paycheck, the government isn't taking out taxes; they're collecting welfare.

We have to stop them.

Since no one else seems man enough for the task, it is my grim responsibility to take the mantle of leadership. Follow me and I will lead us to the US capitol, we will storm the building during the state of the union address and hold the government hostage. We will bar the exits. We will subdue anyone who dares stand up to us. When we are in control of the building, we will fill the halls with our farts until the government agrees to disband and pay reparations for the money they have stolen over the years.

I've already opened 4,136 cans of black beans, only 521,464 to go. Who's with me?

Sex Mahoney for President

My father taught me the secret to good parenting, just in case I ever decided to have children.

Never make a threat that you cannot back up.

Children aren't the brightest creatures on the planet, but they're sneaky, cunning, and just as quick to exploit weakness as anyone who has the opportunity. When a child sees a parent issue enough threats without backup, that child starts to lose respect for the threatening parent.

Unfortunately, my father was a mediocre parent and thus unable to follow through on all his threats, but even the mediocre can dole out a good axiom now and again.

The idea is not to threaten and beat your children more often, as my father did, but to threaten only when you've got the power to stand firm.

Obviously, you can't keep your children under lock and key 24 hours a day, but if you start on them early enough, by the time they're teenagers, who want to escape to do teenage things, they won't know when you're bluffing.

Just like poker.

I don't like playing poker because I'm a cheap Jew, but I've played enough to know that you can't start bluffing until you've set a precedent at the table; it's a rookie mistake.

George W Bush could learn a lot from my father, and not just because my father can read and wipe himself.

Jenna and Barbara Bush aside, I've got a feeling that GWB is a bad father.

Whenever I hear George W talking about Iraq, I can picture him sitting in his wood paneled den, with Dick Cheney and a glass of brandy, telling the future vice president how his teenaged daughters behaved like proper ladies *or else* while, somewhere across town, seventeen rednecks took turns double teaming and creaming the Bush twins pink and stink. If he ran his household like his presidency, I can even picture him standing above a Cheney/Condoleezza/Jenna/Barbara hog pile asking his wife Laura: "I wish I could stop this, but we'll have to wait to hear what the generals say."

If it hadn't been for September 11th, I suppose I wouldn't know George W's parenting skills; so, I suppose, the world did change after September 11th.

What a ridiculous thing to say. The world changed after September 11th. It changed after September 12th as well, the world changes every day, but no one ever talks about that at VFW circle jerk photo ops. The only thing that changed on September 11th, 2001 is that an average of 44 people were murdered, 261 people were raped, and 5500 people died from natural causes, just like any other day, but two planes knocked down two big

buildings, and 2,819 extra people died. When you think about it, 2,819 isn't that much, that's less than the average number of dates a Catholic girl will make you go on before she gives you something more than a handjob; it's less than the number of fat people it would take to form the world's largest ball of silly putty; it's less than the number of pubic hairs in each McDonald's hamburger.

Actually, the total is a lot less than 2,819. 366 of the casualties were firefighters or police officers, public servants who volunteered for jobs that placed them in dangerous situations. I can't stand it when people weep about the rescue personnel who died in the towers, if they didn't want to die in the line of duty then they should have become those people who stand around in Mickey Mouse costumes at Disney. Fuck the police and firefighters; we're now down to 2,453. Wait a minute... I forgot about Port Authority police officer, 37 of whom died; we're now down to 2,416.

Of the remaining casualties, 1,402 died in Tower One, and, as The Simpsons points out, they put all the jerks in Tower One. Even if you don't like The Simpsons, you can't argue that jerks deserve to live, right now there are people reading this who are telling their friends and family members that I should die for writing this and because I'm a jerk. Mom, when you're finished, could you make me some hot cocoa, put in some of my miniature hatemellows, and read me a story. 1,402 jerks died in Tower One, no big loss; we're now down to 1,012.

The numbers become more manageable if you don't take them all at once, but place them in their proper context. The total number of September 11th casualties is low, but when you explain the numbers, it's hardly a pittance. More people die from cancer, smoking, alcohol consumption, and microbial agents in a given day.

1,402 people seems even more insignificant when you consider that there were anywhere from 16,000 to 18,000 people in the "impact zones" who survived; that's 7 to 8 percent fatalities compared to the total, and even if you disregard all my phony math and include all the people who died that day, it's still only 15 to 18 percent. A one in five chance of survival is pretty good according to the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, which gives the same survival odds to commercial crab fishermen in the Arctic, and they broadcast that on the Discovery channel.

From a strategic standpoint, hijacking planes and flying them into the towers doesn't make any sense. The day after the attacks, I was substitute teaching in a high school, and the students were describing all of the various way in which they would fuck up Osama Bin Laden; I convinced them that the only thing Osama had to gain by the attack was US enmity, while George W Bush stood to gain a country united in fear and desire for revenge; therefore, GWB was the more likely candidate for coordinating the attack. The kids were convinced, and told everyone who would sit still, including the principal who, at the end of the day, kindly asked me to never set foot in his school again or he would kick my hippy ass all the way to Afghanistan.

Attack the twin towers was a symbolic attack from a weak people. Osama Bin Laden doesn't have the military strength to send 250,000 troops into an underprivileged country to slaughter their innocent civilians, so he performed the military equivalent of kicking a bully in the nuts while said bully was busy giving him indian burns, wet willies, and whatever else bullies do. There was nothing dishonorable in what Osama Bin Laden did.

Soldiers kill civilians in every war; if you're willing to accept that war is necessary then Osama Bin Laden's terrorist attack is no more immoral than the firebombing of Dresden or the internment and extermination of six million European Jews, Roms, and others. When it comes to fighting, especially war fighting, governments go to great lengths to make everything they do seem nice and legal; if you require an example, see the careers of Messrs Ashcroft and Gonzalez. The Geneva accords are proof as to how stupid human beings can be; as if there could ever be any rules for killing each other that would make the art of war anything less than what it is called in every other circumstance... murder.

When two people meet to kill each other under established rules, neither one entertains any real concerns about dying... that is, only until one of the competitors receives a serious wound and realizes: "I'm going to die." At that point, the person who thinks they're going to die will stop at nothing to preserve their life; Alfred Packer killed and ate his friends, George W Bush kicked off the "either you're with us or you're an un-American faggot" public relations campaign, and Osama Bin Laden organized a group of people to take over four airliners so they could fly them into high profile targets.

The competitor, who receives a serious wound, thus realizing that he is in mortal danger, is apt to pick up the nearest tool and turn it into a weapon. Any tool is a weapon if you hold it right, Ani DiFranco said that; they don't let you bring box cutters on board planes anymore, but my wife always has her knitting needles with her, and, in a pinch, my ten pound copy of the works of Edmund Spencer, in a tube sock, could fuck up some serious shit.

The competitor who has dealt the wound, seeing his injured opponent pick up a rock, when they have agreed to fight with only tooth picks, quite rightly cries foul, and, by any judges standards, has won the game of death by default. The problem with fouls, judges, and defaults, is that they don't stop people from beating you to death with a rock.

The thing about the "terrorists" is that rocks are the only weapons they've ever had, while the United States, who faces off against them with the full might of the second largest army on earth, cried foul because that stupid rock managed to get past the most expensive military in the world and bruise its forehead.

If you're a militant Islamic radical, intent on harming the United States, you couldn't have hoped for a better reaction than you got after September 11th, 2001. The US exhausted any sympathy it received from the world community, its leaders used the tragedy to push their radical agenda through the legislature under the guise of protecting national security (although I can't, for the life of me, figure out what tax cuts and men humping each other have to do with that), and it has brought us into an untenable position

as imperialists in Iraq. We would have been better off if we had just left the burning bodies and rubble alone and pretended as if the whole thing had never happened.

If George W Bush was a good parent, he could have threatened to blow up something incidental, like an orphanage or a hospital, and carried through on the threat; be he's not a good parent, and like all bad parents, he made the mistake of thinking he's a good parent just because his girls aren't sucking any dicks that he can see.

Now, Bush's children are running wild. At this point, there's not much that can be done to bring them under control again.

The world did change after September 11th. People cancelled their holiday travel plans; everyone got a free day or two off of work; and TV stations interrupted their normally bland programming schedules to broadcast equally bland memorial services and concerts. That's pretty much it, human beings kept being the same selfish, murderous bastards they have always been; people with radicals views of the religious persuasion kept telling everyone why God wanted so and so other religious radicals to perish; and I went on living my life, doing my best to do no harm to others. Little did I know that I would soon spend a weekend using the chaos of lower Manhattan to hide from the police; alas, that's another story all together.

The moral of the story is to not make threats that you can't back up. When I tell my wife that I'm going to beat her senseless unless she has a hot dinner waiting for me when I get home from work, I had damn well better do it; if, instead, I mumble something about it being okay that she's laying in bed playing with herself because I can't satisfy her and make myself a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, like I usually do, she'll think I'm weak, which she does.

I wish I was strong enough to beat up my wife.

Sex Mahoney for President

There's nothing quite so bad as being just a little bit worse than your opponent.

Sure, it really stings when you get your ass whipped so bad that the footprints on your back are the only visible evidence of an adversary, but it's much worse when you give it your all, work your fingers to the bone, and come up just a little bit short.

There's no better feeling than winning.

When you're winning, the world is your plaything; you can do anything, people exist to serve you, and not a single hair falls off anyone's head without your say so. People are a lot nicer to you if you're winning; they attach themselves to you and hope to catch some of your success by osmosis. They don't even care by how much you won, or if there were any extenuating circumstances, even if you won because all the other competitors were eaten by lions. They talk about putting an asterisk next to Barry Bonds name, but what about the 1986 Mets?

When you're losing, no one could care about you. John Kerry received the second most votes ever in 2004; if it had been any other election, Kerry would have the recognition he deserves, but he lost, so fuck him. George W Bush won because of a whole slew of sneaky dealings and questionable practices, but who cares, he won (sort of). Fuck that loser Gore.

That's why losing by just a little is so much worse than getting blown out of the water. Those guys getting their asses handed to them are used to losing, because if they lose by such a wide margin, chances are good that losing is not a foreign concept; however, if you lose by one or two points, votes, etc. you get lumped in with those guys who get their asses kicked, no close it was before you lost.

Winners rarely have to explain themselves. There's no stronger argument than that of a Loser explaining the reasons why they lost. I guess happy families are all alike.

Winning doesn't teach you anything.

If you win all the time, you're much less likely to examine the reasons why you won because no one bothers a winner with such trivial details; if you lose all the time, you constantly have to explain yourself to people who probably couldn't do what you do at all, but think little of your ability because you're a loser, and you learn a great deal. Losing reveals the kind of people we really are.

If you want to get a good gauge of a person, take them someplace where they're going to get their ass kicked competing against challengers of greater skill.

When you're a kid, it's easy to be a sore loser, and every one of us has been one at one time or another. After throwing the game losing pitch, in a game of street baseball, an angry young lad might grab the ball and inform the other players that the game they have been playing is stupid, therefore, said player will now leave and take his ball with him.

As a child, if my little brother ever managed to beat me at anything, I used my larger size to inflict some kind of physical punishment on him for his insolence. You can't do that when you're a grown up.

There have been times when I've been tempted to grab my things from my desk and storm out of the office while telling everyone how stupid they are, but I have to keep my cool. It's not that I'm afraid of losing my job; I'm just afraid of being seen as a baby.

Perception is paramount to someone like me.

I don't have many skills, I have no work ethic; I distrust and actively resist all novelty and change; I'm socially awkward and a jerk; and I've got a little dick. In most aspects, I'm about as mediocre as they come. Unfortunately, I've got just enough smarts to realize that I'm mediocre, but not enough to do anything about it. Over time, I'll become more and more bitter about my mediocrity and abuse the power of whatever minor position I manage to obtain, to satisfy my spite and spiritual emptiness. The prospect of complete alienation seems horrible to contemplate, but a part of me is really looking forward to scaring small children who accidentally lose sports equipment on my property. Halloween is also a good time to take out some of your petty hostilities on guiltless children; a few years ago, I gave cans of Goya kidney beans to the few trick or treaters who ignored my dark house, moat, and pools of unspeakable horror to knock on my door and beg me for a hand out.

Because I don't have job skills, work ethic, a big cock, or a fondness for children, I depend on people's perceptions to become something more than I am. Most of the people who have met me, not counting the ones who slept with me, have a good impression of my character and often ascribe power to me that I could not possess even if I stole them from someone else.

I have deluded countless numbers of people into believing that I'm erudite, well spoken, and in control... that is, until I have to prove my skills in direct competition, where I usually lose. I can come close most of the time, but, in the end, I almost always lose.

Losing has taught me how to be comfortable with myself, no matter how much I happen to suck at any point in time. It has also taught me that you have to lose pretty often for people to consider you a loser. Even with a twenty five percent success rate, most people will forget the seventy five percent you got wrong, to focus on your accomplishments, just look at any street psychic or President Bush.

Most importantly, losing taught me not to sweat the small stuff, because, no matter how bad your opponent makes you look, there's a chance that they'll die in a horrific, industrial accident.

That's what I think about while I'm losing. Sure, my opponent may have bested me for the time being, but they can't out run the mangler forever.

It's a bitter and shitty way to live, but when you're a born loser, you take whatever you can get.

Sex Mahoney for President

Sings posted inside public bathrooms urge the micturating employee to wash their hands before returning to work; everyone else is expected to do what they please.

I almost never wash my hands after leaving a public toilet, or a private one, for that matter.

I tell people that I don't wash my hands because I know better than to piss on them, but the truth of the matter is that I could accidentally shit into both my hands, rub it around until it makes a little ball, and then press it against the newspaper, to see if my theory about silly putty being reconstituted shit has any merit, and I still wouldn't wash my hands. I'd make sure that I wiped them off, to be sure, but I don't see any reason why I should have to wash my hands just because I got shit on them. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to take my typhus medicine.

People get all hung up on hygiene, like it's some wonderful thing, but, if you're looking for a nice dose of humility, there's no better area of human intellect that reveals the type of animal with which one deals, when encountering human beings.

For most of human history, no one made the connection between microbes and disease. To be fair, scientists only discovered the cell about four hundred years ago, and it took Louis Pasteur another two hundred years to discover that mold, maggots, and rot did not spontaneously emerge from bad meat. It's no wonder that it took everyone so long to figure out the shit quotient.

One of the more romantic things a man could do for a lady, in the 17th century, was walk on her inside as they strolled the streets of London, New York, Paris, et al, because walking on the street side, meant that the chamber pot refuse, thrown from windows all around, would splatter her less often. Jonathan Swift, in his essay "Instructions to Servants" jokingly advises that it behooves a good servant to keep a pot full of shit by the window above the front door, to avert unwanted guests. Not that getting inside the house would make that much difference, with servants dragging chamber pots up and down stairs every day, there was more than a fair share of shit and urine splattered about everyone's house anyway.

Throwing your bathroom waste in the streets aside, realizing that was a bad idea was nothing compared to the major breakthrough that occurred when scientists realized that dumping your feces in the drinking water was even worse.

Surprisingly, people managed to survive these terrible treatments; unfortunately, the ones who got sick had to contend with doctors, who had never seen the inside of a human body, prescribing medicine that was just as likely to kill you as the disease. Just like today, any actual recovery experienced while under medical treatment was purely coincidental.

The most amazing thing about all of this is humanity's insistence that it was more developed, or adapted to its environment because of an ability to change that environment to suit its needs, like fungus and bacteria haven't done that for eons.

Surprisingly, the people of those antique days were sure, just as we are now, that ridiculous potions and tinctures helped them stave off death better than sheer luck. The same charlatans and rogues sold genuine pieces of the cross or holy water from the font at (insert sacred sight) to the same people who rubbed it on their cancer while they wasted away to nothing.

It's no wonder that people don't trust doctors, and by extension, scientists and science. Food products and exercise are constantly classified from healthy to poisonous, experts argue over ridiculous theories that have no practical bearing on life as we know it, and even the best technology is always in need of repair.

Science has created some wonderful innovations, but it fucks up just as often as it gets it right, if not more so. In one hundred years, people will look back on the darkness of this age and laugh at the silly things we took so seriously. Whatever problems we have today will have long since been solved, and the next generation will have to focus all their attention on the unforeseen consequences of whatever problem we managed to solve.

No one is ever going to live forever; it's never going to get any better than it is right now.

Fuck medicine and progress and technology that doesn't give us free porn. Our species is never going to last forever, no matter how hard we try; it's a wonder that we lasted this long.

So forget that diet, let yourself go, and do something that doctors recommend avoiding. Life is too short to waste your time washing the shit off your hands.

Sex Mahoney for President

Awhile back, someone asked me to write a few random things about myself.

Of course, they probably didn't mean unrelated facts, because that's easy enough. I wear size 11 ½ shoes. My middle name has six letters. I once lived in New Brunswick, NJ. I own a bicycle. I don't own a car or possess a driver's license. I listen to Dan Bern. I can crack my knuckles one handed. I steal something every day. I just won the World Series in video game baseball.

I don't think the person who asked me to write this wanted ten random facts, because those were pretty boring, and they weren't altogether random since they were all about me. To be truly random, each of the ten facts would have to be about a different subject and different objective observations of said subject.

That sounds even more boring than reading things about me.

I infuse a lot of myself into the drivel I post online thrice weekly, so there are a lot of things that, both people who read this, my mother and myself, already know. I suppose that people want to hear interesting things about you, like your social security number and what your mother's maiden name was, but I don't know any of those things. It's not that I'm trying to keep my credit safe, I'm a worse risk with loaned money than Lindsey Lohan is behind the wheel, but I've honestly forgotten what my mother's maiden name is, and I have no idea what a social security number anymore.

A few years ago, I was walking down the street when I had an instant realization; no number can ever provide social security, a family is much better at that kind of thing, and since I don't have one of those, I traded my retirement benefits for a very nice family who agreed to take care of me so long as I learned how to use a toilet and showered every so often. They've been very forgiving.

A lot of people worry about security, but they shouldn't. I used to work as a security guard and I can tell you that there's nothing to worry about, because anyone trying to give someone else security is bound to fail, so you can stop fretting and just get used to the idea of being brutally murdered in some horrible way. I never worry about security. The only time I ever feel afraid is right before I go out on the dance floor, but alcohol takes care of that. Anyone that tries to tell you they're responsible for "security" really means that they somehow finagled someone into giving them discretionary authority, which they can now use to exercise their personal prejudices against people they don't like. Unless you win the Irish Sweepstakes, and a cop is walking by just as you are about to be raped, the police are about as effective at stopping crime as the New Orleans levees were at preventing flood damage. The same thing goes for the army. America could invade every country on the planet, and they'd still miss the next plane flying into Freedom Tower.

By the way, "Freedom Tower?" What business does anyone have applying the adjective Freedom to the noun Tower? Everyone knows what a tower is, a prison. The tower of London, the Bastille, the tower where that witch kept Rapunzel... all prisons. Just ask the

people who didn't make it out of the old World Trade Center how free a tower really is. Plus, if they really wanted to make a "Freedom" tower, don't you think they should have built it in some other shape besides rectangular? If I had known better, I would have named all kinds of things the Freedom (blank) in 2001. I can just imagine lying in bed with a girl and seeing that disgusted look on her face turn into shining, patriotism when I tell her to suck on my Freedom Cock. If I was a smarter man, that's what I would have done.

I could spend all day filling these pages with crap, but there's someone out there who wants to know things about me, so I have to oblige. I mean, this isn't the old west, this is the future, the internet, we can't run around all lawless and anonymous, there are rules and consequences. If I didn't hold up my promise, no one would ever believe anything I say ever again. I'm a man of honor. I would never tell a lie.

Did I mention that I have a twelve-inch penis and my wife is cool with me having threesomes with two other people? She says it's fine just so long as I video tape it and post it online.

I've never liked online as an adjective or noun... or in line, for that matter. What's wrong with queue?

Last night, I was on a train, and a powerful smell of urine, the kind you only experience on public transportation vehicles, hit me in the face like a pair of balls at an Erasure concert. I turned to my wife and said, "Damn, it stinks of urine." This homeless black man briefly woke up to say, "Niggas gotta go somewhere." It took me off guard for a minute, and then I laughed and laughed. I still don't know if he was serious, but it was pretty funny.

I'm not even sure if he was homeless, but he looked homeless, and not because he was black, I would never assume that, but because he was wearing a garbage bag and pushing around a shopping cart full of Danielle Steele and JK Rowling novels. He might not have been homeless; some people just like to collect trash.

I used to be racist like that. I wasn't conscious of it, but I would find myself doing strange things like putting on a hood and burning happy looking pigs on Cambodian people's front lawns. I thought I understood the black experience because I was poor, and I lived in a shitty neighborhood, but that didn't change the fact that I could put on a suit and a radio announcer-esque accent and get any job for which I applied.

What I failed to realize is that you don't have to hate to be racist. I, like so many other ignorant white folks, that so long as I didn't hate anyone, I wasn't being racist. I couldn't understand why my black neighbors were so incensed about my fried chicken and watermelon giveaway.

There's no better example of benign racism than the nation of Israel. I thought my people had some smarts about them, but even black folks in America laughed at white people

who suggested that the best thing for them to do was go back to Africa. How is it that, in the 20th century, Jews from around the world rejoiced when the world's major powers told them that they could have their own country, in the desert, so they didn't have to live in those musty, old, European countries anymore?

Eventually, a good friend showed me that I was racist, and I was able to stop being racist, by acknowledging that race is just an issue that shadowy figures toss about to make everyone afraid. Race doesn't matter, and not because we're all equal, and everyone is your brother, or any of that happy horseshit, but because none of that matters compared to the amount of money you have. There's only three kinds of people in this world, the very rich, the very poor, and everyone else; beware of the first two.

If OJ Simpson were poor, he would have gone to jail regardless of his skin color. If Michael Jackson were black, he'd still receive the same first class treatment he experiences now.

If you've read through this whole thing, and are still wondering where I talked about myself, well... I do that every day. My thoughts and experiences shape my writing just as sure as any fact sheet about me that you could find. I suppose that if you've read this far, I owe you a little something; plus, if you've read this far, you're probably the kind of person who reads this blog often, and, as a fan, I owe you. I hate it when artists act like they don't need to talk to the fans that made them; anyone who tries to express themselves creatively is public property just like a park or a garbage can. My real name is Richie.

I guess that's enough random information about me. I could keep rattling off things about myself forever, but I have to touch myself now, and then I'm going to see how many fingers I can fit in a squirrel's rectum. I'm betting it's just one.

Sex Mahoney for President

All the best ideas come when it's too late to put them to practical use.

It's not surprising; it's much easier to figure out what you should have done after you do something that you weren't supposed to do.

Over time, the situation starts to grow in your mind, until the choice you made seems completely ridiculous while the path you should have taken becomes the smartest thing you never did.

It's easy to forget that, at the time you did it, you were less informed then than you are now.

Life is impossible to live without a few good regrets.

Growing old teaches you when to put your cards on the table, and when to walk away. Sometimes, it's okay to order that deep-fried mars bar, and sometimes you should let people at the bus station find some other way to earn fifty dollars.

There are only two decisions that matter in life, when to buy the farm, and when to raise a litter.

A lot of people go through years of getting their milk for free, and that's a choice as well, but every once in a while, you're bound to meet someone with whom, you think you can spend the rest of your life. Maybe they tickle your balls in a way that you really like, or they speak to you in a way no one ever has, or they have a really cool car; either way, you're thinking about getting married.

Obviously, you're not thinking clearly. It's time for you to stop drinking so much. I think you have a problem.

People seem to be a little confused about marriage, and if it's not alcohol related, then the world has gone completely insane. Look, just like having children, while marriage might seem like an accomplishment, it's not; nor is marriage a good place to park your car, no matter how much cheaper it might seem.

Love changes. I don't mean that you won't love a person forever (you won't), but the way you love them changes. When I first met my wife, I used to love her every morning, and maybe two or three times in the afternoon, but now it only happens when she buys me something nice, or I just want to get to sleep.

Think about your parents, because that's the best relationship with which to compare married love. When you're a kid, you love your parents unconditionally because they give you things like blow pops and Razzles, even if it means having to eat broccoli, or take a spanking, every once in a while. In the early stages of your marriage, your partner will give you sex, even if that means having to meet their parents, or take a spanking, every once in a while.

Around the age of twelve or thirteen, you still love your parents unconditionally, but they embarrass the hell out of you around your friends, until they eventually embarrass the hell out of you at home, as well; and then, as a teenager, you enter into open combat with your parents as you try to grab as much power, and independence, as you can. Once the honeymoon is over, you'll be left with a person who is very different from the one who gave you sex or spanked you, and many of their habits, which you once found endearing, will make you want to peel their face off with some coarse sand paper. You'll try to change your partner, to break them of the habit, but that will only make them want to do it more; at which point, it becomes a test of wills to see whose annoying habits can break the other person first.

Eventually, you move out of your parent's house and only see your family on holidays; you put up with their craziness, but you live far enough away that it doesn't matter. Once you've had your battle with your spouse, it's the same thing, except sometimes there's divorce and you lose all your money; however, even if you stay married, you're through fighting each other, there's no reason to have sex anymore, and you have nothing to talk about, so you just ignore each other unless someone else is around.

That's marriage in a nutshell. Why in the hell would anyone want to get married?

Well, not everyone married out of foolishness, or, as you normals call it, love; some people get married for the right reasons: immigration, tax benefits, or spite.

People forget that marriage has nothing to do with love, because love changes, and you can't depend on love to carry you through the hard times. I love grape soda, but it has never once helped me out of a jam.

Marriage is a mortal partnership; the key phrase being partner. One of the first questions you should ask, upon feeling the urge to pop the question, is: "Can I take care of this person?" That hot little blond, in your office steno pool, may seem like a real catch, but can she balance a check book and tie her own shoes? The guy who brought you flowers and took you on a date, even though you didn't think he was that good looking, and you don't really like balding men, but no one has asked you in a while and you're feeling lonely, may seem like the last exit before the Spinster City town limits, but can he cook for himself and keep it in his pants when you're not around; there's no use getting married if you have to keep checking yourself for open sores.

Don't forget about the mortal part either, sure, you could be one of those pussies who gets a divorce, but those of you with balls will know enough to stick with it until one of you is dead... at which point you should put a bullet or two into the head, just to make sure.

That's why you should marry a friend, and no matter what happens after you're married, someone with whom you can remain friends. Think of all the stupid things you do on your lonesome, and then multiply that number by a thousand, since the stupid things that

you do are much more annoying when someone else does them. It doesn't matter if it's two men, two women, or a man and a woman; it doesn't matter if you have sex with your spouse; it doesn't matter if you buy or receive fancy presents and a box of chocolates on Valentine's Day; because married people make a legal promise to look out for each other. There's a lot of time between birthdays and love making sessions; you'll have to find something to do.

If you don't take this advice, at least spare the rest of us your white dresses, bad DJs, and chafing dish lasagnas; it's bad enough that you're ruining your life, there's no reason why I should have to get dressed up to watch you do it.

Sex Mahoney for President

I watched several movies on TV this week.

I haven't watched a lot of TV in the last few years, because there's no real point when you can download all the current shows for free and watch them without commercial interruption; plus, for a long time, I didn't have a TV.

There's something nice about television stations keeping classic films alive; however, there's something far more troubling in the heavy amount of editing done to rebroadcast movies. I once saw Pulp Fiction on WPIX 11; they bleeped out so many words, they turned it into a silent film.

You don't need to edit the violence out of action films, since there hasn't been a drop of blood spilled on Hollywood film since the original Star Wars premiered, but there's plenty of celluloid titties and bad words that could harm the delicate ears and eyes of children.

I remember being a child, sometimes. Most of my memories are hazy at best, but I do remember that, on the first day of first grade, I tried to impress one of my classmates by using a dirty word I heard in a movie the night before; he ratted me out to the teacher and I got in trouble; it set the tone for the rest of my childhood.

Cursing and nudity are a lot of fun; I'm all grown up now but I still enjoy saying fuck in all its derivatives and watching women get naked on my computer screen. I don't exactly remember how much fun it must have been when I was little, but seeing as how I still get a kick out of a big pair of on screen titties, and how our enjoyment of these things diminishes with each encounter, it must have once been better than a barrel full of monkeys.

I was not alone in my love of all things bawdy, since my friends were just as interested in looking at whatever foul mouthed, nude contraband I acquired as I was in looking at anything they found. I remember visiting an elementary school friend's house where we went into a shed, in the back of the property, to look at a dog eared copy of black and white, nude photographs. This was long before I knew about all the fun things there are to do with a penis, so I don't know why we were so excited to see 1970s art photos of women with more shrubbery than your average office park, but we were excited all the same.

My parents punished me severely and took away any such items if they found them in my possession, which made me want to look at them all the more. The real question is whether or not such censorship has any real impact on a child.

Today, a lot of parents who want to teach proper contraception to schoolchildren, and there's a group of parents who oppose the practice since it will encourage children to have sex. Neither group has said anything about lifting the ban on television nudity and foul language.

I can understand why.

Parents don't like to acknowledge that children want to say dirty words, get naked and screw, but no one can deny that, as children, we all liked to speak like sailors, show off our willy-wags, and play doctor with the red headed girl who lived next door. I didn't actually live next to a red headed girl, but the line reads a lot funnier that way, and it completely glosses over how the brunette girl that did live next door used to beat me mercilessly until I cried for my mommy.

Just to bring everyone up to speed, sometimes even I get lost in the dizzying corridors of my insanity, we grownups like to do it, we remember how, as children, we liked to do it, and we know that children to do, just like the younger versions of ourselves, like to do it, too. At this point, I will not advocate parents taking their children about town to indulge in all the best naked, foul-mouthed, skullduggery that twenty dollars or some blow can buy in this crazy world – that will come later – but I will argue that there is no reason why we shouldn't be able to watch it on television without paying outlandish rates for premium cable. Porno on network TV; I'll settle for nothing less.

I'll never forget the night that my brother had one of his young friend's sleep over, a pudgy kid, with thick glasses and a face that cried out for a beating. They found one of my porn tapes, which was actually my father's porn, since I had neither the means nor connection to acquire anything as good as porn on VHS, and they were watching it at two or three in the morning. I came down to the kitchen to get a glass of water in the middle of the night, and my arrival on the scene coincided with the penultimate moment of any straight porn scene, the cum shot.

I don't talk that much about cum shots anymore, but I used to have nothing else on my lips. When I was a young man, there was nothing I liked to see more than a woman with sperm all over her face. As a rule, I don't cum on girl's faces unless they ask for it, and that happens about as often as Fox News runs an even handed editorial. If I want to see a girl with cum on her face, there's plenty of porn for that; in reality, there's a lot of immediate cleanup involved, and that tends to ruin the mood. Nobody cares if they're lounging about a sweat stained mattress with their fuck buddy and a pool of semen drying on their belly, but when it's on the face, people usually spring into cleanup action like they're putting out a fire.

So I walked downstairs just in time to hear a low, guttural, male sound and to hear my brother's young friend say: "Why is he peeing on her?" Can you imagine such innocence? It almost makes my heart want to rejoice for humanity, but I'm usually too busy laughing to enjoy the moral ramifications of moments like that. My brother quickly responded: "He's cumming on her face, fuckwad. So she doesn't get pregnant." The next day they went to school and told everyone about what they had seen; they were the hit of their pre-school.

My brother, because of his advanced knowledge of the human sexual function at such an early age, was able to educate someone in a way that no school has ever done for anyone

I know. Someday, that boy will grow up into a promising young man, who will have one too many drink at a frat party and go home with a girl who didn't want to sleep with anyone, but needed a ride home. He'll take her back to his apartment and have sex with her, even though she's only semi-conscious, but when he realizes that the condom he's been using has a tear in it, he won't despair and go to bed with blue balls; he'll ejaculate on that poor, passed out girl's face, finish school without the financial burden of raising a child, and go on to a promising career selling waterbeds to Midwesterners. All thanks to wonderful powers of pornography.

So let's put some porn on network television, it won't hurt anyone, and if you're not the kind of person convinced by anecdotal evidence, then you probably don't believe anything I ever say. Nothing bad will happen to society if there are people fucking on free TV. Not only will network porno make prime time bearable, but it will finally kill shows like "Deal or No Deal" "Dancing with the Stars" and "American Idol;" shows that demonstrate how desperate people really are to escape from their dead end jobs and spirit crushing families just to appear on national television, eating animal intestines or singing like William Hung; and how the audiences at home watch to satisfy their narcissistic sexual desires to feel superior to the people who appear on television. Hey, you know... if people are fulfilling their sexual desires by watching attractive people, with no real problems, demean themselves for money, maybe the networks are already full of pornography, just not the kind that I like.

Well, let's change that shit. I don't give a rat's ass which hair dresser from Louisiana is going to be the next failed studio starlet unless she's sucking down some cum and spitting it into Paula Abdul's mouth, then taking it back when Paula flips her upside down and spits it out, and then they tongue kiss and play with the cum in each other's mouths for awhile.

Let's get on it America.

And for god's sake, stop dubbing the words "money grabbers" into "Die Hard." It's bad enough that Bruce Willis had to deliver such a memorably shitty line, but there's no point in making it any worse by forcing him to say, "Yippie Kai Ay Money Grabber!"

Sex Mahoney for President

This is the last blog I'll write in America for another year.

On Monday, I go back to Korea.

In the last seven months, I have become reacquainted with my motherland. I have seen the best and worst of some disparate corners of the world, and I have a new appreciation for America.

Scratch that.

New Jersey.

The rest of America can suck an egg.

I haven't seen that much of America. I've seen the whole east coast, from Maine to Florida, but the furthest west I've ever gone, beneath thirty thousand feet, is only to the middle of Pennsylvania. On one hand, I'd like to see the rest of America, on the other hand, wide open spaces, with nothing around for miles, are the same every where.

That's the thing I've learned from traveling; every place is the same.

A lot of people fight to defend the American way of life; however, aside from having the ability to eat bacon with every meal, I can't put my finger on what that means.

When you're a kid, your way of life is being told what to do, but having people take care of you, if you're lucky; when you're an adult, not as many people tell you what to do, but they do make you pay for the times you do something you're not supposed to do. Everybody wakes up in the morning, goes through the course of their day, takes a good dump or two, and goes back to sleep at night. America has a leg up on places where people can't do that without worrying about being hacked to death by warlords, or starve to death in refugee camps, but there are lots of places where you don't have to worry about that.

America is not the nicest of these places.

All in all, if it weren't for New Jersey, it wouldn't even place in the top five... top ten maybe, but that's only because there's lots of good weed here... and deep fried sandwiches, can't forget about the deep fried sandwiches.

I've relished every meal I've had in this country, from the Thanksgiving dinner my mother cooked in July; to the Fat Bitch I ate this evening.

Don't worry, I'm not talking about the cunnilingus I performed on my wife prior to writing this; rather a chicken fingers, cheese steak, mozzarella stick, and french fry sandwich on a twelve inch sub roll, with lettuce, tomato, onion, ketchup and mayonnaise. If you're never had a fat bitch, go out get yourself the above ingredients, and let your

taste buds enjoy the culinary equivalent of having unprotected sex with four junkies and their full blown AIDS.

I've also smoked a lot of American grass. In fact, I've done my best to assure that I haven't spent more than twenty-four hours in this country without getting stoned. When you live in a country that keeps secret prisons, tortures information from the Arabic paperboys with the bad luck to work on Osama Bin Laden's best friend's cousin's sister's chauffeur's street, and let's rich people do whatever they want after making themselves rich with money stolen from the public coffer's; every little bit helps.

The most important thing I've done, in the last seven months, is visit all the people I want to see. Sure, I didn't get to see everyone, but I made an effort to see as many people as I could, even if it wasn't for very long. That's the only real downside to living in Korea. I can deal with no marijuana and deep-fried sandwiches just so long as I can sniff glue and drink liquefied hog lard, but there's nothing that can replace the love of my oldest friends.

Love people, not places.

It doesn't matter if you're in America, or Honduras, or Liechtenstein; sometimes the world gets a little violent, people pick up their families, and go someplace where things are not so dangerous; the rest of the people, the ones who stay behind, die in record numbers. For all our technological advancement, and religious enlightenment, and ability to put cream filling inside little pastries, human beings are still subject to the natural laws which demand a whole lot of blood every once in a while.

In today's world, there's no reason why we should fight wars; it would probably be much cheaper for our government to give people money and tell them to go live somewhere else, which is essentially what happens during a war, only with killing.

I could stay and fight it out, try and make America a better place, but that's not what America is about; America is about getting upset with your country for stupid reasons, and moving somewhere else. Those of us with European blood already had our chance to come to America because we were kicked out of every other decent country in the world, now it's someone else's turn.

Some people say that there are things for which it is worth fighting; that's a bunch of bullshit. There are resources a plenty out there, so long as you're willing to give up some of your luxuries, and there's no reason why everyone can't share. We're all in this together.

It's not like the American quality of life will improve once the North Koreans are wiped out, or Democracy flourishes in Iraq; the two things have nothing to do with one another. If we humans keep letting our petty squabbles, over stupid things like religion, resources, or nationalism, we're never going to be able to handle the real threats, like nature and aliens.

We have to act now, and show the planet Earth who is boss, otherwise the first Starfleet of aliens to come hurtling through the galaxy, in their bodies of pure energy, will think we're a bunch of pussies and try to push us around.

And if you've never been to New Jersey, get out there while you still can. There's nothing like it in the world. Everybody rips on Jersey, but that's because they have no idea what it's like to live here. There's something about this place that still stands out as unique, while the rest of the world falls apart, and it's not just the place; the people here are enough to make you feel proud to be a human being.

The other day I was riding my bike home from the train station, and I saw some kids playing William Tell with some scrounged up, medical waste, syringes. It made me remember my childhood days, throwing hazardous waste balloons at my brother, and then running in the ocean to wash off the garbage when it started to burn.

I'll see you on the other side of the world.

Sex Mahoney for President

Rush rush give me yayo

Space.

My apartment is empty.

My wife and I just moved in, and we don't have any furniture; plus, after a few years of nomadic and penurious living, we don't have many possessions.

The apartment, into which we recently moved, has lots of space, much more than we have had for a long time.

I don't know with what to fill my apartment.

On one hand, all the empty space is comforting and practical. If I ever want to play hockey, I have plenty of room. On the other hand, there's a creepy echo that follows every sound.

I can't even imagine how much room there would be if we moved into a house.

I suppose that the first thing you need to do, upon arriving in a place where you can sleep, fuck, and die, is to ask yourself, what it is you really need.

You need a bed, because it's much more comfortable to sleep and fuck in a bed; dying seems like it would be unpleasant no matter how reclined you are.

You also need a place to put your clothes.

For awhile, my wife and I both kept our clothes in piles on the floor, but, no matter where you live, a good amount of dirt accumulates on the floor, and your clothes act as magnets for elephantine dust bunnies. You can get away with putting your clothes on shelves, or in closets; luckily, most of the places in which I've lived had closets. Closets and shelves are much better than dressers and armoires because they're much easier to carry.

Of course, beds and closets are all well and good, but you don't really need them; they're amenities for the people who can afford them. I don't like amenities so much because they reek of ostentation. I only want to have necessities in my home.

For every house, there are only three necessary items, four if you want to get technical; they are as follows, in order of importance, a toilet, a sink, and a shower. The fourth, running water, is really more of a service than an item, but it is necessary if you want to have a toilet that flushes, a sink that works, and a shower that cleans. I suppose that, if you have a shower, a sink isn't really necessary, since you can scrub your dirty dishes while you wait for your conditioner to set, but it is always a good idea to build some redundancy into the system. Especially if your shower drain is constantly clogged with the food items you clean off your cutlery.

Unfortunately, having a toilet, sink, and shower will only take you so far because there are a lot of people out there who want to take your things away from you, so I suppose every house needs a door to keep people out; however, once you buy a door, then you need all kinds of other things that cost extra, like walls in which to put the door, and a ceiling to keep the rain

from drowning you in your home.

My new apartment comes with all these things, and more. I have walls, a ceiling, a bed, a closet, a door, a toilet, a shower, and TWO sinks. All of my clothes are put away in closets, I've already washed myself in the shower, and I make daily deposits in the toilet... now I don't know what to do.

Maybe it's different when you own a house, but, for a long time, I've been living in apartments and I haven't stayed in the same place for more than a year. I know the weight of everything I own and I weigh more than all of my possessions put together.

Perhaps I will spill some soda on the floor of my apartment tonight, then I'll have an infestation; it's not as much fun as owning a pet, but at least it's something. Otherwise, it's like I live in the gallery of the world's most boring art museum.

Stop by sometime; this week we're having a special exhibit on white drywall.

Sex Mahoney for President

Mr DJ don't stop the music, I wanna know if you're feeling the same way too

Category: [Romance and Relationships](#)

My name is Sex Mahoney and I have a lot of love to give.

The problem is that people don't seem to understand what love means, and, to be perfectly honest, I don't really know either.

My idea of love seems to greatly differ from and other peoples'.

People seem to think that love is something you have to work at, or develop, but that's a bunch of bullshit; think about the first time you put ice cream into your mouth, that's love, and it didn't need to grow, or mature, or go through couple's therapy, it just happens.

The easiest way to find love is to stop looking for it; the harder you look for love, the more it will run away screaming.

The hardest thing about love is holding onto it. That's why, should you find love, the appropriate thing to do is grab it by the throat, drag it back to whatever cave in which you live, and tie it up in the basement. I did that with my first wife, and she's still down there somewhere; however, love is fleeting; so, while I can't let her out of her box lest she run to the police, whatever love I had for her is still trapped in there with her, her pee bucket and collection of cyanide pills.

They say that it's better to have loved and lost than to have never loved at all, and I can get behind that, but it doesn't apply to all situations. Certainly, no one has ever received a positive result on their AIDS test and said those words for comfort.

Love is a lot like communism in that it works great in theory, but you usually have to stand in long lines just to get bread. Real love is hard to maintain, and its purity begins and ends like a Viagra induced erection. When you really love someone, it means that you'll love them no matter what they do, so it's a better test of love for the object of your desire to spurn your advances, cheat on you, and order full page ads in the newspaper telling everyone that you are incontinent, than it is for them to demonstrate their fidelity, buy you flowers, or tell you they love you.

The other night, I was at a bar with my wife, and we were approached by the most annoying Kiwi I've ever met. She was loud, obnoxious, and she kept insisting that I talk to my wife. I wanted to punch her in the face.

It was a very low moment, the lowest I've experience in a long time.

Who the hell am I to get upset at this uncouth Kiwi? As if my time is so special that I can't take a little bit of it to talk to someone who is obviously in need of some companionship. Contented people do not approach strangers in a bar and start loud, in your face, conversations.

I got angry with this poor woman, and I felt terrible about it. I don't like being angry.

Anger comes from within. If you're angry with someone, there's a much better chance that you're mad about something else, and your anger is misplaced. You're angry at yourself, and other people act as lightning rods, because, let's face it, if there's one group out there who deserves a little abuse, it's other people. The best thing to do, once you're already angry, is to take a step back and think about the situation before you do something rash.

The same can be said about love, but you don't see hallmark cards suggesting that. Love, like anger, comes from within us, so when we love someone else, we are really in love with ourselves. Sure, you don't have to call yourself in the morning, and you're never worried about why there are lipstick rings around your penis, but it's true. Human beings never do anything without some kind of selfish motivation.

There's nothing wrong with loving yourself, provided you don't do it underneath a trench coat at your local playground. The trick is learning how to love yourself without becoming so enamored that you spurn your friends and acquaintances and develop blisters on your hands.

Until you learn to properly love yourself, there's no reason why anyone else should bother. You have to set an example for the people around you. Just like prison guards and substitute teachers pick one scapegoat and beat them senseless to show the others that they mean business, so you too must start a loving relationship with a firm hand.

Never be the first to admit that you are in love; the minute you do that, you lose.

So maybe I don't know exactly what love is, but I've got a pretty good idea; plus, it's got a good beat, and you can dance to it. Now if you'll excuse me, it's time to serve my first wife her daily bucket of fish heads and scrapple.

Sex Mahoney for President

Someone once told me that you should drink four to six ounces of water for every one beer or shot to avoid a hangover.

Every time I get drunk, I tell myself that this will be the time I do it right and drink a lot of water.

Three or four hours later, I'm usually too busy leering down your girlfriend's blouse, or yelling the solution to the world's problems at you, to remember to drink any water; when I wake up the next morning, I clutch my stomach, void my bowels, and promise myself that, next time, will be the time I do it right.

A very good friend once told me to forget all that, because getting drunk isn't nearly as fun without some pointless self-destruction.

He's right, there's nothing more fun than seeing if you can destroy yourself.

Unfortunately, rather than toughening you up, years of wantonness, debauchery, and flagrant salad bar abuses takes all the sugar and spice out of you until you're nothing but a dried up shell, with skin as leathery and parched as a forty-year-old trophy wife and a liver that has all but given up the ghost.

We're afraid of ourselves.

As a teacher, I get to see a lot of kids, and that self destruction, like people who were born before the PC revolution, is dying out.

On one hand, I'm glad that America is fighting in Iraq, another Vietnam is exactly what we need to thin out the rank and file of conservative Republican voters, but, more importantly, war breeds short term utopias. People get so happy that the war is over, they start partying like they should; the serious kind of partying that ends only when the dead hooker, in your car's trunk, starts to smell so bad that the neighbors call the police.

There is an implicit agreement, among party-goers, that everyone is doing their best to kill themselves; that's why no one really cares if you fuck up while you're drunk. How many congressional representatives went into rehab following the anti-corruption shakedown that lead to the current Democratic climate in Washington? Even Mark Foley tried to pass off his pederasty by saying he was drinking too much.

We can't have it both ways. Either we're doing our best to kill ourselves, or we're finally ready to admit that humanity, as a species, and earth, as a home, are doomed like free beer at a NASCAR event.

It just occurred to me that I don't make fun of NASCAR enough. I will make it a point, from now on, to include at least one derogatory reference to race car driving in every blog.

Maybe that's just part of my self destructive nature; maybe I talk so much shit because I secretly want to get beaten to death by a bunch of drunken hillbillies who like to watch 500 laps of cars making only left turns (take that NASCAR, it's on). All I know is that I've got a self destructive streak a mile wide, as if I'm overcompensating for all the people who wish to

harm me by beating them to the punch and leaving nothing for them to destroy.

Okay, maybe I'm unhealthy, but there's nothing wrong with a little bit of recklessness. Kids used to get real archery sets as toys, now parents complain that their children are not safe because of a little magnet that could get caught in their throat or intestines. Youthful recklessness teaches kids how to be responsible; there's no better way to learn about safe usage than by accidentally putting an arrow through your best friend's forehead while playing at William Tell.

So, maybe children don't need to shoot each other with arrows, or drop acid and ride the cyclone at Coney Island, but without a little bit of recklessness they'll turn into a bunch of pussies, and that's much worse than having a few of them die to teach the rest a lesson.

Either way, you should at least get your kids drunk. It might not teach them anything, but I'll be damned if there's anything funnier than a drunk child.

Sex Mahoney for President

Turned her over and saw the tire tracks on her head

Category: [Life](#)

I have to be quick today. It turns out that one of the duties at my new job is doing actual work, so I don't have as much time to goof around and play with myself as I once did. Also, school employees usually aren't allowed to play with themselves as much as say, the guy in the back room of a gay bar with his arm greased to the elbow.

It might be time for a career change.

I don't know how I got into teaching. Actually, that's a lie; I know exactly how I got into teaching.

Teachers don't get tested for drugs.

If you bag groceries at a convenience store or drive a truck full of Red Bull around town, you get tested for drugs, but if you teach children, there's no need for such formalititties. Turns out that one of the requirements for being a Fortune 500 company is mandatory pre-employment drug screening your employees; I guess nobody wants to buy stock in a public company and then suffer the shame of learning that they invested in a bunch of pot heads as they're snorting coke out of a hooker's urethra and watching the evening financial report.

Let's face it, the only people ferreted out by drug testing are pot heads. An unsuspecting drunk girl at a frat party holds onto her panties longer than most drugs stay in your system. Marijuana is the only drug that takes more than 48 to 72 hours to flush, so Thursday and Friday drug tests can't even catch Sunday heroin users. LSD and mushrooms don't even show up on drug tests, so feel free to trip all you want, even if you're an airline pilot, just don't fucking smoke anything.

The thing about marijuana is... everybody loves marijuana. Okay, well, maybe not everybody, but most people like to sit around and let their brains turn to mush; if you can think of some other reason why "Let's Make a Deal" and "Dancing with the Stars" are so popular, then I'd like to hear it. I'd like to think that everyone is watching said shows because they're stoned, and not, as I believe when I'm alone at night, because they're all fucking retarded.

So if everyone loves marijuana, then making it illegal alienates the people, who love to smoke, from the police, whose job it is to arrest said smokers. I'd have no problem with the police if I wasn't constantly worried about getting busted. Whenever I leave America, it takes about a week for my paranoia to wear off. I'm still looking over my shoulder every time I hear a siren, even though I know I have nothing to worry about here.

In Korea, I'm never afraid of the police; the last time I was out here, I even played soccer against my town's police department. Unlike their American counterparts, Korean police must have at least a BA in criminal justice; frankly, I don't understand why people who carry around guns and enforce the laws of the land need to be educated, but that's just me; I'm stubborn like that. Korean police also must stay in shape while they're on the force. It's like Dean Wermer said, "Fat, drunk, and stupid is no way to enforce the law, son."

Apart from my illegal American smoking habits, I always feel paranoid in America. Not only are people listening in on my international conversations, but I could go to jail at any time, for any reason at all, without a trial or much consternation. Hell, if the government had someone reply to my incoming emails and post inane blogs about things that affect no one, no one would miss me at all.

That's why I'm a teacher.

I may not advocate the use of illegal drugs in the classroom, but I push my kids to keep an open mind, and an open mind is a bigger gateway drug than marijuana, any day. Every year, my crazy philosophy seeps into the brains of hundreds of young people, where it worms its way down to their brain stems and waits for just the right moment to hatch. Sure, most of them will grow up and lead normal lives, but if I can infect even one child with my disease, then that's a whole new generation of crazy coming up right behind me. A generation that will hate and fear authority, not with the violence and activism of previous generations, but with the quick, sardonic wit, and belief in nothing, that can shake the world right down to its seeds and stems.

So maybe I shouldn't be a teacher, maybe you don't want me poisoning your children against the world; well, it's too bad that you're all too stoned to do anything about it. The funny thing is that, even though I became a teacher so I could keep smoking pot, I now work in a country where there is no weed.

Isn't that always the way?

Sex Mahoney for President

I've always dreamed of going on welfare.

I'd like to live in government subsidized housing, eat mayonnaise sandwiches, and frighten little children.

Except for the mayonnaise sandwiches, I get to do both as a teacher in Korea.

I suppose I could eat mayonnaise sandwiches if I really wanted, but I don't really like mayonnaise, and it's only an ancillary part of the dream; just as, if you wanted to be a NASCAR driver, you'd have to make at least one baby with a close relative, so too do mayo on white bread meals go with being a ward of the state.

I'm being too hard on people who take government handouts. There's nothing wrong with taking handouts, that's how I got most of my clothes and furniture. In fact, my wife and I scrounged a lovely table out of the garbage last night with hardly any raccoon bites to show for it. I have no problem with the concept of accepting government subsidies; I just wouldn't want to do it myself.

When you accept handouts, you oblige yourself to all kinds of ridiculous debts, the limit of which depends solely on your self respect and the imagination of the person subsidizing you. I love both of my parents but I would rather pick nickels out of the bottom of a grease trap than move back in with them. They're wonderful people, but old patterns reemerge when parents and children over 30 cohabitate. I wouldn't want to wake up at the age of 50 and find myself grounded for failing to take out the garbage.

If I have money, I don't mind sharing it. Usually, I'm not handing out bills, but goods services and time. Of the three, who cares about the things we own, or what we can do, so much as how much time we have to enjoy the former. Time is the most precious commodity we have, and we squander it like nobody's business.

For the last seven months, I did no work. I had no job, I had nowhere to be, and I had nothing to do... well, that's not entirely true, I had my own projects to work on, and there were people to visit; plus, I went on vacation, a real vacation, which, as it turns out, is a lot more work than just sitting at home. For me, there is no better vacation than sitting around, doing whatever you want to do, which, again for me, involves sitting on my ass writing and making cartoons.

Other people involve a lot of work. You have to get off your butt, go to where they live, pretend to be interested in the things they like, and smile at their well intentioned, but generally ugly, children. If it wasn't for other people, I would have all the time in the world.

Sometimes I'd like to do just what Dan Bern suggests, get a cabin out in the woods, put down as much rent as I can, and tell everyone that I moved to France; except, no one would believe me if I told them I went to France, so I'd have to come up with some place more believable like Holland or Pakistan. It's not that France doesn't interest me, but I'd like to live in a country that understands the gourmand. One of the many nice things about Korea is the quality of food.

Food needs flavor, and France just doesn't cut it. Butter is not an acceptable flavor. My taste buds cry out for something unique. There's nothing better than spicy, Indian food.

The only problem is that people don't like Indian food, at least not everyone, and some people are downright opposed to it on some moral, religious, or bigoted level; so, I end up going long stretches of time without putting any masala in my mouth. If it wasn't for other people, I could eat masala all the time.

I'm stuck. I can't live with people, and I can't get rid of them until I learn how to cook Indian food, but all the Indian people, who try to teach me, leave out one or two key ingredients, just so I don't learn their ancient Hindu secrets. I've done all the nothing I can, and still no results. For better or worse, I'm a part of this society.

I compromise all the time.

My wife wants me to love her and treat her with respect, and I want to sleep with prostitutes and use my wife as a foot rest. In the end, we just maintain a healthy dislike for each other.

I feel the same way about society. I'm always pulling away from my fellow man, but, no matter how much I want to live in that cabin in the woods, I would go crazy without a broadband internet connection, regular access to the hardest of hardcore pornography, and a drive through tandoori restaurant.

So, no matter how much I complain and whine and bitch like a little girl; remember that I love you, and nothing will change that, not for all the prostitutes in the world.

We're in this together, you and I, which reminds me, I've got something heavy that I need to bury in the woods; don't ask what it is, just remember that I'm asking you, as a friend, for a little help.

Pay no attention to the muffled screams.

Sex Mahoney for President

I want to slip my slim sword in Kim Gordon

Category: [Automotive](#)

I've had it up to here with civil engineers.

Where do they get off thinking that people who can drive cars are so much smarter than pedestrians and cyclists?

Whenever I walk, or pedal, up to a traffic signal, it never fails; there's a picture of a person walking, or someone riding a bike that indicates it's safe to go, and when the signal changes, the words "Don't Walk" appear in big red letters. Meanwhile, auto motorists are only expected to learn a simple color coded system to indicate when they should stop, go, or go very fast.

As if it's so hard to learn how to drive a car.

I don't even know why they bother licensing people for automotive use. Any idiot can get behind a wheel and push a pedal; NASA trained monkeys to do it years ago, and they were going into space, not driving down the street to buy bread for their family. A bicyclist must know how to fix almost every part on their bike; ask your driving friends and see how many of them know how to rebuild a carburetor.

Frankly, I've never understood why people need driver's licenses from a philosophical stand point, but that's because I haven't been looking at it from the capitalist point of view. Since most of the roads on which we drive are state or federally funded, then the state technically owns the roads, and they can decide who drives what on where; however, since state and federal governments get their money from we the people, then it really should be up to the people who pay their taxes. Most people under 18 don't pay taxes; therefore, it seems fair that children shouldn't be allowed to drive before then, but it would be much better if their guardians made that decision.

Nobody ever complains about driver's licenses or highways. Mention socialized medicine and some people will scream until they're blue in the face, but very few people complain about highways leading to communism. If you think about it, abstract concepts like social security and universal healthcare are a lot less likely to lead to communism than a road, since a road will physically take you to communist places, but that's beside the point.

Except for certain parts of Europe, people act so surprised when you ride a bicycle as your principal means of transportation, but it makes a lot more sense than driving a car. A bicycle keeps me in shape, is easy to fix, and costs so much less than driving; of course, I could get useless insurance on myself and my bicycle, in case of an accident, and that would drive up the price; however, it doesn't make practical sense since, if my bicycle broke, I could walk my dumb ass to wherever I needed to go.

Automobiles, like so many other trappings of modern life, are an unnecessary expense. The comfort they offer doesn't compare with the costs and hassles they produce. Apart from ruining the environment and killing thousands of drunk people who just want to take a nap on the way home, cars are making the world soft. Ask any of your grandparents and they'll tell you that walking to school in twelve feet of snow... uphill... both ways is how they did

things back in the day.

I'm looking for support from conservative religious groups on this one; if they're so keen on bringing back God's laws and returning to traditional ways, then they can start by selling their cars and walking their asses to church.

Like so many other aspects of our capitalist society, cars are a necessary evil for all the other things that people want to buy, but if you're willing to limit yourself to a house near your job, and you don't mind your kids going to school with black folks, then there's no reason why anyone would need a car, we can all live in city's. Sure, houses are nice, but they're expensive, and it's an expense that we're no longer able, or sometimes willing, to afford.

And what is a car, if not a mini version of a house. Very few of us can walk into a car dealership and pay cash up front for our rides, so we finance them and spend a few years paying them off; we spend almost as much time living in our cars as we do in our homes, so it makes sense that they cost so much; however, there's no sense in making some rich banker a little richer on your interest just because you want a white picket fence and some mag wheels.

Once upon a time, I could understand the luxury of having a car, you could listen to the kind of music you wanted, get to work in style, and go months without throwing away your fast food garbage; that was the old days, the future is here, get with the times, buy yourself a cheap mp3 player, take a bike or a train to work, and carry a big garbage bag around at all times, that way you can hang onto your McChicken leavings for as long as you want.

Sex Mahoney for President

I don't like to share.

I'm a generous person. If you want some of the ice cream I'm eating, I'll go out and buy you a gallon of your very own.

Keep your grubby little mitts off of mine.

With certain commodities, a limited quantity forces us to be civil with our fellow man; usually, when it comes to limited commodities, I don't mind bowing out so I don't have to worry about fighting anyone; however, once the rabble is interested in something else, I'll clean up every last bit of whatever there is leftover.

Still, I don't like to share.

I never understood why people get so defensive about their significant others, especially between friends. I'd like to think that, when my wife decides to stop wasting her time with me, I wouldn't mind her getting together with one of my friends. Sure, I might not feel so great about having to see my ex-wife all the time, but I wouldn't be upset with my friend for stealing MY girl.

My wife is not now, nor has she ever been, MY girl. She hangs around me a lot. I love the shit out of her, but she's her own person, and she's free to go whenever she wants. I'd probably spend a lot of time crying and masturbating after she left, but I wouldn't stop her from leaving if that's what she wanted.

My wife is a limited quantity. I won't fight anyone for her; if they want her so bad that they're willing to kick my ass or slander my bad name, then that's none of my business, but I have nothing to do with who my wife loves, she decides that all on her own, and kicking my ass is not the kind of thing that will change her mind on that subject.

Sure, there are lots of women out there who would abandon the bloody stumps of their former lovers on the sidewalk just because some steroid freak happened along and wanted some pussy, but my wife doesn't seem like she's one of them.

Unfortunately, if you acquired your woman in some kind of street beating situation, then there is always the chance that someone bigger and stronger than you will come along and take her away the same way that you once did, and that's the problem with picking up street trash.

For the rest of us, and by us, I'm talking specifically about men; we're far too concerned with proprietary ownership of the soft, lovely lasses who defile themselves with our retched bodies.

The boy's club atmosphere of the frat house and elk's club only extends to about fifteen feet outside of said establishments, beyond which, it's every man for himself.

There's no reason why we should beat each other up over women, but it's the one thing men have done throughout history.

If your girl has seen you naked, slept next to you, and you're not holding a gun to her head,

then there's no reason to believe she's going to leave you just because someone else has a better car, more money, or, in my case, is a lot funnier.

Similarly, there's no reason to believe that you need to have more money, a good car, or tell a good joke, just to get a girl. Most women choose their men in the same way that we men choose our women, they didn't say no.

Women have the added advantage of having breasts, which makes them practically irresistible, so they tend to have a little more choice in the matter, but when you consider the amount of scumbags out there, including this one right here, having more choices doesn't necessarily mean better quality. When I go to the supermarket, it doesn't matter how many different kinds of Swanson frozen dinners I can pick from, when they all taste like the inside of a dead man's ass..

The strangest thing about people who are proprietary about their mates, is that they are almost never jealous of their friends, as if putting your genitals in or around someone else's gives you some special right to claim ownership of said genitals. I've played basketball with lots of people, but if one of them ever told me that, in order to play basketball with them, I would have to give up playing with everyone else, I'd probably never play basketball again.

Not that I ever play basketball; I can't get excited about a game that goes back and forth more times than a Swiss hooker on Christmas.

Besides, there's usually only one court to play on, and I really don't want to deal with the hassle of having to share.

Sex Mahoney for President

My relationship with religion and the religious is no secret.

While I have a few devout friends, we don't see each other so often because we have little to talk about. They're always trying to save my soul, and I'm always trying to get them to renounce their faith and take part in blood rites.

Imagine my surprise when I started reading a book about Mormon funduhmentalists, only to discover that we share so much ideology. Just like the Mormoron fundies, I too have a disdain for secular government, a belief that the only true path to God is personal, and a hankering to have sex with lots of underage girls. The only difference between the Mormon fundamentalists and me is that I don't like religious governance any more than secular; I believe the path to god should be private so people don't bother me with their fanatical ravings; and I know that my desire for young pussy is about as scummy as scummy gets.

The one point on which the fundamentalist Mormons and I differ the most is our treatment of women and dark skinned people. Mormons, like most other major religions, believe that women belong in subservient roles to men and that dark skin is caused, not by genetics and environment, but by the curse to forever be a servant of servants that God put on Ham's son, Canaan (properly pronounced Can a an, three syllables) when he saw his father, Noah, naked.

Government is a joke, and one that can only be truly appreciated right before its giant foot crushes you underneath a mountain of paperwork and well intentioned people in spectacles; however, secular government is so much better than theocracy that to even consider the latter it is necessary to overlook centuries upon centuries of human suffering caused by an excess of faith. In hierarchical religions, once a charismatic enough person, who can convince other people to believe all kinds of hogwash – and to be fair, regular religious hogwash is never that far removed from good, old-fashioned, cult of personality hogwash to begin with – it's only a matter of time before the personal whims of the "chosen" become law of the land. For further reference and reading please refer to Pope Leo XDII's edict concerning the rights of non-commissioned androids and homosexual banking.

If there is a god, and only one god, then that god probably couldn't give two shits about us. Religious folks are right in saying that a day of reckoning will one day obliterate the HUMAN life on planet earth; however, the sheer number of cosmic calamities awaiting us, plus our own penchant for killing each other, pretty much assure that destruction no matter what. It's no great religious revelation to assume that all living things will one day die; until I see Jesus and four horsemen, or Brunhild returning the Rheingold to the Rhine maidens, I'm not going to attribute divine intervention to coincidental destruction. As best as we can figure, god, working in god's godlike and mysterious ways, either takes an active part in the world at large, which means everything we do is the will of that god, or doesn't care about us at all, which doesn't change anything except the why. If there is one God, then that God is responsible for all the bad things in the world, like devils, child murderers, and The View. You can't have it both ways. If all things come from God, then there is no us and them, only us. If only some things come from God, then God's not as supreme as everyone assumes that deity to be.

Having sex with under aged girls is wrong; that's what makes it so fun. Someday, if I ever get to have sex with an under aged girl, I'll tell everyone about it, but since most women find me repulsive, and have since I was an under aged boy, the chances of that happening are about as

good as they are for me to win the Super Bowl all by myself.

Sex with under aged girls does provide an insight into the religious belief that women should be kept home, uneducated, barefoot, pregnant, and ready to receive the holy penis of their deity ordained husband. The thing about under aged girls that makes them so fun is that they have no idea what kind of idiots men turn into at the slightest hint that there is forthcoming pussy. By the time a woman has had a few lovers, and by few I mean, two, most of them are smart enough to realize that it doesn't take much to coerce men into doing just about anything for pussy. Gay men are immune to this pussy hypnosis phenomenon, but that's just a matter of receptacle. Put a man on a desert island and you can replace the word "pussy" with "smoothed over hole in a coconut."

Genetically, women do tend to be a little smaller than men, so I can see how being told what to do by a tinier person might have rankled some of our early ancestors, and I'm convinced that the moment men figured out a way to control their women was, more than anything else, the birth of modern religion.

When you look back at early societies, they all worship women. There are earth goddesses, and mother earths, and all kinds of things that lift up the vagina and downplay pussy power; the way that most men will be when they're around their women. It's only when men started coming together in large numbers, in the first, primitive, civilizations that markedly misogynist organizations spring into being; anyone acquainted with men, and women are a large group so acquainted, is familiar with the kind of talk that goes on when there are no women present. No man wants to admit that his woman controls him, but the truth is that, except for gay men, all men are controlled by women, and if they aren't, they just haven't found the right one. Sure, there are a lot of men who use physical force to bully their women into subservience, but I hypothesize that these men are actually closeted homosexuals who, because they are living heterosexual lies, act out violently to quiet their own, deep seated need, for a man to get deep in their seat... or to get deep in the seat of another man... or have some old geriatric in a Nazi uniform, with his arm greased up to the elbow, give him what's known as the "Tower of Power." Speaking of which, if you ever go into a club called "The Anvil" and you see that on the menu, don't even ask what it is.

Either way, I was disturbed by the Mormon fundamentalists because so many of their beliefs run parallel to mine; it was a sober reminder that I'm always just two steps away from being completely insane. I suppose the only difference is that I know when I'm using bullshit philosophy to serve my own interests and some other people don't.

Just to clarify, IF God talks to you and tells you to do something that would be advantageous to you; it's probably just your imagination. As far as I can tell, from everything I read in the bible, God only asks people to do things that will bring them personal, physical injury or increase God's pocketbook. If God isn't asking you to give up your worldly possessions, give them all to the Church, and sustain yourself for forty days in the desert, on a diet of roots, snake feces, and manna, then you're probably confusing divine revelation with wish fulfillment. It's bad enough that there's a whole generation of kids out there who want to be wizards, now there parents all want to be Moses and Elijah.

To those confused souls, I'll tell you the same thing I tell everyone else: "Look, I know it might seem cool, or with it, to be Jewish, but there's a lot more that goes along with the

religion than snappy duds, and delicious food; don't forget about the years of crushing familial guilt, and well below average sized genitalia."

Sex Mahoney for President

Just how do they write your name on those little grains of rice?

Well, I suppose that some questions were just never meant to be answered except by trained professionals.

Except...

Now we have the internet; the only thing standing in the way of everyone being a trained professional is time and determination.

There's no reason why we can't look up everything on the internet and become experts at whatever we want.

Only, I just looked it up, and it turns out they use a paint brush, or pen, but no magnifying instruments; turns out we can only be know-it-alls if we have the time and determination, it still takes talent.

If there's one thing that might possibly save humanity from its century long doldrums, I'm hoping it's the internet; rather, it was the one hope. People ruined it like they've managed to ruin everything else. I'm hoping that the internet can do what leaders all across the world have tried to do for millennia, only with the threat of violence to back it up.

The internet has made us all petty tyrants, venting our frustrations anonymously.

Go check your myspace bulletins; take a look at all the buttons. I'll wait.

Okay, there's three buttons on a bulletin, "Reply to Poster," "Post Comment," and "Delete from Friends." What kind of bulleting would someone have to post for you to automatically delete them from your myspace friends? That's a level of petty I can't even fathom.

At least we can depend on the internet to answer all of our inane questions, like "How do they write your name on a grain of rice?" or "What was the population of Lichtenstein in 1979?"

Only, the information we get from the internet is only as trustworthy as the people who put it there, which is why my Lichtenstein website lists the 1979 population of said state as 8,734,612,001, several times the current population of the world as it exists today. Hopefully, some semi-retarded high school student will use that data in their report on the country, if high school students anywhere ever decide to start doing reports on Lichtenstein.

So we can't trust the data on the internet, most of the technical guides still require substantial background knowledge, and people use the net to vent their petty frustrations; the only thing with which we can trust the internet is to act, as it always has, as the world's best, and most reliable, porn delivery service.

Thank God for pornography, otherwise I'd have a few hundred dollars of useless electronics cluttering up my apartment. In the meantime, I'm still an old fashioned kind of guy. I like to do things by hand, in person, or as close as reasonably possible.

Internet dating does seem like an interesting prospect. I'd like to see what kind of people a

computer thinks I'm best suited to date, but I can't quite get over that old fashioned prejudice I have that all the people you meet through the internet will turn out to be crazy, insane, or just plain nuts.

Still, I'm an outmoded guy, and what's the point of going on a date, when I can skip all the dining, romancing, and lying about myself and go right to the best part, which I can do myself, by hand, the old-fashioned way.

Sex Mahoney for President

Man, have I got a booger in my nose.

It's not one of those regular boogers; you know, the kind that hardens and comes out real easy as a little green snot. No, I'm talking about the kind of booger that starts somewhere halfway down your throat and when you try to blow your nose, the only thing that comes out is a long, mucous rope similar to a crappy magicians never ending stream of silk scarves.

The person sitting next to me keeps looking at me funny when I try to force a little extra air through that nostril, like I'm annoying them with my phlegm, but I can almost guarantee you that, should I follow my better instinct and shove a finger up there, they'd stare even harder and probably make a little noise to tell me how disgusting I am.

Look, there's nothing wrong with putting a finger in your nose, everybody does it. The real difference is what happens to the offending booger once removed.

I'm a roller. I like to slowly roll the snot back and forth between my thumb and index finger until it's dry enough to form little brown-black flakes and fall off of its own volition. My current booger is one of the ones that requires a little more heat and friction to "firm up" so I'll probably have to rub my hands together and then shake the leavings on the floor. I see no problem with this; nobody ever sits on this floor, and I'll bet you that no one eats off of it either. Besides, it's been scientifically proven that as long as something stays on the floor for less than five mississippis, there's nothing wrong. Sure, you might have to brush some stray hairs, dust, and booger crumbs off your donut, but scientists say that it's perfectly good to eat.

Some people are booger eaters, although it's really hard getting anyone to admit it; you have to catch them in the act. Technically, since boogers came from inside your body, I don't think there's anything wrong with eating them, I just don't like to do it myself. I've eaten more than a few boogers in my day, ones that either fell into my mouth while it was open and I was picking – or from plain curiosity – and I didn't care much for them. Boogers always seem to be a bit too chewy for my taste. I like crunchy food more than chewy. Still, you can't discount that eating your boogers is a much better disposal method than rubbing them all over your hands. I can see how some booger eaters might find THAT as disgusting as I find their eating.

Then there are those goody two-shoes who always blow their noses into tissues... in front of other people. I secretly suspect that a good majority of these people are pick-and-rollers or booger eaters, but only in the privacy of their own homes.

When I was a kid, maybe four or five, I used to wipe my boogers on the wall next to my bed. I had a pretty good collection going before my Mom made me take them down. Even as a four-year-old, I could understand why.

There's quite a stigma attached to nose picking, and most people, under 50, aren't willing to do it in front of a crowd; however, there is a wide variety of other body leavings that people don't mind watching you remove.

Eyebrows and eye lashes are fair game; people don't even seem to mind if you save them in a little pile. I usually put mine in the spines of books, that way, years later, when I read the book again; I get a pleasant tiny hair shower surprise.

The ears are a pretty safe zone, provided that the wax removed is relatively small. Anything larger than your fingernail is bound to raise a few eyebrows.

The mouth goes back and forth. The front of the mouth seems like it's socially acceptable to groom in public, but anything past your canines might draw some stares; especially if you have to dig. Let's face it, though, anything that gets caught in your molars probably needs a fair amount of digging to dislodge. If you can't get it by the fourth or fifth try, it's probably better to give up. I'm no quitter, so I'll keep working at something in my mouth long after it's made everyone uncomfortable, contorting my mouth into strange shapes and finger probing my mouth like Lawrence Olivier in 'The Marathon Man.'

For whatever reason, I always feel nervous, self-conscious, and exposed when I try to scrape the underside of my fingernails in public. I don't know why.

For obvious reasons, both men and women need to be able to adjust their genitals in public. Your dick, pussy, and asshole are dark, sweaty areas; they need to constantly be itched, scratched, fondled and probed; however, if there's one thing that's going to single you out in a crowd, it's grabbing your junk. Ladies, you have to understand, every time a man stands up or sits down, his balls need to be adjusted. They get trapped between our legs, squished under our asses, or just plain old pinched in our undies. I'm sure you ladies have similar problems with your vaginas, what with their constant leaking and all, only you seem to be able to take care of it much more discretely.

Everybody has to inhabit a physical form, and until the day that we evolve in beings of pure energy, we need to recognize the need to take care of that body. Sure, I swab out my ears with a q-tip in the morning, but that doesn't ensure a wax free ear canal all day long. What am I supposed to do, carry q-tips around with me all day?

The next thing I know, you'll be telling me to stop picking my nose.

It ain't a gonna happen.

I'm finished here, so you may now resume eating.

Sex Mahoney for President

When I used to drive to work, I liked to watch the roadkill decomposing on the side of the highway.

I'm not a mean person, and I did feel a little bad for the animals, but I liked that people had to see a great big deer carcass on their way to work.

Part of me hoped that they would see the deer, and realize that it was a metaphor for all their attempts to civilize themselves and the negative effect they had on the world, but the pragmatic part of me knew that most people probably don't even pay attention to roadkill unless they're the ones doing the killing.

Even then, I'm sure they're more worried about the damage done to their car than the fate of the dying animal.

I've only killed something with my car once. I ran over a rabbit on a suburban street in the middle of the night. When I got out of my car to check on the bunny; I noticed it was still alive, even though it's two back legs had been crushed. The rabbit was clearly dying, but it was also in a great deal of pain. I figured that the most humane thing to do would be to put it out of it's misery; however, the rabbit had huddled so close to the curb that I ended up missing it the first time I tried to run it over again. All told, I had to go back and forth a few times, just to make sure that the rabbit wasn't suffering anymore. By the time I was finished, my car and the street looked like the floor of a butcher shop.

That's why I never date young girls. Or at least, I never did, until I met my wife.

I talk about young girls a lot, but the truth is that, with very few exceptions, I can't stand them.

Older women know the score; they don't want to waste time with getting to know you, they just want to use you for whatever it is they need and then get rid of you just as fast. I guess I just like a woman who can take charge.

Frankly, I'm not much of a man.

I pee sitting down, I wash myself with a loofa and body yogurt body wash, my penis is small enough to look like a really big clitoris (think Joanie Laurer), and I cry at the end of movies.

Okay, it's actually just one movie, but it gets me every time; that's why I only watch it once every two or three years; I don't want to burn out that magic. Still, I can't sit through 'It's a Wonderful Life' without turning on the waterworks.

There's something about George Bailey's plight that hits a chord right around the old heart strings; maybe because it's a story that hits close to home, or maybe it's just that everything like to think of themselves as a martyr for all the stupid people in their lives. I watch a fair amount of movies per year, and many of them try to achieve a similar effect, but most film sentimentality strikes me as cheap and tawdry. I guess that comes from years of watching movies and seeing the same tearful goodbye, the same tired characters, and the rampant commercialization of people's emotions. I've come to agree with a villain from a old French film; any idiot can make someone cry, it takes a real genius to make them laugh... then again, that might just be self serving, since I don't have the balls to come right out and call myself a

genius and I like to think I'm funny.

Mostly, I've just seen too many movies. I've been around the block. I'm a movie whore. It doesn't matter what it is, from Britney Spears' 1999 magnum opus 'Crossroads' to Fritz Lang's silent, German expressionist classic 'Spione;' I'll watch them all. I know what to expect from movies and finding a movie that can deliver is about as rare as finding a good man.

That's why older women are the way to go. They've heard all the lines, all the crappy poetry, and all the empty promises that men learn from bad 80s romantic comedies starring Steve Gutenberg. Plus, older ladies have usually had a lover or two, so they know what they're doing in bed. Young girls think they know what they're doing, and their pathetic attempts to be sexy are as useless as my attempts to trick them into bed.

Sure, their breasts may have long ago headed south, and sometimes there's not much snap left in post-child birth labia, but they get the job done, and, more importantly, they're not going to waste their time on bullshit.

So fellas, stop lusting after those nubile nymphs and find yourself a mate who knows the most important part of being in a relationship; when to shut the fuck up. On the few occasions that I have tried to snag a young girl, any ardor I might have had was instantly cooled the minute they opened their mouths.

And if you see any roadkill, by the side of the road, give it a little thought; it's the least you could do. When ever there is a deer carcass is wasting away on the interstate, there's a West Virginian family going hungry.

Sex Mahoney for President

I'll never understand why people are so opposed to socialized medicine.

Especially when the people, who complain about socialized medicine, hail all the other socialist aspects of our culture with such high regard.

Police, fire fighters, teachers; if we left it up to private companies to run the aforementioned services, then cops would try to sell you new cell phone plans while throwing you in the back of a squad car; the fire in your house, that you accidentally started when you and your friends thought it would be funny to put some tissue paper in your passed out cousin's hand and light on fire, would only get put out if you had acquired enough frequent fire points, or had worked out a pre-arranged deal with Pepsi presents your local FD; and teachers would teach that Starbuck's discovered America in a joint venture with T-Mobile and Baskin Robbins.

The biggest socialist aspect of American culture, the military, is defended with a blind faith unseen outside of church.

The sad reality is that, once the war is over, soldiers get a friendly pat on the back and just enough money to have a few future soldiers... I mean kids.

You can't let the government run everything because government fingers like to get stuck in corrupt little pies, and you can't let private companies handle everything, because, before you know it, you'll be on the phone with a nice, soft spoken woman in Bombay, explaining to her that someone is breaking into your house, while she tries to get you to become a platinum member for just ten extra dollars a month.

We all have to tell ourselves that our jobs are important, just to keep from going completely insane, but you'll find very few people who extend the same platitudes for the guy who cleans the bathrooms at Denny's as they do for soldiers.

I suppose that it's all about branding.

People are fiercely loyal to brands even when they are exactly the same as their competitors.

Coke drinkers stick to Coke; Pepsi drinkers stick to Pepsi. Americans claim that America is the greatest country in the world, but I've been to more than a few countries run by white folks and there ain't much difference, folks. White people are the same everywhere. All religions claim that theirs is the only true path to heaven, but God is the same no matter where you hang your hat on the Sabbath; God loves you, but needs more money.

I suppose that if you're going to be loyal to a brand, countries and religion were the first official brands, and if you can't convince people that Coke and Pepsi taste the same, chances are good they're not going to believe you when you tell them that their churches and countries are as well.

Countries, religions, and soft drinks are pretty much all the same, unless you buy the advertising; but come one, people, my PF Flyers never made me run any faster or jump any higher, and the things that countries and religions say about themselves are no truer.

Being a good consumer means not listening to what the advertisements say. A smart buyer

knows to listen to the testimonials.

When you hear Vietnam vets talk about the treatment they received, it's enough to make you wonder why anyone still listens to the government's advertisements and slogans.

Soldiers are expendable, if they weren't, they wouldn't go to places where they could be killed. While many people try to rationalize the military career by glorifying the work, they often overlook the danger involved. Sure, the chance of a soldier's survival in Iraq is much better than commercial deep-sea fisherman, but no one will try to argue for the glory of commercial fishing. People put their lives on the line so they can provide for their families, plain and simple, and the jobs they do enable people who don't care about them to have swordfish for dinner, or drill for oil in Iraq; that's not an honorable position, it's only a few steps removed from slavery.

It's time to be honest with each other; there is no glory or honor in being a soldier. Most people join the military because it's a job, just like the people who become commercial fisherman; the few people who are out for the glory and honor are usually the first ones killed.

Government rarely effects poor and middle class folks except to screw them over a little. The lion's share of benefits has always gone to the rich, and you'll rarely see one of them serving in the military except in positions of command... you know, the ones who do the least amount of fighting.

In the end, I guess that's the best way to determine the value of a brand; see what the president of Coca Cola drinks and you've got a pretty good idea as to the value of their product. The president of the United States and all his buddies did everything they could to get out of fighting for their country; rather, their parents did it for them.

And remember, soldiers are socialist instruments. If you support the troops, YOU'RE the pinko commie fag, not me.

Sex Mahoney for President

I rip on America a lot, and some of it is undeserved, but there are plenty of things for which America deserves a good ripping.

The world will never forgive the atrocities of Jessica Simpson and Ronald Reagan.

Still, I tend to glorify my adopted home, the Republic of Korea. I think I've been here long enough to start bitching about my new residence.

When I first came to Korea, there were lots of little tents all over the place, selling things like ddeokbokki (spicy rice pasta puffs), goon mandu (fried dumplings), and goguma hotdogs (think corn dog, but covered in little bits of sweet potato); however, in the few weeks since we've been back, the tents have disappeared.

The official reason, given by the city government, is that the tents do not practice good hygiene and need to be shut down for the benefit of the public welfare. This is the same kind of government think that leads to signs in the bathroom with suggestions like "Employees must wash hands before returning to work."

Politicians are a pretty bunch; they imagine that saying something out loud makes it so; for instance, putting a sign on the wall that tells employees to wash their hands will make them wash their hands.

To be honest, I never really thought about washing my hands in the bathroom before those signs went up; however, once they did, I considered it an affront that someone was forcing me to wash my hands. So, from then on, I never washed my hands when I left the bathroom, even when I was working in the food service industry; I can't help it, I'm a rebel that way... got to play by my own rules.

Like pedestrians in crosswalks, some people will brazenly walk into the street, so long as there's a pattern of white lines for them to walk in, just because cars are supposed to stop. When I was a kid, I had this argument with people all the time; they would tell me about how they would piss off adults, who couldn't hit them back because they would go to jail. I would slowly explain the difference between can't and shouldn't. There's no reason why an adult can't hit a child, in fact, most children are too small to fight back, so hitting them can be a lot of fun; however, there are heavy consequences for doing so. There's no reason why a car can't plow down a pedestrian in a crosswalk, I can even see how that would be a lot of fun as well.

Either way, these tents are no longer allowed within city limits, so I don't have anywhere to get good ddeokbokki.

I can sympathize with politicians, because, when you decide to start fixing things in society, you have to start somewhere. No matter where you start, people are bound to minimize the importance of whatever issue you want to resolve, in favor of whatever issue they want to resolve. In America, some politicians want to make everyone's lives a little better, while other's just want to kill brown people so they can justify all the money and praise they give the military to get elected. I suppose that food stand sanitation is as appropriate a place to start as any.

Except that it generalizes, and lumps all stands together, regardless of how sanitary their

owners keep them. Just because people sell food from a tent doesn't mean they are any cleaner or dirtier than someone who sells their food from a building. That's real estate discrimination.

Okay, so maybe I'm building mountains from my molehills, but this is my hill, and these are my moles; if my moles want to eat food from tents on the street, then that's where my moles are going to eat.

Let's face it; there are lots of health risks out there. I make it my personal mission to shake hands with at least one person after I rub my finger around my bung hole because it's hot and sweaty and itchy. As long as there are people like me, no restaurant is safe, because anyone and everyone could be a carrier for my disease and no amount of legislation can change that.

So let's get together and pressure the Korean government to do something about this crisis. Of course, our American style of protest probably won't do much good here, since Koreans have already committed suicide, cut off their fingers, and set fire to one of the local politicians, just to prove their point.

Even though I rip on America all the time, it's enough to make me homesick for that place where a bunch of whiny hippies and bored housewives can change policy just by writing a few letters.

And if you don't believe it, just ask yourself, when is the last time you saw Janet Jackson's nipple on TV.

Sex Mahoney for President

I haven't been too happy with the state of the blog recently.

Sure, I've got a few good jokes here and there, but were any of them good enough to make milk come out of anyone's nose? Probably not, and that's not cool. If I'm not making you people laugh, then there's not much reason to keep tuning in.

I suppose I could sit here and make excuses, about how I'm trying to do five a week again, and I'm working sixty hours a week, but who wants to be a mewling little pussy.

Not me, that's for damn sure.

The thing is, it's hard coming up with new dick and fart jokes every day. The law of diminishing returns says that each time you encounter something, it has less and less impact, so maybe you laughed the first time I compared infant anuses to people who like 'The Tyra Banks Show,' or when I called George W Bush a walking, talking douche bag abortion, but how long can I expect to keep up something like that and still stay funny.

I feel the same way about blowjobs.

The first time I got a blowjob, I thought I had died and gone to heaven; I mean, one of the many reasons I am glad I'm not a lady is that girls will never know how great it is to have someone put your penis in their mouth; however, that's where the fun stops. Once you get over the novelty, a blowjob is just another waste of time before the main course.

Don't get me wrong, men give great head, they're awesome at it, but I spend most of my time with women, and I have yet to meet a woman who knew what they were doing when it comes to blowjobs.

For whatever reason, women seem to pride themselves on their dick sucking abilities, they're like men in that regard, because most women will tell you that they're really good at sucking dick, but, get an honest opinion from any guy and they'll tell you that most women are pretty bad. Like any rule, I'm sure there are exceptions, but I haven't found any yet.

Once, before I had slept with a lot of women, I used to say that to girls so they would suck my dick to try and prove me wrong – you wouldn't believe how often it works – but now, I've just come to face the sad reality that it's true.

Even masturbation loses some of its charm over the years. You may think that you still like to masturbate as much as you did when you were younger, but when is the last time you whacked it in your grandmother's attic while the rest of the family was eating Easter dinner?

The law of diminishing returns applies to everything we do, so, after a long enough period of time, we should become impervious to all sensation. When people talk about a crisis of faith, what they're really saying is that the God drug isn't working anymore, and they need a new fix. That's why ordinary, run of the mill, religions like Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Catholics are gateway churches to more harmful things like Pat Robertson's 700 club, tee shirts with the confederate flag, and giving someone a can of Coors when they ask you for a beer.

Coors may be many things, but it is not now, nor has it ever been anything resembling a beer.

Married people have the biggest problems with diminishing returns, not only because you get used to each other, but, over time, you start to age, sag, get fat, and turn into lumps that bear only passing resemblance to your former selves. Sure, the honeymoon may be great, but the length and depth of your shudder, as you approach your nuptial bed, grows and deepens every year until it finally reaches your soul.

In this case, I'm willing to turn to religion to give us the answer. Ordinarily, I wouldn't trust anything that religion has to say, but you can't take what these church types say at face value, like all other human endeavors, you have to dig through the misogyny and pyramid scams to find the subtext. Heaven isn't a metaphysical concept that we will achieve in the afterlife, it's here, on earth, and you don't have to eat transubstantiated crackers on Sunday to go there, it's just a matter of opening your eyes and looking around you.

For all the bad things in this world, all the death, lying, and crappy TV, this is as good as it's going to get. The bible is right when it says seek and ye shall find, because when you're actively looking for something, you'll see it everywhere you turn; life is more like a magic eye poster, it's only when you stop trying so hard that the sailboat pops out at you.

I love writing this blog, if for nothing else, because people read it. I have a hard time getting people to watch my movies and cartoons or read my books, but the people who read this blog keep coming back, no matter how bad it gets or how much I offend you. While I may repeat myself every third or fourth entry, I'll keep trying to bring some fresh flava' to your computer. And if all else fails, I'll suck your dick for twenty bucks, thirty if you want to go twice. I swear I'm pretty good.

Now that the big love fest is over, why don't we all rub our vaginas together and sing some songs. Contrary to what you might believe, after reading this, I don't have a vagina, so is it cool if I rub my penis in yours?

Sex Mahoney for President

The airport is a source of constant amusement.

The other day, my wife and I were walking through the duty free shops in Incheon Airport. While we checked in, I read the signs around the desks advising people which of their personal items they should put in their baggage and which they should keep with them. The airport advised that laptops, jewelry, and money should stay in your bags; plus, they advised that any tools, scissors, or golf clubs should go in your checked luggage.

So we went through the x-ray; I snuck some illicit liquid onto the plane (a mostly finished stick of deodorant) while my wife's toothpaste was confiscated.

The liquid ban is one of the more ridiculous diversions in the security theater, because there's nothing to stop two people from each bringing 100ml bottles and mixing them into a powerful 200ml explosive on the plane, regardless of how many plastic bags in which they have to keep their liquids. Still, why stop with liquids and gels? The human body is composed of mostly water; what's to stop a dedicated terrorist from using all 95% of their body water to make a bomb? Someday soon, we're all going to be sealed into Ziploc bags and drained of all our fluids for the duration of the flight.

Some countries make you take off your shoes, so you can put them through the x-ray machine. They didn't start doing that until Richard Reed tried to blow up a bomb he hid in his shoe. The most pronounced human characteristic is to never do anything until after it's a problem, which makes me wonder about the oxygen masks in airplanes. People rarely plan for a problem until something bad goes down, so which flight was it where everyone asphyxiated because the cabin lost pressure. It was probably some military personnel; those guys are always being used as test rats. The military always talks about the glory of serving your country in battle, but they almost never mention the lesser known, but much more demeaning, role of serving your country by putting on a helmet and letting a hydraulic piston test the helmet's resiliency, or choke to death because none of a team of engineers, building a big, metal, penis that flies, without realizing that people need oxygen to breathe.

God bless the troops, the men behind the guns; now put this target on your chest, soldier, and stand right here, on the big red x.

What's it for, sarge?

You're not a traitor, are you?

No, sir.

Either way, human beings don't realize how stupid they're being until their stupidity pays off in a really deadly way.

No, no, once we build the dam, we can build a new town right where the river used to be; that dam will never break, never.

Someday, a terrorist is going to drink a whole bunch of gasoline and use it to start a fire on board a plane; that's when the government is going to make airports install urinals and toilets at the security checkpoints so everyone can see a man about a horse before they board their

flight. I can't wait until an overweight person with a high school equivalency degree has to watch me pee in an airport to feed their children.

That's the thing about security guards. I used to be one. Nobody ever, in the history of the world, has ever had an epiphany that ended with the realization that they were wasting their life, and the best way to change that would be to get a job as a security guard. People take security jobs for the same reason that most women have shitty husbands, because, after a certain point, just about anything will do.

Plus, security guards are the bottom of the totem pole in the security industry; anyone who shows aptitude as a security guard, meaning they can read and/or tell the difference between their ass and their head, is promoted to a position where they no longer perform any direct security functions. Finding a good security guard is about as rare as finding a virgin without a coke problem in a Catholic girls' school.

But security is not the only funny thing about airports, and if I keep making jokes about airport security, I won't have any left for my insanely popular series of cartoons (the cartoons are actually a lot better than insanely popular, but I'm modest, I should probably try to be less humble in the future).

Remember those golf clubs I was telling you about, the ones you're supposed to put in your checked luggage?

Well, my wife and I were walking around the mall that is the airport terminal, where we could have bought anything our hearts' desired, from diamonds, to furs, to leather goods, when we walked past a sports supply store, and saw that they were selling golf bags.

Now, I don't know about you, but the importance of putting my golf clubs in a bag was one of the first things I realized when I started playing golf. A typical club set has at least three woods, ten irons, and a putter; that's a lot of shit to carry around without some kind of receptacle. Plus, a golf bag is way too big to fit in the airplane's overhead storage bin on under the seat, so, if you're departing, I guess you'd have to buy the golf bag, love its spacious emptiness and then leave it in the terminal when your flight leaves, or have someone ship it to you wherever you're headed.

It would be one thing if the stores were outside of security, but you have to check your luggage and go through an x-ray machine just to get to your friendly airport jeweler. What kind of person thinks: "You know what would make this trip to my cousin's wedding in Kalamazoo extra special, why don't I buy myself a diamond studded watch?"

I partially blame people, because if people were a little smarter then they wouldn't buy the overpriced un-necessaries sold in airports, sports stadiums, and funeral homes; however, the marketing firm that came up with the idea of charging air travelers twelve dollars for a cracker with some tuna fish on it and calling it a sandwich.

On my last flight, I kept my deodorant hidden in one my back pack's many pockets; it was not detected on the departure or the return; I also kept three lighters, and two boxes of matches, which airport security had no problem letting me take on board the plane; however, they did confiscate my half liter bottle of water, because that would be too dangerous to allow

on a plane.

It's no wonder the airlines are in financial trouble.

And yet, no one ever complains when airlines ask the government for a bail out; that is, except for Rush Limbaugh. He's always going on about lazy airline executives, hiring more employees and taking on more passengers so they can get more money from the government to support their lazy, gang ridden, drug abusing lifestyles. He was either talking about that or black folks, I can never remember. My hearing isn't so good anymore ever since I got addicted to OxyContin.

In the meantime, I suppose I'll continue to use airlines until some better form of trans-continental travel comes along. You know, the kind where you don't have to go through long security lines, pay ridiculous prices, or sit next to fat, white businessmen who smell like the inside of Ralph Lauren's ass and hit on my wife when they think I'm not looking.

I guess I could hitch a ride with a container ship, nobody ever checks those.

Sex Mahoney for President

I was an angry little child.

Up until the age of twenty, just about the only thing that could bring out the sweet in me was pussy. I thought that being nice was the surest way to get some, and, once I figured that out, I went about learning how to be nice real quick.

Little did I know that most women, even my then contemporary adolescent ones, like nice about as much as a cactus enema; yet, I did manage to become a little, gay friend to some of the sluttier girls in my school. To impress one of them, and to show her that I meant more business than anything else, I wrote a piece of erotic literature for her. Even at the tender age of twelve or thirteen, I had read enough books to learn how to mimic style and I had read enough penthouse letters to know which style to mimic.

The resulting story was a big hit around my middle school; even some of the teachers got their hands on it and read it amongst themselves in the confines of their break room.

Sadly, it didn't get me any pussy.

It did get me into a world of trouble.

About a year later, when I was a freshman in high school, the story resurfaced when someone found a copy in the back of their bedroom; they took it to school, got caught with it, and finked me out at the first sign of trouble.

What it did leave with me was a fear, hatred, and distrust of authority. See, I wrote the story, but that's not a crime, especially since I wrote it outside of school. The person who should have gotten in trouble was the person who had the story, since they brought it onto school grounds and got caught with it; however, since I already suffered perpetual Jewish guilt, and was used to getting in trouble, I didn't think any better but to take the punishment and fade quietly into a short suspension.

To this day, I maintain that nothing gives one human being authority over another. The police, courts, politicians, and all the way on down to principals and librarians, exercise their authority simply because so few people are willing to stand up to them. Whenever people do, the results are spectacular.

Still, there's a lot of anger on both sides of the fence. The authoritarian crowd see is as a slap in the face when anyone questions the powers that be, and the libertarian crowd considers it a slap in the face that anyone would accuse them of slapping someone in the face, or of using such violent language to express a stalemate, when clearly the current vocabulary is not fit to describe the situation adequately, and the situation could be resolved much better with some warm tea and smooth jazz.

I guess what makes most libertarians, myself included, mad is that people seem to like authority so much more than freedom. They want to live in a place where law and order reign with an iron fist.

That is, until the law and order affects them personally.

It's a story that's been told time and time again; the radio blather-spewer who vents against drug users turns out to be a drug addict, the politician who champions anti-gay legislation gets caught being pounded at The Anvil, and your friendly, neighborhood racist gets a surprise visit from a young, black boy who says that said racist knew his mother oh so many years ago.

When it comes to everybody else, everyone has a little bit of fascist in them, but when the law affects them personally, they tend to lean a little more to the libertarian side of things.

"Lynch all the niggers and send the Jews over to Israel so they can blow up themselves and the A-rabs, and save us the trouble of having to do it. What? My Great-Grandmother's name was Latisha al-Bahira Lebinowitz. Well, she overcame her cultural limitations and learned to blaa, blaa, blaa. I apologize to the American people, and especially the children."

Of course, the same is true in reverse, when even the staunchest liberal needs help from the man; they lean right enough to make Joe Stalin look like a tree hugging hippy.

"Sure, African-American children should go to school with white kids. What's that? They want to move in next door. Sure, African-American children can move in next door, just give me a few minutes to pack up my family and move far away."

Except in very few circumstances, authority is useless. People who want to fuck shit up for the rest of us are going to do it, usually with the full consent of authority (in the case of the unelected rich, white businessmen who REALLY run the government) or ten steps ahead of authority with plans so simple that even a child could have figured out how to thwart them (think nineteen guys, spread out over four planes, who manage to change the course of modern history with the kind of box cutters they give you on your first day at work in a supermarket).

Authority is locking up the barn door after the cows have all gotten loose and the sex offender who spooked them has run away with his pants around his ankles and his genitals covered in udder cream.

Authority is taking lots of pictures and promising to find the person who killed your children for their video game system, and your wife, for the diamond ring advertisements said you had to buy her when you asked her to marry you.

Think of poor Scott Peterson, you know, the guy who was convicted for killing his wife Lacy and their little, unborn lump. Even with something that should have been an open and shut case, authorities had to rely on circumstantial evidence and media hype to convict a guy whose biggest crime was not having the money to buy an acquittal like OJ Simpson.

Authority is a bunch of people, who are insecure about their place in the world, trying to convince the rest of us that they have shit under control just because they hold power in a time of relative peace. When the shit goes down, like a big hurricane, a terrorist attack, or a big Christmas fad item faces supply shortages, you see who is really in charge.

Just like everything else that advertisers try to sell us, authority can't fulfill its promises anymore than the sneakers that pump up, or the erection pill that won't make your hair fall

out.

It's time to stop buying it.

There are far better things on which we can spend our belief, like attractive women who say they aren't crazy and actually aren't and homeless men who promise they will jerk you off at the bus station and not steal your wallet and actually don't.

Sex Mahoney for President

Condoms are a small price to pay for sleeping with highly suggestible women.

There are far worse things in this world than a little sensation dulling in the genital area, especially for men. For years, I thought that I either had ejaculatory problems or was the greatest, most disciplined lover who ever walked the earth; turns out that I can't cum in a rubber. Sure, I put one on every once in a while, just to get a different sensation than what I normally get, but it is kind of a drag. Still, it's much better than getting AIDS or having to perform yet another coat hanger abortion.

Some people suggest that giving condoms to children promotes promiscuity, and they're right, it probably does, but definitely not anymore than telling children that pre-marital sex is wrong. When it comes to creating a desire, telling someone that a particular thing, or action, is taboo is much more enticing than showing them a slimy plastic apparatus and telling them to wrap it around their genitals.

I guess it all depends on your point of view.

For my money, I'm willing to bet that the people who claim condom use inspires kids to have sexual relations, are the same people who have never used condoms in their lives, but are so hard up for sex that they're willing to stick their penises into anything that won't fight back, or is easy to hold down. Don't forget that the largest number of religious groups that protest condoms for kids comes from the same part of the country that has the highest incidence of "biblical animal husbandry." And it's not just because that's a more rural part of the country, there are plenty of cows up north, but nobody's fucking them... or at least, nobody's fucking them and getting caught. Besides, who's going to believe a cow, especially when it is blatantly obvious that she was asking for it.

The real problem that people have with condom use is not that it promotes promiscuity, but that condom advocates dare to put restrictions on THE PENIS, and I write that in big letters, because the anti-condom crowd are, by and large, made up by a segment of the population that is hell bent on keeping women from doing things like working, reading, or uttering independent thoughts.

Don't worry men, I'm going to put you down for a little while, but women are going to get theirs in a few paragraphs; so keep reading.

There's a great scene from John Candy's last, and little seen, movie, 'Wagons East.' It's about a group of people who went out west looking for opportunity and promise and found nothing but hardship and disappointment, so they decide to go back. In one scene, a group of women are sitting around a campfire, talking to a prostitute, and they finally overcome their shyness and start asking her questions. One of the women, a little, timid thing, asks: "My husband says the largest penis ever recorded is two inches. Is that true?" Fucking brilliant.

It's no coincidence that the people who lift marriage up on a pedestal, and claim that pre-marital sex is a sin, largely come from agrarian parts of the world, because farmers know the truth. To maintain a healthy breeding population requires a male population of only 25%. Women can keep the race going mostly by themselves, with just a few of us reserved for studs.

Especially in this day and age, what with all our science and technology, there's no need for a large male population.

Just like everyone else, men want to believe they're special, but when it comes to their dicks, they want to think of themselves as gods, when the truth is, we're becoming obsolete. It's no mistake that the monuments to the two most important American presidents are so phallic; the Washington monument is nothing but a giant penis, and the Lincoln memorial, while not quite so blatant, implies that the old rail splitter, now nineteen feet high, must have at least a twenty inch cock.

The women who get around, they know the truth; that's why it's so much harder to get an experienced woman to settle down, and why religious types want to limit the number of sexual partners a woman has by forcing them into monogamous marriages before they're smart enough to know any better.

Women are no better than their male counterparts, and if you don't believe me, ask yourself, ladies, how many times you have criticized someone else, or been criticized, for being a 'slut' or a 'whore.' Women play an active role in keeping the rest of their gender in line by tormenting each other until they develop eating disorders. It's a form of willful ignorance that has persisted for centuries.

Don't ask me why so many women feel the need to suppress their fellows, except that they learn it through custom, from their parents, and custom is the most dangerous teacher in the world.

It is time to break apart from that custom and face a new era, because, there is no better, or more pervasive, teacher than custom, but custom without reason is just a façade, one that easily degenerates, like religious edicts passed down through the centuries as pretend learning, which is often mistaken for sound reasoning and good judgment. It is unquestioned custom that poisons every aspect of our daily lives when it is appropriated by weak people to support their own, limited agendas, and is used to suppress the high, and free, spirit that resides within every individual. It is only a matter of time before the façade of custom, find a body in error, and when error and custom merge, it is only a matter of time before they cry down reason and industry in favor of conservative, limiting authority.

We must be willing to accept change, no matter how odious it may seem, because conservatism leads to stagnation, and the spoils of stagnation are ignorance and death.

Sex Mahoney for President

What makes your big head so hard

In Penthouse Forum letters, when someone catches you masturbating, it's an immediate indication that hot sex will ensue.

In real life, there are few situations so embarrassing.

Maybe if FOX News broadcast surveillance video of you propositioning your mother for sex, or if a girl you really like pulled alongside your car just as you belted out the high note to a Justin Timberlake song; maybe that would be more embarrassing, but it's really hard to find something more humiliating than getting caught masturbating.

Women can get away with masturbating wherever they want, it's not fair; for the gentlemen, not only do we have to be careful when and where we jerk off, but we also have to exercise tremendous amounts of discretion for at least a minute or two afterwards. It's one thing to get caught whacking; it's a whole different ballpark to have your wife's entire extended family walk through the door just as you come waddling out of your bedroom with your pants around your ankles and semen drying on your stomach just because you forgot to check the room for tissues before you started and MTV is airing a whole afternoon of videos from teen-pop sensation Candi Suckles' new album 'I Wanna Fuck.'

Advertisers face this problem all the time, because their job is to make as many people as they can, watch a product masturbate in public while keeping said product from feeling the shame of discovery. Even though I hate them, I have a lot of respect for advertisers; they sure are good at jerking off in public.

Every so often, the curtain comes up and it turns out that the gentle motion you saw behind the curtain wasn't the company getting ready to give you a big rebate on the product, but the CEO and other executives getting ready to unload a torrent of cum onto the faces of the American public; which should be more embarrassing for the executives than it seems to be, but then again, no one has ever given me a multi-million dollar severance package when I get fired for jerking off on the job.

It's even harder to not get caught masturbating when you run for President, because you not only have to jerk off yourself, but you have to whack off at least half of the American voting public.

In the old days, presidential candidates didn't campaign for themselves, they left all the speeches, advertisements, and

smear campaigns to other people, so they could continue to claim that they were above the fray and worthy of being president.

Not much has changed.

Presidential candidates don't write their own speeches, their policies are largely decided by the people who give them the most money, and independent political action groups conduct the smear campaigns so that when they go over the line, or people discover that they are just plain lying, it doesn't hurt the candidate.

Presidents are products, and just like any other product, anyone will buy them just so long as you use a little bit of charm and whole lot of snake oil.

The key to good comedy is that the butt of a joke never realizes that the joke is on them. Archie Bunker can't turn to Edith and say: "You know what; I'm kind of a closed-minded asshole." Homer Simpson shouldn't turn to Marge and say: "I'm a semi-retarded alcoholic, and I think I need to be in a hospital." Presidential candidates can't turn to the public and say: "I don't really care about you or your families. I'm just kissing your babies so I can get elected and not have to work a real job." Once the curtain falls, everybody sees you playing with your willy-wag, and the jig is up.

With the notable exception of Bill Clinton, most presidential candidates bow out once the public sees them playing with their peter; however, Hilary Clinton's introduction into the presidential race is a dangerous turn of events.

Ordinarily, I would support women's rights, and America letting down some of its ridiculous prejudice, but when it comes to a female president, we're all in danger.

Women can masturbate just about anywhere, without moving the curtain, and they require no clean up, unlike the boys. With a female president, even if the curtain comes up, there's no way of knowing what she was doing under there, no trail of drying cum, and no slowly fading erection. If that happens, then we're all fucked.

It's bad enough that the current president is so stupid that he thinks he's a woman, and, by extension, can get away with masturbating wherever he wants, but to have a president that could actually pull it off would be disastrous.

On the other hand, it could just work out for the best.

See, in today's modern age, presidential candidates need to

pretend that they're soft, likeable people, but tough where they need to be; so that later, when they get caught stealing money from war orphans to pay for their gold plated yacht, they can revert back to their nice guy posture and pretend like things just got a little out of hand; but, what if, for a woman to get elected, she did the exact opposite, pretended to be all tough and hard nosed to get elected, but turned into a big, likeable softy once in office. It's the kind of thing that just might save this country.

Either way, I like the idea of a female president much better than a male president, if only because men are usually too weak to do the tough jobs. If you have any doubt about that, consider for a moment, if instead of women getting abortions to fix those little accidents we men sometimes have with our ejaculatory response; men had to insert a long vacuum tube into their urethras and scoop out a big bloody mess while simultaneously putting their ability to have babies in jeopardy, there'd be no such thing as the pro-life movement.

All of the sudden, I'm hungry for some chunky tomato soup.

Sex Mahoney for President

How does your light shine

Whenever a contentious political issue rears its ugly head, there are always several competing factions that take a stand.

Especially when it comes to war and abortion.

There are those who point to numbers and positions, explaining the science of war and why such and such tactics, proposed by General, or father, Whomever, are really the best, and why their antagonists are just barbaric ruffians who don't understand enough military, or religious, theory to debate on the same level as these theoretic geniuses.

Then there is a party directly opposed to the aims of the first party, simply because such and such a person from the first party once slept with such and such wife of the second party, or because of some other insignificant insult; plus, it's always good to take a contrary stance, just in case the first party happens to be completely wrong.

Then there are the moderates, who agree with some tenants of the first party, and some tenants of the second party, but really just seek to ally themselves with high ranking members of both so that, no matter whom is proven right, they stand to gain some kind of promotion or position in the new order.

These first three parties constitute approximately .001% of the total population.

The other 99.999% of the people out there are not considered with the pronouncements from party A, nor the rebuttal from party B, or the sycophantism of party C; they just want to make sure that, no matter what happens, it happens with as little inconvenience to their leisure or advantage as possible.

Of the last group, if legalized abortion and war means that they have to sit through a prayer meeting with their wife, or go to a demonstration with the hippie chick they're trying to bang, then they are opposed to abortion and war.

Sometimes, people just feel compelled to act. They have no interest in leisure; they just want to force their views on the people around them and the world at large.

I hate Scrabble... with a passion.

I've got a great vocabulary. I can correctly use words like garrulous, quixotic, salubrious, and infantile in a

sentence; for instance: The garrulous chambermaid nagged piqued her quixotic boyfriend's interest with tales of masochistic delights, until he finally gave into her demands and allowed her to pour salubrious amounts of lubricant into his infantile rectum. Still, I always lose at Scrabble.

What kind of a game punishes vocabulary knowledge and rewards simple understand of spatial relationships? Why is it that I use words like quixotic and only receive ten points when someone who links so, blow, and to together ends up with 50 points, plus a triple word score. It just doesn't make any sense damn it.

If I had my way, I'd ban Scrabble from here to the poles, burn all the boards, and make those malicious Parker Brother's eat the letters out of Milton Bradley's asshole.

Of course, I wouldn't want to force anyone into my way of thinking; I just won't play Scrabble, is all. Sure, every once in a while, I'll get talked into a game with an old friend, but it's rare; it happens about as frequently as you stop off at your local gas station and the late night attendant is a nubile nymphomaniac who accepts your offer for sex instead of cash because you left your wallet back at the house.

If I really wanted to stop Scrabble, I'm sure it wouldn't be too hard to find a bunch of like minded people, with nothing better to do, who are looking to make some friends. People are always getting together into little social groups; it starts in elementary school when they organize by gender, and continues until they have children of their own and spend two hours every night sitting by the television with a pad of paper to record every questionable thing they see on the networks so they can go back to their bible study group and organize the next round of letter writing to get Sesame Street taken off the air. People like to form groups; it makes them feel less crazy.

When I mentioned the earlier groups, the ones that form around political issues like abortion and war, I forgot to mention the smallest group, and it's not surprising, because most people don't pay attention to them anyway. Not surprisingly, they're the most dangerous of all.

People spend most of their time being afraid of phantoms like spiders, children's books, and intolerance, which makes them vulnerable to the things they really should fear.

The smallest group acts as a mirror and sells the other group's ideas right back to them, in the form of tailor made news broadcasts that echo each side's point of view. While we're busy fighting each other over the legality and ethics of abortion, the smallest group sells us bumper stickers

with catchy slogans that make us feel like we're making a difference.

The smallest group profits off our differences, and they don't care what happens, just so long as they can make a buck while we're too busy sucking each other's dicks and telling each other how right we are.

Let's all stop trying to change the world so we can at least enjoy ourselves before we go extinct.

And stop asking me to play Scrabble.

Sex Mahoney for President

Mon coeur est grave dans mes chansons

I want to write about Halloween.

Sure, I may be a little overdue, but timeliness has never been one of my strong suits.

As far as holidays go, Halloween has to be in the top three for kids. Maybe they like Christmas a little better because they get cooler presents on Christmas, and maybe they like Easter more because they get a lot more chocolate per pound on Easter, but that's only if they come from a stable giving family. Halloween is one of the last community-driven holidays, where it doesn't matter if you come from a poor family, because you get candy from everybody.

I'm not completely sure, but I think I can remember getting apples as Halloween treats when I was very young. I don't think anybody gives apples anymore; maybe it's because of all those razorblades they never found inside Halloween apples.

Still, there are some folks out there who like to burn Beatles records, block their kids from watching Spongebob, and can't stand when children dress up like their religious enemies for the sake of getting candy. As far as I can tell, it's more of that old Puritan bullshit about making sure that nobody, anywhere, is having any fun.

Well, for once, the forces of justice have finally prevailed upon that old Puritanical spirit; daylight savings time was pushed back a week so that it comes after Halloween; so, for the first time, in who knows how long, the sun sets around 6 o'clock on Halloween, instead of 5. Children with over protective parents everywhere rejoiced, and conservative religious ninnies wailed. A great time was had by all.

Because, there's nothing to fear if your child is out during daylight; however, once that sun sets, you best get your kids off the street, because that's when all the crazy people come out of their holes and start wandering the streets of suburban and rural America...

The truth is that bad shit happens during the day just as often as it happens at night; if we were talking about a kid out on the street at one in the morning, then I would definitely agree with you, that is some dangerous shit. I don't drive drunk very often, but when I do, I keep a careful eye peeled for any unattended children wandering the streets after midnight, because I'm gunning for those little bastards. Somebody needs to send a message to kids that, after midnight, the streets belong to the drunks and

insomniacs, and we're too busy to pay attention to some four-year-old with crappy parents who found their way out into the street. I don't even think it should be a crime to hit a kid between the hours of 12 and 6 AM.

Still, parents have no reason to fear their child being out on the street after dark when the sun sets at 6 PM; and, as far as the razorblade-laden apples are concerned, I think the only place that has ever actually happened is in the cinematic masterpiece 'Halloween 2.' People are never afraid of the things they should really fear.

American parents got all up in arms because I taught their kids things like how to write in an active voice, what an appositive really is, and how to break down metaphors using very violent and sexual imagery (you know, of the kind I spew out on a daily basis); they were afraid that I wanted to have sex with their children when they actually should have been afraid of what I was really doing... teaching them to think like me.

Take the Nazis.

In the 1920s and 30s, America and Russia were so busy being afraid of each other, us for the fear that those godless communists would try to take us over, and they for the fear that those religious capitalists would try to get them to stop drinking vodka, that they were too busy to notice the Nazis getting ready to tip the apple cart.

Right now, America is so busy being afraid of Iran and North Korea, that we're not paying enough attention to China, a country that will, in all likelihood, one day rule the world.

FDR was right when he said that we have to fear 'fear itself' because fear makes people do crazy things. If conservative Republicans weren't so afraid that people would find out that they're closeted homosexuals, they wouldn't try to pass a hetero marriage amendment to the constitution; and, if Democrats weren't so afraid that people would find out that they're really Republicans in sheep's clothing, they wouldn't try to pretend that they care about people by wasting their time putting warning labels on everything from children's toys to rap music.

Halloween is a time when people can put aside their fears, take off their real costumes, and dress up like what they really want to be; instead of wearing the calf-length skirts and proper button down blouses that she usually wears at the office, any gal can take her leather-wear out of the closet and walk around like the skank she wants to be, if only for a day.

That's why I don't like Halloween so much anymore. I've shed my costume, and all my fears. I get to be who I want to be every day of every week. Most importantly, I'm not afraid of anything, and you shouldn't be, either...

That is until I show up at your door, and your daughter tells you that I'm her date.

Then you have every right to be afraid.

Very afraid.

Sex Mahoney for President

Trigger-happy pol icing

I wore a new pair of sneakers today.

It was the first time I put on a new pair of sneakers in a long time; probably in seven years.

I don't like to throw away old things until they've completely outlived their usefulness.

In 2006, I threw away a pair of sneakers that I wore since 1998; I didn't get new ones then, because I still had an old pair that I bought in 2001, but hadn't worn very often, except to play tennis. I figured, why start wearing a new pair of shoes when I still had a perfectly good pair that only let in a little bit of water through their worn soles when it rained?

Sure, I've had several pairs of dress shoes in between then and now, but that's not the same, because I never wear dress shoes except when I'm at work. I don't even wear dress shoes on my way to and from work; I wear sneakers and change when I get there. I only have two pairs of shoes, my sneakers and my dress shoes; putting on a new pair of sneakers is almost like getting a new pair of feet.

The new shoes are nice, but their pristine condition, and higher level of comfort, lacks the character that I look for in personal possessions. I just got rid of a backpack that I've had since 1994; most of the zippers didn't work anymore, and the ones that still did only worked most of the time, after much finagling, but I kept that thing around for years; I can't bear to part with something that's only semi-broken.

Apparently, lots of other people have this problem as well, because it seems that there are more support systems that go along with expensive items. Salespeople see me coming and they know not to waste their time on someone like me; however, when it comes to people who spend a lot of time and money arranging their appearance, you're never hard pressed to find someone to tell you how great you look, or why spending your entire month's salary on a coat is a good idea. Even with the super rich, nobody ever feels comfortable spending a lot of money, so the sales staff acts as a support group.

So, I can understand why people would have a hard time renouncing God, since there are plenty of things about a deity that still work, even though most of the ambrosial trimmings have long since turned out to be nothing more than the backward rules of a backward people. Certainly, there

are still many things we can take from religion that could benefit modern humans in their daily lives, but, for the most part, God is dead, and the rest of us can stop watching out for lightning bolts.

Not that anyone actually fears divine retribution. When you think of all the crazy things people do to one another, it's a wonder that anyone who claims to believe in God actually believes in God.

I like the Christian religion; you can accept it, repent, and get saved at any time. Right before I die, I'm going to say a whole host of prayers, to all kinds of different Gods, just to be on the safe side. The way I figure it, if I die a peaceful, slow death, then there probably isn't a God, but it never hurts to be sure; however, if I die in some kind of quick, random way, then there probably is a deity, and I'll be getting the punishment I deserve.

The nice thing about God is that, with a gullible subject, anything is possible. There's no way to tell if you're receiving the divine word of the lord, or not, so even the most discerning eye might have trouble handling faith in their God's earthly messengers. I was always trying to talk this pair of Episcopalian sisters into an orgy, but they said they weren't that religious, and they knew it was me sneaking into their house late at night, dressed in white robes and wearing a spirit-gum beard. I did manage to convince two of the sisters that God wouldn't get angry if they kissed each other a little, but they never bought my story that the lord wanted to get me in on the action as well. They own a bed and breakfast in New Hampshire, and go by the names Spirit Shadow and Edmund, now.

When adults are religious, they usually have a grim view of their faith, and they're not usually open to new ideas; that's why it's fun to see how the younger generation reacts to a strong religious upbringing. The more oppressive the religion, the crazier the kids act. Amish kids get a short break from their religious lifestyle, and you wouldn't believe the shit they get into. Protestant girls usually have parents who don't really give a fuck, so it's hard to talk them into doing some of the more fun bedroom activities. The real treats are those fundamentalist Muslim women, not only are they aching for a chance to go buck wild, but they learn millions of different ways to please a man during their brutal domestic lives... even if you don't believe in a deity, sometimes you have to get on your knees and thank God for religious domestic violence.

You'd think that, with all their crazy, adolescent sexual escapades, the deviant children of religious parents would grow up to be godless heathens; that the Catholic girl who used to tie her hair back, tape her breasts down, call

herself Mikey, and blow the priests under the bleachers at basketball games would renounce her faith, and send her kids to some school where they wouldn't grow up to be drug addled semen receptacles, but a large number of them come back to the fold.

If people have a hard time spending a lot of money, they have an even tougher time deciding what to do with their lives; you can always make more money, you only have one life to give. Salespeople have an easy job, because they only have to keep someone befuddled from the time they walk into the store, until the approval of their credit card, but religious folks have to keep the flock snowed all year round, for the rest of their natural lives.

Sometimes, you might question your decision to buy a pair of new sneakers when the salesperson isn't around, but, when it comes to religion, they have personnel everywhere, and returning your purchase is likely to alienate you from the community.

I don't have any answers about God, or the afterlife, or even the proper tithe you should donate to your local church (Does God really need 10% off the top? Wouldn't Jesus be happy with a 10% net donation?), but I can tell you that sticking with something just because it's not completely broken is about as stupid as we people get. There's no reason I should ignore years of nightmarish blisters and fungus, the likes of which you've never seen, just because of a silly attachment to some rubber and cloth, and there's no reason why you should stay with a church just because you like the smell of crappy incense and have nothing else to do on Sunday (or Saturday) morning.

Learn to appreciate the blessed sacrament of sleeping late.

And if anyone wants to buy a pair of used sneakers, I'm willing to let them go real cheap; I'll even throw in a backpack.

Sex Mahoney for President

Blew through the oozy butt zits, not a modicum, a lot
of cum

The other day, I was walking down the street and I saw an old woman selling vegetables.

It's not an uncommon sight.

In Korea, people sell everything on the street. Hell, I once walked past a woman who had a box full of baby rabbits for sale in the subway. She was past the main gate, too, so it's not like she just grabbed her rabbit box and headed out for the day; she had to pay the subway fare, just so she could sell rabbits to commuters and tourists. I admire that kind of determination, even if I don't understand what kind of people buy rabbits on a whim... in the subway.

I guess there are just some impulse buys that are too good to pass up; either that, or they think they'll be hungry for rabbit stew, but not for another few months.

I'm not here to talk about rabbits; I'm here to talk about vegetables.

Actually, I'm not here to talk about vegetables, or the woman selling them, either, I'm going to talk about myself; I'm just using this woman as an excuse to talk about myself and heroes.

Heroes are people who overcome their natural desires, and their peers' attitudes, to do the right thing.

When I was walking past this old, vegetable-dealing woman, I had a desire to pitch my lit cigarette into her pile of lettuce leaves, but I didn't. Instead I just walked on past. In a way, that makes me a hero; in another way, it doesn't make me anything but a closeted sociopath. Maybe if the woman was selling poisoned vegetables, throwing my cigarette into her potatoes would be heroic, but it didn't seem like anyone was buying her produce anyway, so even if she was trying to poison people, she wasn't doing a good job of it. Maybe I should have kicked her rutabagas to the ground that would have taught her poisoning ass a lesson.

The word hero gets thrown around a lot these days, what with the presidential election happening next year. It seems as though everybody wants to be a hero, but it's a lot easier to call yourself a hero than it is to actually be one.

For one thing, heroes are almost always despised by the people around them; that's what brings out the heroic in a hero. There's nothing heroic about a bunch of white

supremacists swapping racial jokes and complain about "uppity negroes" in the backwoods of Georgia, because there's no one to stand up to you, and a heroes worth is largely determined by their antagonists desire to bring them down; however, you could make the argument that a guy, dressed in full clan regalia, walking down 7th avenue in Harlem was being heroic, even if he was more than a little stupid, because it takes a lot of balls to do something that outrageous.

You can't be a hero if you don't have balls.

Of course, heroism is largely determined by choice. Nobody in the whole world ever became a hero without making some kind of active choice. A hero is someone who is selfless, who is willing to give up something they cherish to protect the greater good.

Not everyone who passes a civil service exam and dons a uniform is a hero; signing up to be a police officer, a fire person, or a soldier does not automatically make you a hero; in fact, most police officers, firemen, and soldiers are anything but heroes, they're people who took dangerous jobs for reasons known only to themselves.

Even if a soldier rushes off into the heat of battle to rescue a fallen comrade, I wouldn't consider that heroic, that's just being a good friend; however, if a soldier rushed into the heat of battle to rescue a fallen enemy, that's fucking heroic; that's just about the most heroic thing of which I could think.

Assuming that Osama Bin Laden is ever caught, whoever acts as Osama's attorney will be a hero, not because they are defending a murderer, but because they're putting aside their personal opinions to serve the greater good.

I have no sympathy for soldiers, cops, and firefighters who die in the line of duty and just because they died in uniform doesn't mean their deaths were any more meaningful. Coal miners and deep sea fishermen die all the time, but no one's patriotism has ever been questioned because they skip over the 'mine collapse' story in the national news section of the morning paper.

Just like everything else in this life, heroism occurs on an individual basis, and just because someone did something heroic once, doesn't mean they're a hero forever. Most people are out and out scumbags, and their momentary judgment lapses don't make them impervious to criticism, nor does it extend any kind of special protection to all the other people who wear the same clothes.

Life is too complicated for heroes; most people are too busy

getting their daily work done. If a soldier is automatically a hero, then so is the stripper he banged behind his girlfriend's back right before he shipped overseas, because the AIDS the soldier thinks he received from the stripper motivated him to put his life in jeopardy and save someone who was probably going to die otherwise; however, the same soldier, a week later (after the test results come back negative) would probably play the same situation a little safer.

Plus, most of the people I see lauded as heroes are usually congratulating themselves, and they seem to forget the most important part of being a hero... heroes have to die.

T'ain't nothing heroic about surviving.

In high school, I had a teacher who never gave you credit for doing your homework, only took points away if you didn't have it. It was the best system I've ever seen. When asked why he did it, he said: "You don't get a prize for stopping at a red light, because that's what you're supposed to do."

Nobody would call me a hero just because I chose not to burn an old, street vegetable vendor with my cigarette, because people aren't supposed to do that to one another. I wouldn't call a soldier a hero for sitting in a hole and getting shot at, because that's what they're paid to do. If a soldier stood up, and protested the fighting, saying that soldiers should be instruments of peace and development, not death and destruction... why, that young soldier would be a hero... then again, they'd probably also get shot.

Sex Mahoney for President

Go ahead and smile

I never wear a helmet while riding my bicycle.

For someone as accident prone as I am, it's probably a better idea to wear lots of protective equipment, take things slow and easy, and not ride a bicycle at all; but I'm pig headed like that; besides, I like the way the air feels when it's whipping past my face.

I wouldn't mind dying in a bicycle accident; at least I would go out doing something I love. I would hate to die in a waiting room, or while at work.

Still, even if I was the kind of guy who wore a helmet while riding a bicycle, I would hope that, should I fall, there would be some doctors there to help me recover from any serious injuries.

That's why I don't understand why folks are so opposed to abortion.

Except for some Rastafarians, and Christian Scientists, I have yet to meet anyone who says that a person injured on a bicycle deserves to die because they understood the risks involved when they got on that bike; however, I have met plenty of people who claim that abortion is no fail-safe to botched contraceptive use because the two fuckers knew the possible outcome.

Everybody needs a failsafe. High schools seniors apply to at least two colleges; that's why we have such a thing as Brown University; plus, I know that most of you are not currently dating, fucking, engaged, or married to your first choice. Everybody needs a backup; otherwise, there would be no relief pitching in baseball.

Not too long ago, it was possible to dismiss most of the anti-abortion crowd as genuine nuts, because most of them were, but these days, more and more sane people are taking a firm stand against correcting a would-be mommy's little mistake.

I don't have a uterus, but this issue still affects me directly, because children should not be allowed to live; there's no reason why we can't put an eighteen year moratorium on child birth and spend that time helping all the people already born with money that would otherwise be spent on a bunch of kids, the majority of which, let's be honest, will turn out to be nothing more than a bunch of miserable failures.

All of this stems from most people failure to be honest with themselves. Look, human beings seem to have no compunction about brutally eliminating all of the other supposed threats to their society (wildlife, natural resources, each other); there's no reason to treat children any differently just because they smile a lot and people think they're cute.

You know what else are cute? Squirrels... and if the squirrels had their way, they'd murder you and everyone you love, not for any personal gain, but just because that's what they've wanted all along.

Part of living in this modern world is choice. Even with something as simple as deodorant or salad dressing, I've got plenty of choices; so, it follows that people should have the right to chose what to do with their bodies. If a pregnant woman wants to smoke marijuana while having an abortion, there's no reason she shouldn't be able to do so.

Governments should stick to regulating what companies can put in their products, not what people can do to their bodies. There's no reason why the government should allow factories to pump all kinds of foul toxins into the air, when we, as consumers aren't even allowed to put them in our own lungs while having a beer at our local neighborhood bar of broken dreams.

There are plenty of things that the government should regulate, like the kind of things over which people will never have control, like healthcare. Sure, there are a lot of us out there who know how to spot a bargain, and when to haggle, but for those who can't there are medical insurance companies out there, ready to screw the greedy hospitals out of all they can. If the government really wants to make family planning such a priority, then why not teach a class in school, make it part of the curriculum, show kids what they're doing wrong and how they can avoid mistakes.

I've always been in favor of high school mandated blowjob classes. Most of the girls I've met don't know how to suck a dick to save their lives; it's not their fault, it's just that most of us men were so happy to have our dicks sucked that we never bothered to tell them that they had no idea what they were doing. Most kids are aware of blowjobs, but there a zero percent chance that a high school girl can give a good blowjob since she's had less experience to work with. If schools were willing to stop being prudish about the whole thing, we could have high school girls sucking dick like professionals within the next ten years.

Not only that, but high school boys need to learn that, just because high school girls are self conscious about their bodies and need a lot of convincing to do the really fun, degrading, things; that doesn't mean they have to go all

four of their most formative years without sex. High schools classes that teach advanced masturbatory techniques would eliminate all that skirt chasing and girl impregnating.

Unfortunately, that's not going far enough, because most high schools boys already have a good handle on the masturbation issue; what's really keeping them from realizing their masturbatory potential is the government's bizarre insistence that children not have access to pornographic material. Porno should be part of the curriculum; besides, there's probably more useful info in a porno mag than there is in USA Today, and school kids receive that useless rag on a daily basis. Lower the minimum age to purchase erotic materials to ten. If they're old enough to reach the counter, they should be allowed to watch five, or more, black men tear their way into a little white snatch.

Once the boys and girls learn how to suck dick, fuck each other, and whack off properly, then we can teach them about the joys of anal sex and never have to worry again.

The government knows I'm onto something; I've had positive feedback from all of the congressional representatives with whom I have never spoken. For whatever reason, they are reluctant to introduce my bill, probably because of the sad fate of Jocelyn Elders and the pressure from their evil squirrel masters.

They're coming for us, the squirrels are, and we have to be ready to fight when the time comes. We can't be wasting out time in Iraq and Iran. This shit's going down.

When the fighting starts, don't forget to wear a helmet.

Sex Mahoney for President

This isn't hyperbole it's reality verbally

There are a lot of ugly people in this world.

I don't look in the mirror often, but when I do, I can usually delude myself into thinking that I look all right; most of the time, I catch glimpses of myself, as I walk past darkened windows and while standing in elevators, and I bear a striking resemblance to all those pictures of Jews you see from 14th century woodcuts... you know the ones where they're roasting Christian baby flesh or hoarding their dirty Jew gold? Just like that.

Most of the time, I can't be bothered. I may be hideous, or I might be really good looking, the point is that I can't tell the difference. I have no gauge of what makes one person attractive and another person ugly, all I know is that there are a lot of ugly people out there, and I might just be one of them.

Sometimes, I'll see a woman or man who looks perfectly delectable, no major scars, missing limbs, or blemishes, and when I express my interest in that person to my wife, or a nearby friend, they generally tell me that I'm completely out of my mind.

Not only that, but I find a lot of people attractive; there aren't many women or men that I wouldn't sleep with, based on looks alone; hell, I'm pretty forgiving in most personality areas as well, but that mostly stems from the fact that I'm such an asshole that I have to overlook some of the worst faults in others. I'm only repeating what I've heard when I say that there are a lot of ugly people in the world; sure, I won't doubt that they're a majority (have you seen some of the people from the Deep South and Bavaria?), but it seems like there are a lot of people walking around who look a damn sight better than I do on any day of the week.

I suppose I could put more time into my appearance, but what little personal hygiene I practice already seems to take up an inordinate amount of time in my daily toilet. I've even pared down the amount of primping I do; I only shower every other day, I only shave once a week, and, now that I learned how to use my colostomy bag, I only take a trip to the bathroom, to unload, maybe once every two or three days; still, I feel like I have to constantly keep cleaning. When I get home from work, there's no reason for me to try and impress anyone, so I don't even bother with pants, and I spend the three or four hours I have before bedtime catching up on all the important things like television, masturbation, and nostril cleaning, so I can't primp myself then; plus, I can't bring myself to wake up any earlier than

is absolutely necessary to make it to work on time, so there's no chance to do it then either.

It seems as though people who engage in any kind of beautifying must spend their time doing little else.

Don't even get me started on exercise.

In truth, there's no reason to try and impress each other; all of us are only as interesting as our audience, the people who take the time to listen to our drivel. If I met CD Payne, I'd probably listen to stories about how he likes to brush his teeth side to side, rather than the ADA preferred up and down method; meanwhile, when my grandfather starts telling stories about storming the beaches at Normandy, I start checking my watch to see how long it's going to take for his medication to kick in.

No matter how interesting we may be, there will come a time when most of our friends take the easy way out and die before us, until there's no one left who will waste the time listening to the inane things that come out of our mouths; no amount of window dressing can cover up that kind of banality.

It just occurred to me why most of the attractive women I've met in my life never wanted to sleep with me; if I put that much time and effort into my appearance, I wouldn't want anyone to mess it up either.

So much of humanity's window dressing seems ridiculous; I can't wait until we're all in silver jumpsuits. It's not that I prefer to wear a uniform, or like uniformity, but clothes, cars, and jewelry turn into status symbols, and the last thing we need are more symbols. Metaphors are obviously beyond human beings. It's bad enough that most people can't differentiate between a genuine, likeable human being and a scum sucking piece of shit, but to go and elect him twice is almost too much to fathom.

There are certain aspects of clothing that I can understand, because, when you're wearing something really nice, like a tuxedo, you feel like a different person. It's the same way people feel when they start fucking someone new. There's a little extra spring in your step, the birds' incessant chirping actually seems pleasant, and you find yourself whistling even the crappiest song on the radio; however, take a look at the same person a few months down the line, and their feet fall heavy on the pavement like cinder blocks, they've gone back to planting dynamite traps for the birds, and "Hitchin a Ride" has lost whatever charm it once had. Wear a tuxedo everyday, and you'll see how much fun it is to earn your living in a bowtie. Have you ever seen the vacant, soulless look in Tucker Carlson's eyes?

So let's stop dressing ourselves up. We're all ordinary people, with our unique stories, charms, and peccadilloes that have nothing to do with what we drive or what kind of pants we fit into. There's nothing about a car, earring, or pair of pants, all of which were assembled en masse in a factory somewhere, which marks you as an individual. Even if I put on a ten thousand dollar suit and rolled down the street in a Ferrari, I'd still be a pompous little son of a bitch.

Besides, if we stop paying attention to what everyone is wearing, then we can get to know the real face, the one that people hide away from the world.

At the very least, we'll get to see everyone naked.

Sex Mahoney for President

Ring a ding ding ding dong

They can't all be winners.

Sometimes, you write something fantastic, the words just flow through you like they're falling straight from the mouths of angels to the tips of your fingers; you clean it up a bit, send it out into the world, and nobody cares.

Other times, you slap something together at the last minute, run it through a spell checker, and show it all the kindness you'd give to a two dollar handjob only hooker; within minutes, people are beating down your door, telling you how great it is.

It never fails.

The rarest moment, for the creative type, is putting a lot of hard work into something, knowing that it's good, and having people react to it as such. The rest of the time, people like your turds better than your perfume any day of the week.

My wife says that I can't distinguish between good and bad, so I have no basis on which to gauge my writing, but it's not just me; I've met plenty of other creators, and read the biographies of the ones who wouldn't give me the time of day if I paid them, to know that it happens all the time.

William Shakespeare was actually trying to get into the greeting card business when his plays took off and monopolized his time; it's too bad, he would have revolutionized the business.

George W Bush was well on his way to becoming a professional anus licker when fate intervened and thrust him into the White House.

Very few of us ever get to do what we want, or the kind of recognition we think we deserve.

Especially when it comes to the things we create ourselves.

I still have a pair of oven mitts that look like they were mangled in a wood chipper; sure, I told my cousin that I didn't like them when he gave them to me, but he's semi-retarded and he mistook me beating him senseless with them for something negative.

That's why I never believe people who tell me about their wonderful, cute, smart, or talented children.

Let's face it; there have to be some losers out there, just to keep things in balance. We can't all be good looking, smart, talented, and able to make it to the bathroom on time; and yet, I meet so few parents who are honest about their children. I've heard some people who try to blame a lot of today's problems on the "I'm okay, you're okay" philosophy that has taken over the child care industry, but things like that don't start at the schools and daycares, they start at home, and if there's a problem with children, it lies squarely with the parents.

At least, that's the logical assumption, until you start to think about parents and children, and just how much influence they have on one another.

People sleep about eight hours a day, so at the very most, parents can spend 16 hours a day with their children, that's if the family has several toilets, and one hell of a large shower so they can all shit and wash themselves together. Assuming that everyone spends about an hour in the bathroom on a given day, peeing, pooping, brushing, washing, and probing, then parents and children only get 15 hours together; actually, since they probably share a bathroom, then we should cut that down to 14 hours in a single parent house, and 13 hours in a two parent home. Then of course, the kids are at school at least 6 hours a day, and the parents work for 8 hours a day, add a half hour onto each for commuting time, and parents and children now spend only 3 hours together a day.

Up until the age of five or six, you could make the argument that parents are responsible for everything their children do, but after they enroll in school, there's a whole host of other things working to spoil your children. Kids meet up with loser friends, crappy, or pedophilic, teachers, sub par civil servants, low brow television, film, and music, plus all sorts of other drain traps around which your bright eyed child is currently circling. Once a kid enters school, their primary teachers, are no longer their parents; sure the parents may continue to fill their kids' heads with all kinds of prejudiced drivel, or scar them with continued years of sexual abuse; but most kids do their learning elsewhere.

That's why it shouldn't be such a big deal for parents to just let go and admit that they have a loser kid. The kind of kid who will hang out at a gas station for much of their adult life, talking about how the government or a particular racial minority is trying to screw them out of whatever it is they think they deserve. The kind of kid who will come home from their prom weekend covered in the semen of at least twelve different men and bearing an anus that can now stretch to the size of a tennis racket handle.

Being honest about your child can help parents who would otherwise be too blinded to notice that their precious little Johnny or Jane has been spending a lot of time playing with the family hand guns and that the targets they have been using now bear pictures of their least favorite teachers and classmates.

I may not have children, but I do create works of art, or, at least steaming piles of written turds, and I know when it's time to cut my losses. Even if I've spent a few months, or years, developing an idea, sometimes you just have to scrap the whole thing and start again.

Why limit abortions to the first trimester; sometimes, you may need to keep that option open well into your child's teens and twenties.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I think I hear my mother chasing after me with a cannula and a curette.

Sex Mahoney for President

Twenty pounds of headlines stapled to his chest

North Korea and South Korea are separated by a three kilometer wide stretch of land known as the DMZ, or Demilitarized Zone.

In the middle of the DMZ, there is a military base inhabited by both sides, where they can meet for talks, exchange prisoners, share recipes for party mix, and moon each other over the border; it's called the JSA, or joint security area.

When you take a tour of the JSA, the American soldiers point to a village on the Northern side of the border and explain that this is the North Korean village of Kijong-dong, known to the Americans as "Propaganda village," and the guides explain how the North Koreans are sneaky, manipulative, and so on; meanwhile, on the south side of the border, the tour guides point to the South Korean village of Daeseong-dong, known to the Americans as "Freedom Village."

The irony is so delicious, I could use it to make a bowl of steaming monkey turds taste like berries and cream.

The world's largest flag pole is in Kijong-dong; it didn't used to be as tall as it is now, but when the Daeseong-dong flag pole was extended, making it taller than the former Kijong-dong flag pole, the North Korean government spent a boatload of money to extend their own flag pole.

If we put aside the lurid connotations of extending your flag pole to make sure it's bigger than your neighbors, we're still left with a tantalizing image of two countries engaging in a pointless exercise with a high cost and zero return of investment for the sole purpose of being the best.

The next time a soldier tells you that they're fighting to protect freedom, tell them about the flags at Kijong-dong and Daeseong-dong.

Some people say that prostitution is the oldest profession, but I'm putting my money on soldiers. Human beings probably learned to kill each other before they learned to pay each other for sex. People seem to think that because we can calculate the circumference of a circle and read 'War and Peace' we're somehow free; not only that, but people have somehow got the impression that soldiers keep us free, because, as I see on bumper stickers and email forwards, apparently, freedom isn't free.

I've been reading about urban legends recently, and I was slightly surprised to learn that 99.9% of the shit people

forward to your email is an urban legend; Bill Gates will not donate a nickel to a little retarded boy if you forward that email to ten people, Robin Williams never made a xenophobic tirade to the troops in Iraq, and KFC changed their name to cash in on the hip, 'extreme', market of young, retarded people who are too lazy to listen to a radio announcer say "Kentucky Fried Chicken;" not because they use genetically modified chickens, grown in test tubes.

Somehow, this Freedom legend has been making the rounds, and being passed off as fact. Unfortunately for the hoaxers and propagandists, they neglected to take into account that a skinny, socially awkward jerk of an English teacher would poke a big, fat whole in their 'Freedom' theory.

Freedom is free, it doesn't even try to hide it like that sneaky fucker Liberty; the word free is right there in the word freedom. What's even more bizarre is that sane, logical people think that a group of trained killers, who all dress, train, think, act, and talk alike are the ones that should be defending freedom.

While we're at it, why don't we have Pat Robertson go teach a class on religious tolerance?

The strangest thing is that conservatives say they want freedom and use fear, intolerance, and violence as their weapons to obtain it; while liberals say they want freedom and use bullying, intolerance, and protest as their weapons to obtain it. Neither side wants freedom.

Right now there is a conservative, white, middle class dad telling his white, suburban teenage daughter that the black guy standing on the front porch with flowers in his hand, waiting to take said daughter on a date, is going home empty handed; meanwhile, there is a liberal, black, suburban father telling his son's white girlfriend not to use the word nigger when she's asking to be fucked harder because it's racist. In a free society, both girls would get to do what they wanted.

In a free society, children wouldn't go to school to learn how to stand in line, salute the flag, and be like everyone else.

In a free society, little boys wouldn't get beat up by their peers for going to ballet class because none of their peers would think there was anything wrong with that.

In a free society, you could kill me for uttering such blasphemy.

Nobody wants a free society; everybody wants a society that reflects their personal interests and punishes the people

they think deserve punishing; deep inside, we're all just little fascists waiting for our chance to send someone to the gas chamber; whether it's your neighbor from across the street who always takes your favorite parking space, even though his driveway is perfectly empty, or the political leader, carefully chosen by a large corporation to protect their interests above yours, who's always letting those damn immigrants and Jews, religious zealots and NASCAR fans, depending upon which side of the aisle you chose, take over the country. None of us is any better than anyone else. We're all a bunch of turds.

Luckily, we do have one thing that no one can ever take away from us, and that's our freedom. We're born with it, and we'll die with it, and even if someone locks us in jail, we'll always have our freedom. My wife, for some strange reason, thinks that it's adulterous for me to visit a prostitute, but that wouldn't stop me from going, or experiencing the pleasures of a skilled lover for free since I happen to walk around with one in the palm of my hand.

It doesn't matter what happens in America, the Chinese could march in tomorrow and take over the country and life would pretty much continue without much difference. We'd still go to jobs that we hate, we'd still pray to imaginary people in the sky and give them money, and we'd still complain about how the government should be running things.

The sad thing about freedom is that it exists inside of us, so it's impossible for us to show our friends and neighbors exactly how free we are, and since we don't know how free they are, it's safe to assume that they're lying sacks of shit when they say they are more free than us; which is why it is our duty to beat them, or kill their family members, until they admit that we are more free than they are.

Then we can put them to work building a bigger flag pole; one that's bigger than the flag pole on the lawn of that asshole that lives down the street.

Yeah, you know who I'm talking about... Fuck that guy.

Sex Mahoney for President

Wear fourteen pairs of long underwear

Through the years, I've learned and forgotten much wisdom, but I'll never forget the most valuable thing my father ever told me: "Sit down and shut up."

For the most part, people are going to do and believe exactly what they want, so it's no use trying to convince them otherwise; sometimes, you just have to nod your head, smile pretty, and ignore everything you've been told.

Of course, like everything in this life, you should only ignore people in moderation.

A little bit of indulgence never hurt anybody.

Sure you get the occasional person who goes twenty years without touching a drop of liquor, and then gets so drunk that they sleep with their best friend, accidentally kill a guy in a bar fight, or end up on top of their kid's elementary school, pants-less, and screaming the lyrics to 'Gallows Pole;' but that's cosmic retribution for such a long period of excessive good behavior.

Excess is never good; in fact, it's quite revolting.

That's why I like it so much; I like to push people, and I like to test the boundaries. When I was a kid, I couldn't get into any real trouble because my parents were always there to act as wet blankets; however, now that I'm an adult, there's no one to stop me from anally inserting a mud shark into a woman should I so desire.

That's why I had to get married, to keep me from getting thrown in the pokey for doing strange things with women and fish.

I'm not the only one who loves excess; it seems as if, everywhere I go, people are just dying to go to extremes.

Take weddings. What is supposed to be a sacred religiously-based bond between two consenting adults, or at least between an adult male and a 14-year-old girl in Arkansas, takes place in a room full of people. I could understand it if the whole ceremony took place in front of the audience, but, religion aside, even the law recognizes that a marriage isn't valid until after the couple copulates, which usually takes place much later, in private. If you're going to force people to sit through the boring part of a marriage ceremony, the least you could do is give them a nice show afterwards. Besides, most women say that they never feel as pretty or look as good as they do while in their wedding

gowns; if that's the case, why waste a perfectly good moment to show everyone just how pretty you can be.

This is exactly why you should ignore some people when they suggest crazy things. While there are a handful of people out there who might be especially daring, I doubt that there are many who would bend over an altar and get down in front of their close friends and family. Still, it probably wouldn't be that bad, considering that most people have probably seen more disgusting things in their lifetime, and it would put a nice twist on the age old tradition of kissing the bride.

Weddings are the perfect example of excess.

I once worked at a wedding hall, and it made me sick to my stomach to see so many people throwing away good money. The average cost of a wedding in the greater metro area of New York, including New Jersey, that lovely little spot I like to call home, is almost forty thousand dollars. That's enough to buy seven two-door economy Hyundais and drive a different car every day of the week; sure, when you factor in taxes, it's probably only enough to buy six cars and I know what you're thinking, "It's not worth it if I have to drive the same car twice a week" but I still maintain that having six crappy cars is better than having one shitty wedding.

Of course, there are some wedding benefits.

Since there is no such thing as an attractive bride's maid dress, the poor suckers who get roped into standing next to their soon-to-wed friend reach self-esteem nadir's seldom matched outside of an average high school; combine that self loathing with a healthy amount of alcohol, and you've got at least four women at every wedding who are willing to do some foul, disgusting things; stuff that even makes me blanch. Still, where else will you find a woman who's feeling bad enough about herself to actually swallow your shit; and I don't mean swallow your shit as in, yesterday your wife wanted me to take out the garbage and you lied and told her you were busy when you was actually looking up pictures of her attractive cousin to use as masturbatory aids later, swallow your shit; I mean literally, swallow the feces that comes out of your ass.

My biggest complaint about wedding is that they're all the same; the same DJs playing the same music while the same people eat the same food and give the same gifts at every freakin' wedding. If you've been to one wedding, you've been to them all.

So when you ignore the advice of your friends and family and decide to get married, don't stop ignoring them just because

they're waving white dresses and ice sculptures in your face; do everyone a favor and get married in a small civil ceremony, then go home and fuck each other. Then money that you save by not serving your uncle Bob martinis until he vomits on your three tiered cake will more than make up for the fact that you don't get to wear a pretty white dress and won't have another forty grand in debt hanging over your head.

Then again, consider that you got this advice from a guy who wants to fuck women with a fish.

Sex Mahoney for President

As I stroll through my dukedom

Sometimes you just don't know what to say.

I do my best to keep my mouth shut; not because I can't think of anything to say, but because the things I usually say are thought and tactless. It's not that I have no compassion; it's that I just don't care.

For instance, what's with all the crying? I could see if you were in physical pain, not being able to control your tears, but, after a certain point, there's no reason why an adult human should get so worked up that they start crying. It's not like the water coming out of your eyes is going to make your wife come back or your boss rehire you; this crying shit, it's for the birds.

Still, it happens.

I can remember the last time I cried. My then roommate and long time friend was moving away; we took a bunch of mushrooms and went walking around New Brunswick. At some point during the night, I had to excuse myself because I just couldn't handle it anymore. I was overcome by a sense of crushing loneliness and I just started bawling. My wife put on her head phones and asked me if I could keep the volume down on my wailing.

There's nothing worse than losing control of our emotions and letting them run rampant through our bodies; I have no idea how to deal with it myself, let alone help someone undergoing the same; usually, if someone starts crying in front of me, I laugh.

It's rather funny to watch someone's face contort into one of those infantile grimaces followed by a breakdown of enunciation and slobber control.

Too often we're ruled by our emotions.

I can understand how, in some situations, people's emotions might force them to act insane; which is exactly why we Americans have to stop killing each other when one of us gets caught killing.

If we look at a murderer immediately after the commission of a crime, it's easy to see how such a person is dangerous, unfit for society, and in need of some serious jail time; however, when we look at the same killer, thirty years down the road, provided they haven't killed again, there's no reason why that person should continue to suffer for a momentary lapse of judgment.

When it comes to murder, obviously people aren't thinking clearly. Just summoning the courage to snuff out someone's life requires an immense physical and mental effort on par with a monstrosity I can't even imagine (well, that's not true, I can imagine it, I can imagine anything).

And that's just in the murders that happen on the spur of the moment. Similarly, I can't imagine the kind of rational that lets petty bureaucrats sign papers and rubber stamp a human being's death, but some folks are more than willing to allow that kind of killing to continue. They have no problem with killing just so long as it's state sanctioned... and doesn't affect them personally. When a pro-death penalty advocate is convicted of murder, their position suddenly changes for some unknown reason.

I think that a lot of people still favor execution because they don't have to see it; modern day conservatives are like those liberals of yore who cried out, "Desegregate your schools" to the white southerners, but packed up their belongings and moved into gated compounds when black folks started moving in next door; they want war and execution, just so long as they don't have to see it. Let's get executions back into the public square, where they belong. If people want capital punishment to work as a deterrent, then they can't hide it away in a closet.

The most important thing is that we have to think about the greater good. After investing so much time, energy and money into training adults (putting them through school and subsidizing their medicine), there's no reason why we should kill them. If insurance companies can put a value on human life, then why can't a criminal simply pay off the victim's family in the same way? There's no reason why a big manufacturing company can get away with paying a few millions dollars some poor widow and her fifteen children when her husband falls over a faulty handrail and gets turned into bottles of Prell Shampoo; when some poor guy, who accidentally breaks the neck of the kid he just kidnapped while trying to quiet the little bastard, is completely fucked if he gets caught.

I've heard lots of arguments against the death penalty, and I've made plenty of my own, but one that I've never explored is the retributive aspect of capital punishment. Since murderers are put on trial so that society can revenge itself for a fallen member, then it stands to reason that the murderers should get the same right, should they ever be exonerated of their crimes. There are plenty of death row cases that have been overturned because of DNA evidence, plus we can all admit that there are plenty of times, when people make honest mistakes and the wrong person ends up behind bars. For those people who are later proven innocent,

they have very few abilities to revenge themselves upon the court.

If someone on death row should later be cleared of their crimes, then the judge, jury, prosecutor, and investigating officers should all be charged with attempted murder. If the wrong person is actually executed, then the judge, jury, and everybody else who was involved with the prisoner's incarceration and execution should be charged with murder.

Either that, or we could get our emotions under control and realize that no amount of retribution is ever going to make up for the loss that people feel when someone they know suddenly dies. The only thing that capital punishment does is put another family through the same thing that the victim's family feels, that's hardly punishment for the criminal. A better punishment would be to let the criminal live, but kill everyone they care about; for orphans, or people who have trouble making personal connections, we could just fire them into space or put their bloody heads on pikes outside the white house.

I could almost respect that, bloody heads on pikes all over Pennsylvania Ave.

At least it would be better than all this lying where Americans say they're for freedom and democracy but are part of an every shrinking group of countries that still use capital punishment. As a matter of fact, America is one of the last developed countries to still use the death penalty. Most of the other gave up the practice when a majority of their citizenry learned to read and realized that the priest wasn't actually summoning a demon to swallow the sun.

Sex Mahoney for President

In the east, the wind is blowing the boats across the
sea

The other day, I had a real hankering to visit a prostitute.

So, I marched down to the closest souvenir shop, picked up an American flag and made my way to the cat house.

Innuendo about planting flags aside, I figured that, so long as I claimed a prostitute first, anything I did with her later would be nice and legal.

Her pimp straightened out the whole matter, and I made a mental note to thank him once my fingers heal and they let me out of the hospital.

I wish I could have known what was going to happen when I walked into that cathouse with a stupid grin on my face and an American flag in my hand, but I'm not a psychic.

Mostly that's because there are no such thing as psychics.

I know that there are a lot of people out there who would like to believe that by staring up at the sky or counting the bubbles in a champagne glass, some people can read the future, but there just ain't no way that's going to happen. Sure, there are lots of good psychics out there, who make fairly accurate predictions, or claim to communicate with the other side, but that's more of a skill than a supernatural talent. I was reading some Nostradamus predictions recently, and I realized that I could go into the psychic business myself. Of course, I'm not quite as talented, but give me half a chance.

Here are some sample predictions I came up with this weekend.

"A great dictator, who comes from somewhere in Eurasia, Africa, or the Americas, will cause much suffering."

"Someone close to you will soon die."

"The armies of the east and the armies of the west will someday meet in battle, but only one side will win."

This psychic stuff is fun. Try it out at parties, with your friends; however, make sure that you ask for money. If you try to do the psychic thing for free, no one will believe you, but if you ask them for money, they'll know you're a real psychic.

Wait... I feel another prediction... "The morals of the future will be very different from the morals we have now."

I'd like to continue to work as a psychic, unfortunately, my Korean visa only applies to teaching English; technically, I'm not allowed to work any other job. Korea has a long history of shielding itself from foreigners. At various points in time, it was completely illegal for anyone to enter Korea. In many ways, I can understand that. If you live in a country that gets invaded and burned to the ground once a century, I'd be a little wary of visitors, too.

I can't understand why people are so uptight about it in America. Thankfully, my new psychic abilities have revealed the answer that was once hidden by the mists of time...

To be honest, I don't know what was actually hiding the answer, but people will usually shell out a couple of bucks if you use that phrase at the beginning of your prediction.

Everybody comes to America. It's the greatest thing about America. Whether you were a small business owner who kept failing at opening a grog shop in London, a wealthy noble intent on producing cotton or beaver skins with slave labor, or a pederast who just couldn't stop touching children; for centuries, America has been the place to go. Not only were there lots of available resources, but the only people who stood in your way were a bunch of filthy savages who were just wasting the land anyway... I mean proud, Native Americans.

Now the children of those white folks who came in and stole the land from the injuns want to make sure that no one comes to steal it from them. I even remember Trent Lott laughing at his own joke on The Daily Show about where the Native Americans' 'open' immigration policy got them.

The best part about America is the freedom, and it seems that a lot of folks have forgotten that freedom comes with a lot of scary shit. For our forefathers, freedom meant having to live in a country with a lot of failed businessmen and pederasts, but they all came together and built something better than any one of them. Now, people want to try and pull the door closed behind them, despite America being one of the most under populated countries in the world. There's plenty of room for everyone.

It all goes back to appearance. If you're a psychic, then you've got to charge people money, because no one who could see the future would ever want to give that information away; if you want to move to a country, then you've got to come with a flag for planting and a gun for killing. If you try to do it like the Mexicans, where you show up ready to work without trying to kill anyone or issue proclamations, then no one is going to take you seriously. Sure, it may be bloody at first, but I'll bet you that if Mexicans started

planting flags, butchering babies, and handing out diseased blankets, they'd find a lot more friends in Washington than they could ever guess.

So that's the key, immigrants, if you show up ready to work, people are going to treat you like garbage until you form massively powerful organized crime families and buy their respect through clever marketing, just like the Irish, Italians, and Blacks; however, if you roll up on America and start butchering people left and right, you just might get a little respect; at least, that's how it used to work, I don't know about now.

Of course, there are those people who say that we need secure American borders to protect ourselves against terrorists, but that's never going to happen. You can't protect yourself from terrorists. There's probably a terrorist sitting next to you right now; sure he or she may seem normal, but under the right circumstances (e.g. laid off, cheated on, robbed, new girlfriend, etc.) they are just as capable of blowing up shit as anyone who lives outside the US. The only thing that would change with secure borders is the amount of time you would have to wait in line at the border on your way back from Tijuana with enough black tar heroin to kill Lindsey Lohan.

That's my prediction, anyways. Don't forget that I'm a real, bona-fide, genuine psychic. Now please send me fifty dollars.

In the meantime, I'm going to go see if I can predict my way back into that cathouse with the fifty bucks.

Sex Mahoney for President

You dont know me, but here I am in your living room

Someday, I want to buy the Oxford English Dictionary, all thirty volumes of it.

Ordinarilly, I'm a big proponent of improving modern technology, and getting rid of anything analog, but, when it comes to books, I still like to have pressboard and paper in my hands.

I got rid of all my CDs in 2001, right after the Trade Centers blew. I got rid of all my VHS tapes and DVDs in 2006, right before I went to Korea. I now have four hard drives that can hold over 1 terabyte of information; so, on moving day, instead of lugging heavy boxes of old tapes, and CD cases, I can throw those four little rectangles into a single bag that weighs less than twenty pounds, and walk down the street with over 60,000 songs, three hundred movies, every episode of the Simpsons, and enough porn to choke a giraffe. Sure, that may not sound too impressive, what with giraffes being easy to choke and all, but that's because you're thinking about using your hands or old school pornography. Sure, it's easy to choke a giraffe if you have those huge boxes in which porno used to come; however, digital pornography is much smaller and you need a lot more of it to choke a camel. To put it into perspective, if I sat down with my digital media library, listened to every song, watched every movie and TV show, read every book, and whacked off to every porno; I'd probably finish sometime around 2013. I would be able to do it faster, but I need to sleep, and I'm not a young man anymore, I need time to recharge in between whacks.

Nevertheless, I want the paper edition of the OED.

Sometimes you have to be willing to change; sometimes, it's better to stick with what works.

That's why I despise the current political appellations: Conservative and Liberal.

If you're willing to label yourself, you're probably a little slow already, and, although it is very comfortable in your non-thinking box, you need to realize that, specifically, labeling yourself with a particular behavior is pretty asinine.

Even my conservative friends will agree that, sometimes, it's very nice to be liberal.

Nobody minds when their boss is liberally handing out Christmas bonuses, and I doubt that I'll ever live to hear

anyone say, "You're being a little too liberal with that blowjob." No conservative anywhere wants to go to a restaurant with conservative sized portions. They want their steaks liberally dressed with seasoning, and their Christmas season liberally decorated.

My liberal friends will agree. I'm sure they would love it if the riot police, who tear gas them at rallies, would be a little more conservative with their beatings; plus, it would be nice for everyone if hippies were much more conservative with the amount of patchouli they apply to their dreadlocks. Even the most adamant liberals wouldn't want to be liberally ass fucked by the entire Miami Dolphins front line, and they certainly wouldn't want to have a whole herd of Indian elephants liberally defecate into their mouths.

Plus, if liberals are adamant about their political beliefs and refuse to change them, doesn't that make them more than a little conservative? And aren't conservatives being too liberal with the propaganda they hear on FOX news and regurgitate on the web?

I have more than one friend who got into trouble when they were a little too liberal at the craps table, and an equal number of friends who got into trouble when they were a little too conservative with their bedroom partners.

Sometimes, it's good to be liberal, because too much conservatism leads to stagnation; however, too much liberalism leads to jam bands, and Phish is shitty music no matter which way you slice it.

Let's say that you impregnated your conservative girlfriend. Chances are good she's not that conservative, because it's pretty hard to get pregnant, and she'd have to be mighty liberal with your sex to catch her on one of the three to four days a month that pregnancy is possible. Sure, there's plain old Irish luck, but that doesn't fit well with this argument, so I'm not going to deal with it. If you're conservative girlfriend is still in high school, then the conservative thing to do would be to abort the fetus, because she's got her whole life ahead of her, and having a baby would certainly change all that, a very liberal situation.

Or, let's say that you're dating a liberal guy, but, every time you try to put your finger in his asshole, he blanches like a Portuguese Librarian. He's being pretty conservative about the things that go into his ass, but I'm fairly certain that he's very liberal with the amount of cock he's willing to shove down your throat.

Conservative and liberal are attitudes that change with each unique situation. To say that you're a conservative or a

liberal means that you're sticking to a particular viewpoint no matter what. The titles conservative and liberal actually mean the same thing because blind faith in an ideology is about as conservative as you can get.

Actually, the names conservative and liberal, like most names, didn't start out as ways for people to identify themselves; they started out as insults used by certain groups to denigrate the other. They only became positive when people realized that the insult could be turned into a symbol of group unity and pride instead of abuse and affront. Kind of like how black people are now allowed to call each other 'niggas' but will beat the living tar out of any other race who uses it. When you're listening to a conservative talk, they only use liberal as an insult, such as, that liberal moon-bat, or liberal tree-hugger; the same goes for the liberals, who brand their opponents as conservative ditto heads, or conservative Charley tax-cuts.

Either way, labels are always bad, they're limiting. Why would you want to associate yourself with a bunch of people who are so insecure about their identities that they pick an insult and use it to rally a cause? Sure, I may be one, and most people either have, will, or want to call me a douche bag, but you'll never see me going to douche bag rallies, or walking through the mall trying to get people to sign my douche bag petition to get the douche bag party on the national ticket.

Besides, they already have a douche bag party; they're called Republicans. I usually vote for the cunt party in national elections, that's Democrat for those of you who aren't in the know, but with local elections, I go with the candidate who seems like the lesser piece of shit.

Now, if you'll excuse me, my penis is being too conservative and I've got to go give it a liberal helping of hand lotion and friction.

Sex Mahoney for President

Let it melt

I've got nothing today, so if you've got something more important to do, now is the time to do it.

Go call your mother and tell her you love her. Finish that crossword puzzle you started this morning and then put down because it got too hard when you couldn't figure out a four letter word for a body of water. Go into a public toilet and masturbate next to a total stranger.

I started writing a blog earlier, but I scrapped the thing about half way through, because I can't concentrate.

There is currently a gigantic, oscillating heat fan circulating hot air right next to my desk. Every time that damn thing swings back this way, it sucks out a little more of my will to live.

I hate having to throw away anything, so the blog will get cleaned up and salvaged for parts tomorrow, but for now, here are some random observations about Korea for those of you who have never been.

In any city in Korea you cannot walk more than one mile without finding at least one of the following:

1. A claw machine - you know, the kind where you use a joystick operated claw to retrieve toys and other claptrap; except, in Korea, I've seen some that have prizes like liquor bottles, power drills, and cigarette lighters.
2. A convenience store - the same as any corner store that you'd find back in the states except you can buy beer and hard liquor, and then you can take your booze and sit at little table outside, on the street, and get drunk until you can't take it anymore. The marts are open 24 hours a day, so there's nothing to stop you from drinking until you die, just so long as you've got money.
3. A noraebang - known to you westerners as karaoke, a noraebang is a singing room, where you can rent a room for an hour and sing to your heart's content. You can buy booze at some noraebang; the rest of the time, you have to bring your own. I can understand why it's fun for drunken people, but perfectly sober children seem to enjoy this activity as well.

The other day it snowed in Korea; during the snowstorm, there was quite a bit of thunder and lightening. I think the children's cartoon, 'Frosty the Snowman' would be much more entertaining if, instead of the titular character melting at the end of the movie, all of the children either died from severe electrical shocks, or received horrific burns on

their tiny bodies, caused by being caught out in an open field during a snow/lightning storm.

You can eat dog meat in Korea; they serve it to you in a soup. The dogs are bred for eating; they don't just take any old dog and eat it. It's not very good, because the meat is very fatty and gamey. Still, it's nice to be able to make people squeamish by telling them you've eaten dog meat while unblinkingly staring at their beloved pets.

Korean movies are fantastic, even if they are a little unfocused. Sometimes, you'll watch a Korean movie that seems like a comedy (e.g. characters slipping over banana peels, or having trouble putting on condoms) only to have it turn into a monster or horror movie without any warning; five minutes later, they go back to being light comedies. I particularly recommend 'Sympathy for Mr. Vengeance', 'Oldboy', 'Sympathy for Lady Vengeance', 'Vampire Cop' and 'When Romance Meets Destiny.' That last one (Kwangshik-I Dongsaeng Kwangtae) is one of the best movies I've ever seen... 'It's a Wonderful Life' good. 'Vampire Cop' is about a crooked cop who is bitten by a mosquito that sucked Dracula's blood, and who turns into a vampire only when he's sexually aroused; best movie ever.

Korean women are all gorgeous... until they reach a certain, predetermined age, at which point they cut off their long hair, get a crappy perm, start carrying plastic bags full of vegetables everywhere they go, and cover their faces with full length visors. I can't find any good pictures online, so just imagine space suited astronauts with afros and shopping bags.

No matter how long you live in Korea, Koreans will constantly be amazed with how well white people can use chopsticks.

Dog meat is not that gross when compared with another soup called Naejangtang, which is chittlins, veggies, and fermented bean curd. It doesn't taste that bad, but the chittlins take awhile to chew down.

Koreans are insanely prejudiced against the Japanese and Chinese. Once upon a time, Westerners Romanized Korea's spelling with a 'C' instead of a 'K;' Koreans are convinced that the Japanese are responsible for the change just so Japan would come first in Atlases and Dictionaries. When Korea has a cold snap in spring, they say that it is a jealous Chinese wind coming to steal their good weather and pretty flowers.

Korea also has barbeque restaurants open 24 hours a day. I have never been any other place on Earth where I could get braised ribs at 5 AM.

To be fair, there is not much difference between America and Korea, but that's mostly because people are the same everywhere. This is a great country and it's a lot of fun to be a tourist out here... if you like to drink or shop. If those two activities do not pique your interest, then give Korea a wide berth. Otherwise, come out and visit. We'll even put you up.

Sorry about today. I swear I'll be funnier tomorrow.

Sex Mahoney for President

You never made a single difference

Click your heels Dorothy; it's time to go home.

As of twenty minutes ago, it's Thanksgiving back in the states, and here I am in a country where Turkey is rarer than a woman who's telling the truth when she says she's only slept with three guys.

The myth of Thanksgiving, those happy little pilgrims landing on a rock and getting along just fine with their Injun hosts, is another one of those lies that adults tell children; except, for some reason, unlike Santa Claus, most children don't outgrow that lie.

Most people are willing to accept the true story of Thanksgiving, but they see no reason why they should change the company policy of repeating the story to starry eyed (by which I mean, stupid) children. I understand that there are some things that parents don't want their children experiencing, like the 'F' word, pictures of reproductive organs, and intelligent thought; however, in a country like America, where so much of the population fully supports going into foreign countries and killing the shit out of them, why are they so squeamish about changing the Thanksgiving story?

Despite its tired characters, formulaic plot, and ridiculous dialogue; the first 'Matrix' movie is not that bad.

The second and third movies in the series are absolutely awful.

It's not that the characters, plot, or dialogue get worse; in fact, the same things are just as crappy in the first movie as they are in the latter two; however, there is an ideological shift that takes place between part one and parts two and three.

The same thing happens in 'Die Hard.'

The original movie features a guy, fighting against a much stronger force, who manages to overcome the adversity through trickery, intelligence, and straight up ultra-violence; the sequels are all about super heroes, who have no need for any of their former skills because they can't be killed and the bad guys do everything to hand over the keys to the kingdom.

There's a certain romantic aspect to the lone hero who stands up against monolithic evil; in the movies, the hero lives, gets to have sex with whichever forty-year-old

actress is popular for playing a sexy twenty-something, and defeats evil, all with clever catch phrases and tasteful product placements. In books, the hero usually gets to die, but their death is the key to bringing down the antagonist.

That's how I know the bible is pure fiction, at least where it concerns Jesus of Nazareth; in real life, Jesus would never have been crucified.

At least not for the reasons that the bible would have us believe.

There is a human predisposition to blame any and all suffering, great and small, on persecution. If there ever really was a Jesus, he was most likely arrested for something inane, like parking his mule on Nebuchadnezzar Street on an alternate parking Tuesday, a capital crime in those days. Chances are good that, after the arrest, that's when the preaching and well-intentioned, but impossible to fulfill beatitudes were issued.

Secretly, we'd all like to believe that our suffering will be rewarded; however, chances are good that the wild honey and cake party promised in Heaven is never going to happen.

It starts when you're young. Adults tell you that you'll grow up to be a success while the captain of the football team will end his sad and tragic life with an alcohol induced self-inflicted bullet one day after work at the local used-car dealership. What they don't tell you is that, through family connections and rampant nepotism, the football hero will one day end up being your boss at the lackluster, white-collar firm where you settle when your dreams finally crawl up inside your two car garage and die.

Everybody loves to feel persecuted. It's been hard wired into our consciousness. We're all individuals, but we put such a high value on being good members of society that we don't know how to cope.

That's why the Thanksgiving story is still so powerful in the American consciousness; we don't want to be the bad guys. The pilgrims landed, everybody had a good time, yada-yada-yada and there are no more natives befouling the landscape with their shamanism and ancestor worship. If we gloss over the bad things in our past, then we get to feel persecuted when someone makes a token violent gesture against us.

Who cares that we caused a racial genocide on par with the holocaust? They blew up our towers! That's not fair!

I'd like parents to be honest with their children. Just once, I'd like to see a mother sit down with her daughter

and say: "Honey, I hope that you grow up to be average looking, because, if you're good looking, then you're probably going to get raped the first time you get drunk and let your guard down and you'll be so stupid from having everything handed to you because you're good looking that you'll think every other man you meet is trying to do the same; and if you're really ugly, then you're going to get raped the first time you let your guard down and you're not going to have the self-confidence to realize that the guy who did it doesn't have feelings for you, but if you're average looking, you're going to get raped the first time you get drunk and let your guard down, but you'll be smart enough to know that not everyone will want the same, and have enough self-confidence to know that someone took advantage of you."

What harm could it do to be honest with children? I wouldn't know, because I've never met anyone who has tried it. I've seen people, the biggest tramps, hardest drug users, and most filthy human beings you can possibly imagine; suddenly start using words like pee-pee and pooh-pooh with their kids. At the bar, they'll tell you the one about the Albanian hooker and the 1987 Denver Broncos, but at bedtime it's 'Goodnight Moon.' Even I do it, because I don't have any kids of my own, and my close friends know better than to let their anywhere within earshot of my vitriol.

If you're willing to let your child grow up and fight in a war, there's no reason why they can't hear the word 'fuck' on network television, and there's no reason why you can't tell them the truth about Thanksgiving. More importantly, stop feeling like everybody is out to get you; life is not a zero sum game. We all get fucked in the end. The least we could do is be honest and maybe try not to kill each other so often.

In the meantime, enjoy your turkey dinner and ruby slippers.

Sex Mahoney for President